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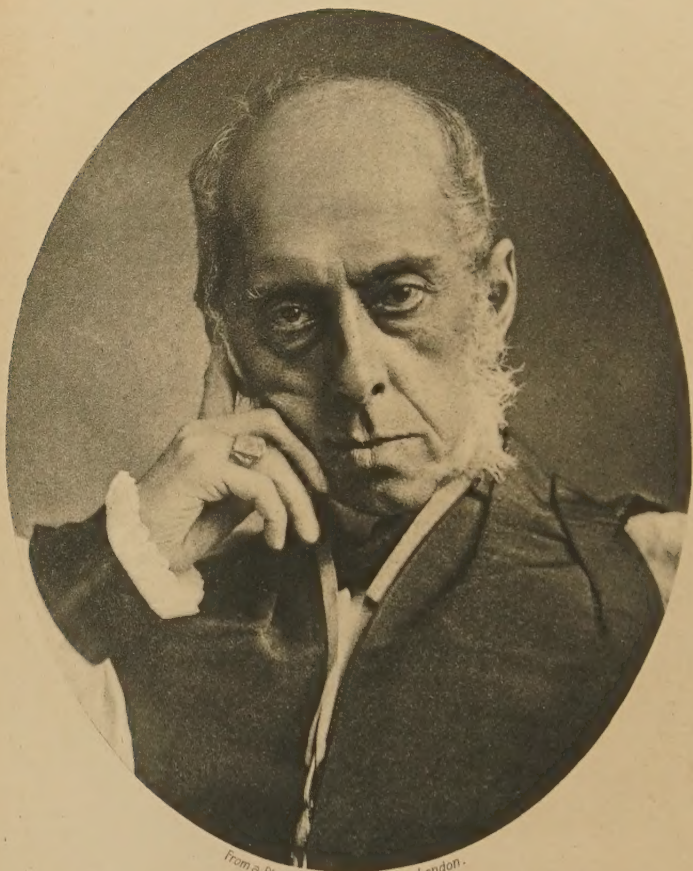
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George Alington

THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF
BISHOP THOROLD

ROCHESTER 1877-91 WINCHESTER 1891-95

PRELATE OF THE
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER

BY

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RECTOR OF FARNHAM

EXAMINING CHAPLAIN TO THE LATE AND TO THE
PRESENT BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

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The following pages have been compiled by Mr. Simpkinson at the request of Bishop Thorold's family and executors ; and such materials as were in their hands have been placed at his disposal. Many of the Bishop's friends have assisted with letters and reminiscences ; and the Rev. Canon Warburton has kindly read the book in MS. and in proof sheets, and has made many valuable suggestions.

Mr. Simpkinson was intimately connected with the Bishop in his last years, and the reader will certainly recognise throughout his work the knowledge, honesty, and sympathy which are the essential qualifications of a biographer.

LEWIS T. DIBDIN

(One of Bishop Thorold's Executors).

May 1896

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BISHOP THOROLD

CHAPTER I

EDUCATION

1825-49

Limits of the Biography—Hougham Rectory—Stanmore School—Queen's College, Oxford—Religious Crisis—Ordination.

MOST of those who wish to read the life of a bishop are interested in him because of the influence which he exercised after reaching his prominent place. They do not want a full description of the story of the earlier and more humble years, when his sphere was narrow and his opportunities limited. Therefore the eighteen years of Bishop Thorold's episcopate must be the main subject of this short biography, written to show to those who loved him and to those who misunderstood him the zeal of a character truly devoted to God, whose faults in external manner were so strongly accentuated, and who yet found his own niche among the bishops of the nineteenth century, and did his particular work in a fashion which it would be hard to parallel among his peers. The early chapters of his life must explain where he gained his inspiration: how he found the Divine Presence: what fidelity he showed in little things: how his duties as a servant of God became more and more the absorbing interest of his whole

nature: and how his intense zeal caused him to strain his powers and health always up to and often beyond the limits of his strength. Certainly zeal was the dominant feature of Bishop Thorold's character, and whenever his lines seemed to have fallen in such pleasant places as to tempt him to enjoy himself a little, some severe sorrow or some humiliating disaster sent him back to his work again, as the one possession which he was allowed to value. Now and then came a short episode of family happiness; it was invariably short-lived. No long pleasant and soothing companionship was to be his in life. Zeal for the work of God was to him a devouring fire; it made him prematurely old, afflicted him with constant illness and weariness; it took him out of his home, and hindered the growth of those tender attachments which to most men make life enjoyable. But this zeal for God was its own reward. He was immensely happy in His work; and, while consuming him, the fire of the love of Christ warmed and comforted his heart. The story may look like a tale of pain; it is in reality the description of a man who became increasingly joyful with a joy not of this world.

The formation of his character can be best described by presenting to the reader a few letters and passages from his diary, and explaining the situations which they depict with short biographical notes. The earliest letter of his which still exists was written on his first separation from his family, when he was nine years old.

August 9, 1834.

DEAREST ELLEN,—I cried very much indeed when we approached Stanmore, and felt very much hurt indeed when we saw a beautiful house which papa said he thought was my master's house. We stopped as soon as we entered the village, and asked a man where Mr. Barron lived, and he very readily showed us. We drove on accordingly, in contrast with my crying still louder as we approached the house. We rung the bell and a very pretty servant told us that my master lived here; she went and told the man-servant (whose name I have learnt is Henry), and he

opened the gates and showed us into a very handsome room with a very lofty ceiling indeed, and on the mantel there was a very beautiful gold timepiece. Soon after Mr. Barron came in, and after a little while mamma expressed a wish to see the bedrooms, which have about a dozen little beds in each room; and I sleep in the housekeeper's room, whose name is Mrs. Hawkes. When we got downstairs, papa, mamma, Mr. Barron, and myself went to see the schoolrooms, which are five in number; the washing-room makes the sixth, which has twenty basins put in wood, with a little tap to each, and with a little hole in the middle; you know what I mean, Ellen, the same as the washing-room at Hougham, only more basins, and with half a dozen large basins in wood to wash our feet, and also fifty-six brass nails to hang our bags and towels. Each boy has to bring a silver dessert-spoon and a bag to put our brushes in, which we did not know; therefore the housekeeper has made one for me, and Mrs. Barron is going to buy one for me. Mamma then turned to get into the carriage, in spite of my tears and entreaties, and I was only stopped from getting into the carriage by mamma saying that I should write to her at Clapham, which accordingly. Please tell Fanny that I will write to her soon, and with love again to all, I remain, my very dear sister Ellen, your very affectionate brother,

ANTHONY WILSON THOROLD.

The letter brings before us a shy, sensitive, delicate boy, somewhat spoilt, with keen powers of observation, and on the most confiding terms with the sister to whom he wrote. His father was the Rev. Edward Thorold, M.A., of Clare College, Cambridge, Rector of Hougham-cum-Marston, a family living. Mr. Thorold came of a stock very distinguished in Lincolnshire. The Thorolds had been settled at Hougham since 1303, and traced their ancestry up to the famous Lady Godiva. The head of the family had obtained a baronetcy in 1642, and successive generations counted many Members of Parliament: "No better blood in England," says Kingsley, in "Hereward the Wake." The Rector of Hougham was a younger son of Sir John Thorold, ninth Baronet of Syston

Park, who had declined a peerage at the beginning of the century. He was a strict Evangelical, very diligent in his parish, and a thoughtful preacher. In 1809 he had married Miss Mary Wilson, daughter of a physician in Grantham. Mrs. Thorold was of a very nervous disposition, and suffered from an affection of the eyes, which prevented her from either reading or writing letters. Anthony was much the youngest of the family; he was born on June the 13th, 1825. Two sisters, Frances (born in 1821) and Ellen (born in 1819), were his associates and playmates. Next above these came a brother Edward, born in 1813, twelve years older than Anthony, and before him three elder sisters.

In 1836 Mr. Edward Thorold died, and his death prevented the removal of Anthony, which he had projected, to a public school. He was therefore left at Mr. Barron's school at Stanmore, which was conducted on the Pestalozzian method. The boy was not well at Stanmore, and had two very dangerous attacks of illness, from which he nearly died.

In 1839 he determined to keep a diary for the information of his two favourite sisters. The first pages have some interest.

"August 10, 1839. Stanmore.—Reached here last night at prayer-time. Thanks be unto God who hast preserved me through and brought me safely to the end of my journey. Made an agreement with Chance to be his *confidante*, and to tell him secrets about R. M., &c. I don't yet feel quite settled. I seem to have a longing after home and its beloved inmates, and look forward to the morrow as a day of rest when I can think and muse. I feel very much vexed about my books, and am very much afraid they will not reach this place till Thursday. There are not twenty boys come yet, and I don't expect we shall begin lessons on Monday, and hope not as I have not my books. When I think of dear Ellen and Fanny and of what they are doing, a quahn of sorrow comes over my mind. I think sometimes that I am in a dream quite, but I soon become painfully conscious of the reality. I daresay that E. and F. are now walking in the

garden and are perhaps talking of me, or else F. is reading to Mamma with pussy on her knee. I wonder whether Tartar is sorry I am gone. The kitten ought to feel the want of my nursing. I wish that I had a little Bible or Testament to put in my pocket to read at night when I go to bed; it seems so ostentatious to bring up my large Bible. A beautiful evening. If at home I should probably be riding to Dorchester on Peggy. How long to wait till Christmas!

"Sunday, August 11.—Went to Harrow Weald in the morning, and heard Mr. Morris preach from 1 Kings xviii. 21, not so well as in general; and to Stanmore in the afternoon, and heard Mr. Smith on Matt. xi. 30, as prosy as usual.

"Monday, August 12.—Woke at half-past six, a fine morning, thought of E. and F. walking in the kitchen-garden, Ellen and her flapper, Fanny and her grammar. Prayed this morning that Joe might not be angry because I had not books, and also that they might come as soon as possible. Twenty-four fellows come, and we begin at 10 till 1, and I suppose the rest of the day to ourselves. Poor little Tartar! I wonder who lets him out of a morning now I am gone. I suppose he waits till William returns from Dorchester with the letters, &c. Wrote to Ellen and Fanny. Played at cricket and my side beat. Remember to ask Mamma about the porter she said I was to have here. Thirty-four or thirty-five fellows come. Regular lessons to-morrow, I suppose."

We see here traces of the Evangelical training which the boy had received, and of religious impressions which had been decidedly deepened by the death of his father, to whom he was devotedly attached. He writes of him: "My father's letters were very tender, with a certain old-fashionedness of style"; "I was eleven years old when my father died; I was at school and far from home, and oh! I was so desolate." His youngest sister, Frances, had at this time more influence over him than any other person; she was a girl of very devout character and keen imagination, fond of composing prayers and copying out long extracts from sermons. Death had a really morbid attraction for her, and she herself was to die young.

Two other entries have some importance: "I am secretary of the cricket club, a high honour forsooth." There is no record as to his success in games, though he appears to have taken his part in them. But already he was a good rider. Mr. Edward Carus-Wilson, whose brother Charles was his most intimate friend at Stanmore, speaks of him on a visit to Casterton Hall, in Lancashire, where the Carus-Wilsons lived, as "rather a slight lad, active and very fond of riding."

The second entry, "I dreamt of Rugby," shows how eagerly the boy, already ambitious, wished to enter the great school. But his mother, delicate herself, dreaded the life for her delicate and favourite son. Nor was the religious tone of Rugby to her liking. And the severe self-discipline of a great community, which would have knocked off the mannerisms, planed away the affectations, and hammered down the self-consciousness of the future Bishop, was lost to him. He worked steadily at Stanmore, but it did not suit him, nor did it inspire him. In 1840, he was sent to live in the north of Lincolnshire, under the tuition of the Rev. Ishe Overton, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. And in 1844, he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, "under strong religious impressions" we are told.

The choice of the college was not fortunate. At the end of the eighteenth century Queen's had held an eminent position in the University. But now the whole government was left in the hands of the Fellows of the old close foundation, chosen by the statutes from natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The Fellows of the new foundation, which was of a comparatively open character, were jealously excluded from the tutorships and the other offices; and altogether there was very little stir of intellectual life among the older or younger members of the college. One brilliant tutor shone out among his colleagues, G. H. S. Johnson, afterwards Dean of Wells, but he was considered to have exhausted his energies in his hard work as a private coach before he became college tutor, and he took little interest in the mass of the undergraduates.

Queen's, indeed, boasted one Fellow who was afterwards to make his mark in England, the late Archbishop Thomson of York; but he was absent at Cuddesdon and did not commence his career as a reformer at Queen's till Thorold had gone down.

Opposite to Queen's in the High Street of Oxford stands the ancient College of University. Here Arthur Stanley was already a Fellow; and Thorold tells us how he used to watch him coming down the steps, and wish that he could gain his friendship. Such a chance never came in his way, and there was nothing to encourage him to read while he was at Oxford. The reading set of the College, small and quiet, did not attract him. But the bright, pleasant life of the place, as lived by the somewhat noisy men who formed the larger part of the society in Queen's, delighted him with its novelty. He rode a great deal, was one of the competitors in a College Steeplechase, and talked much to his sisters at home of his achievements in this direction. One of his intimates at Queen's writes of him: "He was always the sincerest of friends"; and "we had a very pleasant life together." The studious men noticed that he showed in lecture-room abilities and acquirements very superior to the set in which he moved; and there was some skill and scholarship about his rendering of Greek and Latin texts which proved that he might have taken a good degree if he had worked hard. But to work hard was the last thing he thought about at Oxford. Bitterly did he regret his idleness in later years, when he envied the facile compositions of other men not his equals in talent; and felt that he had lost his opportunities for acquiring habits of study, and for cultivating methods of expression. Still, in the final examination he did well enough to gain the distinction of an honorary fourth class in mathematics.

Though the interest in spiritual things which we have already noticed in his earlier years had for the time suffered eclipse, and though there were no signs at Queen's that promised his future eminence as a spiritual teacher, Anthony

Thorold went down from Oxford with the avowed intention of taking orders. On the whole the clerical profession promised to open the career in which his talents could be best exercised ; and he was now full of ambition, ambition which circumstances were to prune and cultivate into an unexpected shape, but which was never eradicated, and of which he was never ashamed. About this time he had an interview at Cuddesdon with Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, and was contemplating a curacy in the Oxford diocese. The plan came to nothing, for a succession of striking events in the next two years changed the current of his thoughts, and guided him back into the Evangelical party.

“ In 1847 ” (it is Mr. Edward Carus-Wilson who tells the story) “ my brother Charles was on a tour in Wales with his former tutor, and whilst in church one Sunday his thoughts went suddenly after Anthony Thorold, whom he had not seen for long, and he felt he must write to him, for he could think of nothing else. After the service, as they were going out of the church door, some one touched him on the shoulder, and said : ‘ Why, Charlie, I have been trying to catch your eye all church time.’ It was Anthony Thorold.” Their old intercourse and friendship were at once renewed ; and association with Carus-Wilson’s devout mind soon re-awakened in Thorold his former aspirations for a close communion with God.

They travelled together in the East to Palestine and Egypt during 1848, and as they ascended the Nile Thorold nearly lost his life, falling into the river and being saved with difficulty. This escape further strengthened the sense of religion in his mind, and the sight of the holy Sepulchre, of Bethlehem and Nazareth, above all of Gethsemane, brought back the thoughts of his childhood and youth.

But the strongest mark of all was made by the loss of his favourite sister Fanny at the close of 1848. She was only twenty-seven, four years older than himself. He had always been devotedly attached to her, and her death threw the care of his mother, whose other surviving children were all

married by this time, upon him. A letter to his sister Ellen, now Mrs. Paton, shows the change in his interests and in his thoughts.

110 PROMENADE TERRACE,

CHELTENHAM, *January 5, 1849.*

MY DEAREST E.,—I have several letters to thank you for. I spend my time (I cannot think ill) in cultivating those talents, such as they may be, which are given me to be made profitable.

The grand secret of the meagreness and flimsiness of modern sermons is the indolence of men, who will not take the trouble to read and acquire fresh knowledge, but are continually trading on their old stores, till the well is dry.

My continued thought about our dear sister is, where is she? What doing? Has she consciousness, and can she look back to earth? Can she remember? Does she know what is going on here? and above all, how bitterly we grieve for her? With what a start she must have entered into eternity! The holy and early Church held that there was an intermediate state in which the dead waited for judgment, the good apart and the evil apart—the good enjoying a pretaste of their coming happiness, the evil troubled with the dark shadow of their awful doom.

They called it the *Limbus Patrum*. It is the Paradise of Scripture into which our Lord went, between His death and His resurrection, and whither He promised to take the repentant thief.

This at once establishes the fact of its being a separate and distinct place from Heaven. Our sister's mind between her first seizure and her death always seemed to me to be in a state of perfect and blessed repose. When I read Scripture to her, and talked of our Heavenly Master, her face would light up with one of her sweet smiles, so rarely given, but so precious when they were. She said one night, 'Why should persons dread the cholera so much? Death can come in more forms than one.' She expected to recover for a time, not that consumption would come on. She would speak of death with such a touching calmness. I can say this to you, but to no one else. I tremble with suppressed emotion when her name is mentioned. When I see a mother and sister walking together, I am cut to the heart. Love to my godson.—Yours ever affectionately, ANTHONY.

With these strong aspirations to the religious life upon him, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Prince Lee, of Manchester, in Preston parish church, on June 3, 1849, having accepted a title from the Rev. W. Carus-Wilson, the Rector of Whittington. He received Priest's Orders from the same Bishop in the following year. Mr. Wilson lived at Casterton Hall, and he offered the rectory to his curate, Mr. Thorold, who took his mother there with him.

CHAPTER II

WHITTINGTON, 1849-54; HOLY TRINITY, MARYLEBONE, 1854-57; ST. GILES', 1857-60

Duty of a Biographer—The Greenes of Whittington—First Marriage—Letter to Mrs. Candy—Death of First Child—Organisation of Whittington Parish—Parochial Visiting—Difficulties—Confession of Faults—Early Preaching—Removal to London—Curacy in Marylebone—Appointment to St. Giles'—Character of the Parish—Mrs. Ranyard and the Biblewomen—Missions—Extempore Preaching—New National Schools—Death of the first Mrs. Thorold; and of Winifred Thorold.

It is none of the business of the biographer to be continually sitting in judgment upon the hero of his story. He has to show the man as he appeared to himself, and as he wished to be, making these two sides of his character most conspicuous, but without forgetting the criticisms or omitting the impressions which competent observers formed about him at the different stages of his career. If this be the true conception of the biographer's duty, he will adopt the method of exhibiting both faults and virtues rather in the sayings and doings of his subject than by any deliberately expressed theory of his own; and his purpose in his book will be similar to that of a portrait-painter who endeavours to depict the face and hands and figure as they really are, with all their indications of present character and of past history, carefully putting in the blemishes as well as the features of beauty; while his

intuitive love of the harmonious blends the many characteristics into one definite whole, and paints the man at once real and ideal, as he was and as he meant to be.

Those observers who knew Bishop Thorold best seem to be agreed that his character was remarkably complex, to a degree beyond the usual, and that his love of devotion and heroic passion for the salvation of his people did not exclude a decided strain of personal ambition, while a shrewd worldly wisdom was a very important ingredient in his nature.

Close to Whittington Rectory was Whittington Hall, where the squire of the parish lived, Mr. Thomas Greene, M.P. for Lancaster and Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons. Constant intercourse and a strong common interest in the poor of the parish soon created an intimacy between the new curate, Mr. Thorold, and Mr. Greene's daughter, Henrietta. On December 1, 1849, they were engaged, and on January 10, 1850, they were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the church of the House of Commons, by the Bishop of London.

During the honeymoon he wrote a lengthy pastoral letter to a sick parishioner, Mrs. Candy, who was then thought to be dying, but still survives, ninety-five years old, full of affection for her former clergyman.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT,

January 20, 1850.

I do not know how I can better spend a quiet Sabbath evening than in writing a few lines to you to tell you how often I think of you, and pray for you; to endeavour to give you a little of that sweet consolation which my Master has given me, when I have been troubled myself, and to direct your gaze up to that bright home, and that costly crown, which all of us who are Christ's dear ones are hastening on to reach, and which perhaps you, dear sister, may obtain before us.

Aggy, just for a moment think that I am standing by your bedside, pressing your hand in mine; and answer me this question. Could you live the last six months over again, would you spare

yourself *one* throb of pain, *one* start of agony, *one* weary night of restless suffering, and forfeit all that you have gained? Have you not learnt more of Christ since your illness than you ever learnt before? Do you not love Him with a love so much more fresh, ardent, hungry, than your old love, that it may be almost called altogether new?

We do not think enough how gracious and condescending in God it is to *take the trouble* to afflict us. What are we? And we must not repine, for fear He should take us at our wilful word, stay the rod, throw away the cup only half drunk up, suffer us to go away like the nine lepers, cleansed but hardened; never to see Him again, never to speak to Him again, until we stand trembling before His judgment throne. Is the pain sharp? Is the weakness sickening? Are the nights long and tedious, and dreary sometimes? Is your sick bed dull? It *must* be sometimes, all this. We are flesh and blood. The body will triumph over the spirit now and then. But if ever you are tempted to sigh a complaining sigh, or heave a sob of weary and sorrowful infirmity, O look back on Gethsemane; to the Agony and Bloody Sweat there. Look back to the Judgment Hall. Listen to the heavy sound of the insulting stripes; count the thorns of that crown; see how sharp they are; how they pierce His Divine Brow, and shed His Blood before the time. Look on the purple robe of mockery; remember the savage scorn, the buffetings, the taunts (which we turn pale to think of) and the long, the weary, the heavy, painful Cross, and the six hours' agony of hanging there. And all this was for *Love*, and for *you*. Your pain cannot equal His, and yet you deserve yours, don't you? Ay to the full, and He did not deserve His. He suffered, He writhed under *your* sin, that you might not have to suffer for it yourself after the Judgment. Oh remember this, and let the thought of it gladden you as it ought.

Perhaps you are going home; we know not, but you may be. Ah, you are happy. I can say this, though Life is opening out on me now fairly and happily, and the blossoms of God's gracious bounty are strewed thickly over my path. Yet Heaven is better than Earth. For what is there to stay for here? Only disappointment and sickness, and poverty and danger, and worst of all, Sin. We shall never be quite His, quite close to Him, until we stand

together before His Throne. Oh, Aggy, that day ! Think of it. It will cheer you in your sadness. The Dark Valley is before us. We all have to pass through it. He passed through it, and we follow after. We cannot have Heaven without death. But everywhere He is with us, and even then, in the last choking spasm, He stands by and smiles. His smile ! You will see Him, and Death's sting will be gone. You will know that you are going to your crown, and you will not desire to stay with us.

One word of comfort for your little ones, Aggy. They are His. He made them His in Baptism. He watches over them now. He will take better care of them than you could. O trust Him in this. Can you give a better proof of your confidence in Him, than by leaving under His protection what you love and cherish most ? Remember the verse little Elizabeth says to you sometimes, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up," and take the Lord at His word.—Your faithful friend and brother in Christ,

ANTHONY W. THOROLD.

This ecstasy of love for Christ was no mere expression of empty words. Old parishioners describe him as "the kindest and most self-sacrificing minister who ever came into the village." In one year he chronicles 119 lectures on the Bible, and 1431 pastoral visits. He was most regular in his visitation of the sick, and kept notes of the spiritual progress made by each. The close of the year he observed as a period of severe self-examination, in which to record his faults and confess his sins to God. He practised a strict personal asceticism, which remained his custom through life ; and one of his parishioners records an incident of a fast-day which he had instituted as an annual event, when during an evening service at an outlying hamlet, after a long succession of services, he fainted, and had to be carried out of church, having touched nothing but a glass of water through the day.

The life at Whittington Hall had its troubles ; the residence of the husband's mother in the newly married household did not prove successful, and she had to seek a home elsewhere. Then the first child who was born to him, after a brief life of

a few months, died in January, 1852. He writes about his great sorrow :

January 31, 1852.

MY DEAR ELLEN,—Our darling is with Christ. After a good deal of tedious suffering, she gently expired in her mother's arms at ten minutes past three this morning. It was heartrending to see her suffer and to look on her patience and her gentleness ; her large bright eyes gazing all round with an unearthly intelligence. The sorrow of losing one's first and only child is perfectly inconceivable ; the utter crushing loneliness which sinks our hearts to the very dust. It was so fearfully sudden ; we can hardly believe that she is gone and that we shall never see her smile again till we meet her in glory, if by God's mercy we do. How fervently we hope that she may remember us and know us again.

Good-bye, darling Ellen ; pray for us that we may have faith and gratitude for this very crushing blow.—Your loving brother,
ANTHONY.

There were happy days, also, of which he sometimes spoke in his later years, days of delightful intercourse with his wife in the valley of the beautiful Lune, where they spent bright afternoons talking of their work and of their future, and of their hope to accomplish much for the progress of the kingdom of God ; and long evenings in the comfortable country rectory.

Few Ember seasons passed by during the episcopate without references by Bishop Thorold to his first Lancashire curacy. Set by himself with the responsibility of the spiritual welfare of the parish weighing heavily upon him, he was compelled to think out and develop a system of parochial management ; while every now and then his reforming advance was checked by his non-resident rector. The duty which appealed to him as the most important was a thorough instruction of individuals in spiritual knowledge ; and this became an apprenticeship of the highest value for all his future work.

“ *Diary, August 13, 1850.*—How difficult it is to make our visiting with healthy parishioners always profitable. We ought to

be afraid of 'lugging in' religion anyhow : such a mode of introducing it is always distasteful and often productive of real harm : and yet when we leave a house, without having spoken some home-truths of Christ, what a painful sensation of wasted opportunity comes to cast one down ! The poor vary very much. With some I have to sustain the whole conversation : and this from the want of common topics between us is difficult. Others talk so volubly that it is almost impossible to get in a word. I fancy the proper thing is to get them to open their hearts (and this is only done after a certain time has been spent, perhaps more than one always has to spare) ; yet there is a difficulty here—familiarity breeds contempt. Our *office* must be respected : and too often if we set them perfectly at their ease their talk soon degenerates into mere gossip, which it is beneath us to listen to ; or backbiting, which we should at once check, not without reproof.

" *September 5.*—Edward Bentham is dead. I am not satisfied at all about what I have done for him. I have only visited him twice on his sick bed, though he has been going off a long time. The first time I came his sister said he would not see me, so I went away without making an attempt, which was wrong of me. She spoke about his being prayed for in church, which I did not like. I thought he might last months, and it would make that most blessed practice cheap. My excuse has been this, that he was so exceedingly *deaf*, that of thirty words he could only hear perhaps three. When I did see him it was but of little use ; but I begged of him to cast himself upon Christ. He said afterwards that he was comforted. My second visit, a week afterwards, was more unsatisfactory still, so far as the hearing went, and my voice, worked hard already, was much fatigued with speaking so loud. But I half think I ought to have tried more. God pardon my negligence. It is no palliation of one's carelessness that there has been great care elsewhere. Every transgression must stand on its own bottom. I have myself but little faith in the utility of repentance under such circumstances and at such an age. Is this a want of Faith ? It may be practically injurious if it affects my diligence in visiting such cases.

" *March 1851.*—The servants wrote to me in London to tell

me of Nicholas Marsden's extreme danger, and I left London for home by that night mail. How I shivered with excitement as I walked up the road, and through the little garden, and knocked at the house door. His daughter opened it, and when she saw me, burst into tears. The bedroom was at the top of the stairs immediately opposite the door and, as the door of it was open, I could see the poor sufferer lying in his bed, and tossing about with pain. Oh, the joy with which they all received me. He, poor fellow, seized and grasped my hand, and said, 'I knew you would come, sir, as soon as you knew. I said last night, Mr. Thorold is coming by the rail.' I tried to comfort him. I said: 'Marsden, I do love you so.' He said: 'And I love you, sir.' I said: 'Your only hope now is in the blood of Jesus. Cast yourself as a lost sinner on His love. Never mind ignorance; don't think of excuses; simply take yourself as a lost sinner to the footstool of God.' I knelt down and prayed with them all. That day I visited him four times. He could not always attend, but I endeavoured as far as possible to address his children round him, and to impress on the living and the strong the awful necessity of seeking God while He was to be found. The next day I visited him four times. I asked him if he did cast himself entirely on his Saviour, and he said he did. He prayed fervently after me, and was evidently in earnest. There was, however, nothing about him of *alarm*, of a *lively penitence*, of the *felt and realised love of Christ*. It was too late to teach him. All that there was time for was for energetic exhortation, to take himself just as he was to the Cross of the Saviour. On the Friday evening I made his will during the last moments of sensibility he possessed. About eleven o'clock he fell into a doze, in which he continued without awaking till the Sunday morning at seven o'clock, when his spirit passed away into the Presence of God.

"August 30, 1850.—I sent for Lawrence M. Ever since he gave up the Sunday-school some weeks ago, he has evidently been hardening himself against everything good; and I was very anxious to try, if possible, still to keep some hold over him, and to retain a little of my former influence. I reproach myself for not having done it before. God grant it may not be too late

now. I have clearly seen that he has always tried to shun me, has looked askance at meeting me, whereas before he always gave me such pleasant greeting; and at church I have observed with great pain that, in spite of my looking at him, he has set himself deliberately to make the younger boys laugh. I told him all this firmly but very kindly. I asked him if I had ever done or said anything but what was most kind; gently showed him that he had acted rather ungratefully; told him how I had always loved him, and how anxious I was about his soul. He winced, tried to harden himself, and turned his face away. Then I laid before him, as far as I could, his own heart; showed what new temptations were opening out before him, warned him of his great knowledge of God's Truth; what peril he was in just now; how he needed God's aid to keep him from running head-long into sin. I asked him about his prospects, and told him I would always help him in any way I could, shook hands with him, and bade him good-bye. I have gloomy doubts of him. The family is radically bad; all his brothers have turned out ill; the one at home is a perfect brute; at any rate, I hope I have cleared my soul. But I must not lose sight of him. A kind word now and then may, one hopes, have a beneficial influence."

The heart-searching methods which he applied to others had been learnt by a severe inspection of himself. His faults are mercilessly laid bare in his diary with a minuteness which tends to become morbid, but shows the man in his many phases.

Here is his method of self-improvement:

"August 31, 1850.—I determined, with God's blessing, to devote this day to Prayer and Fasting. To-morrow is the monthly Holy Communion, and I wish henceforward to spend the day before in devotions of this kind; and a special self-examination. This is the first time I have ever fasted *motu proprio*. My flesh has always shrunk from it with a most strange reluctance; and there are excuses ever ready if we only want them. But fasting has been practised by all good men in Scripture; and with Prayer, in Faith, surely it will bring its blessing. So far, I find that there is a deep feeling of God's presence; but no bright

manifestation : and the abstinence from food has a little weakened me."

Another passage describes his intense disgust with himself at having been drawn into speculating with £100. Much of it he lost.

"*September 1850.*—From the bottom of my heart I desire to thank God for all that has happened. First of all I am sure that it must be for the best, because His fatherly goodness turns our own waywardness and caprice into Blessing in the end, and I can see how many lessons I may learn from it both in temporal and spiritual concerns ; but the matter worries me. This gives me more comfort than anything, the thought that it may strike a blow to my covetousness, and by-and-by I hope I shall see better how good it is for me ; but conflicting feelings of mortification and chagrin continually disturb me even now. I must pray against it, and especially that the very keenness of the disappointment may fix itself deeply in my mind and preserve me from ever committing such a sin again—sin I call it ; for there was nothing in it to the Glory of God, and it has turned out more destructive than anything I have ever found to the Peace of my Inner Life.

"*December 1850.—Meditation.*—I should never even read a newspaper with carelessness as if it did not matter whether I remembered it or no. Careless, thoughtless reading gets the mind into a careless way and weakens the power of memory. How very heartily do I pray God to bless me in this, and for His dear Son's sake to give me His Holy Spirit, that I may be strengthened to fight my way patiently and perseveringly and faithfully through the vast difficulties which I know will thicken round me (for this evil is not of an hour's growth), and to give me courage and a good heart to fight and conquer !"

Preaching he had already made up his mind must be the chief instrument of usefulness and of influence in the larger parishes to which his thoughts constantly turned. He was drilling himself strictly, and endeavouring to form his style, full of regret already for the idle college days.

"*November 23, 1850.*—I am not quite satisfied about my sermons. Not that they deteriorate intellectually. On the contrary I think that they display closer reasoning, deeper thought, and more real matter, than my sermons even six months ago. Increasing experience, and more time, from my writing only one sermon a week now, contribute to this. Rather it is in the spirit of them. They seem to me to lack love and earnestness and unction; to come more from the head than from the heart; more from the well-arranged workshop of a disciplined spirit than from the fervid, soul-loving ardour of one who loves his Lord. Constitutionally I am shy, almost morbidly so, and when one speaks earnestly and startlingly, people look up at one more; and the very consciousness of this unhinges me when I am weak or tired; and often I have left out passages of this kind from feeling too timid of the consequences which would follow."

But his powerful friends were now determined to obtain for Mr. Thorold the opportunity of proving whether he possessed the necessary talents to sway large congregations and to rule a great parish. They proposed him as curate to Mr. Garnier, afterwards Dean of Ripon, and then of Lincoln, at this time Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone; and Mr. Garnier asked a friend, the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Durham, to spend a Sunday at Whittington in the course of a visit to the Lakes, and to report on young Thorold's capabilities.

"So we went off," Dean Kitchin writes, "two of us, to spy out the land, found the curate in charge, heard him preach, and then read prayers, and we were both sure that he would do, if his health was up to it. He had voice enough, but even then was weakly looking. Accordingly I wrote to Garnier and strongly advised him to take the curate; he did so, and from that moment Thorold began to make a very deep mark in the minds of men."

He bade farewell to the people of Whittington at the beginning of October, 1854, and settled at Holy Trinity, Marylebone. His duties were to preach in the afternoon and occasionally at other times in the Rector's absence; and to visit

and instruct a district of about 3000 people, living in a very small compass. He thought

“the poor unsatisfactory; they have been overvisited, at any rate over-looked-after by an injudicious system of periodical ticket-distribution. The consequence is that my spiritual office is swallowed up in my function of ministering to their temporal necessities, and I am the relieving officer instead of the clergyman.”

His powers in preaching attracted attention at once; but his sensitive shyness embarrassed his relations with his fellow curates. This same shyness affected him in his pastoral visits; he felt painfully that he was not bold enough in speaking for Christ, and that he had managed badly with the numerous infidels in his district; but in the first year he could record that he had visited his district “twice through, going into every room of every house.” Visiting occupied some fifteen hours a week, in which he accomplished about fifty visits. He took great pains over his sermons, and was alarmed lest he should let the Gospel be lost among the many questions of intellectual and archæological interest which suggested themselves in his study of the Bible. New writers were stirring fresh ideas in his mind; and it is a little startling to read that he was possessed by a great fear that he should “be led away by Maurice or Jowett.”

At the end of 1855, a determined effort was made to get Thorold promotion. St. George’s, Bloomsbury, had been vacated by the appointment of Mr. Villiers to the Bishopric of Carlisle; and Thorold’s name was suggested to the Chancellor.

“Mr. Villiers and Mr. Robert Bickersteth came to hear me. Singularly enough in my anxiety to know my sermon well I had taken it with me to the Sunday School; it dropped out of my coat and was lost. I had not even a note of it. I sat down and wrote it over again; but not knowing it well I had to look at my book a good deal; and being exhausted with the effort I was inferior in my delivery. I believe their verdict went against me.

But how providential it all was ! The Chancellor gave it to Mr. Emilius Bayley."

The Evangelical leaders continued their efforts.

"On the 24th of January 1857 I received a letter from the Lord Chancellor expressing his willingness to nominate me to St. Giles'." "I must spend the interval before I take up the work in looking into my own heart, and with God's help find out the personal deficiencies and infirmities which are likely to hinder my usefulness, and rob me of joy and peace in believing."

And he proceeded to write out thirty-four resolutions in the little neat precise hand, cultivated by him in those days, which should be constantly before his eyes and should hold him to the heavy task which he had undertaken at thirty-one.

The parish of St. Giles contained some of the most miserable and vicious people in London ; the present Charing Cross Road was then a narrow thoroughfare, Crown Street by name, where two large vans could scarcely pass each other ; out of it opened courts of miserable houses, densely crowded, where few families if any occupied more than one room. The notorious Seven Dials stood in the centre of the parish, and into Church Lane, dreaded for its Irish colony, policemen always went in couples for fear of sudden attack. The problem of the parish was how to get at the people, at the miserably poor, ill-clothed, living from hand to mouth, ignorant and godless, who were packed in the alleys ; at the large groups of the criminal and vicious ; at the more intelligent working classes who neglected Church from the opinion, well or ill-founded, that the Church did not care for them.

Mr. Thorold promptly set to work.

"We have started special services for the poor, cottage lectures on week days. We borrow a room, paying a shilling a night, not as rent, but for light and fire. With a few forms, three or four dips, a table, and some cards of hymns, which I have printed expressly for these services, our church apparatus is complete ;

and the best evidence of their success is to be found in the fact that the rooms are often crowded."

A fresh effort for reaching the very poorest was being originated in St. Giles' in 1857 by Mrs. Ranyard, one of those women of philanthropic genius whom the country has failed to estimate at their true value. Mr. Thorold could never forget his first interview with this attractive woman in February 1857; she was then sending a Biblewoman "to sell Bibles in the lowest courts and alleys of St. Giles' parish," and to the astonishment of those who knew the district 300 copies had been sold in six months to the poorest of the poor. Quietly the plan developed and extended. Its characteristic principle was, that the women who were indifferent to religion could best be reached by earnest Christian women of their own rank visiting from house to house. Out of it grew the now widespread system of nursing the poor in their own homes; and the London Bible Female Domestic Mission which Mrs. Ranyard organised, and in which the counsel, the teaching, and the sympathy of Mr. Thorold so remarkably aided her, at present employs in London 125 Biblewomen and 93 nurses.

The new Rector began the year 1858 with special mission services in the district. He was overjoyed at his success.

"We have grounds for believing that every variety of class and character came within our church walls that week. Many instances I might name which go to prove that these services do not merely produce a perilous and ephemeral excitement but have solid and lasting results. If the Gospel is really the power of God unto salvation, is not the most simple and natural way of trying to save men to go and preach it to them?"

This plan he continued each year. And he writes to Mrs. Kinnaird:

"I really believe that one reason for people's fear of a Revival is that they would not know what to do with it. I, for one, feel most thankful for the experience the Church has already gained

from what has been going on in Ireland. The Evangelical Alliance never did a more practical work than at Belfast this autumn in bringing out to the world what the Holy Ghost has really been doing.

“President Edwards’ book on the Religious Affections will be the text-book now of all engaged in work of the kind. I hear from St. Giles’ that the first droppings of the shower are already falling. Oh for sobriety and devoutness to meet God’s will without marring it !”

The power of his own preaching constantly increased. “The church is crowded,” he writes, as a cause for thankfulness in 1859. Noticing how far more attentively the evening congregation listened to spoken sermons, he had now definitively put aside his manuscript, and each Sunday evening delivered a sermon from short notes.

In his diary, September 11, 1857, he comments :

“Extemporaneous preaching must always be to a great extent more uncertain than the delivery of written sermons. When a sermon is written, there it is, and though circumstances may mar the immediate effect of it, the words have been uttered, and the *thoughts in the words*. Whereas with extemporaneous preaching, bodily fatigue, an annoyance just endured, an inattentive congregation which will often throw a sensitive man on his back, or a hearer present whom he is nervous with, or indisposition, or even the voice out of order, will all affect a sermon which may have been well thought over, which ten minutes before the preacher felt quite at ease about. And then, if with a written, how much more with an unwritten sermon, does preaching depend on the state of a man’s soul at the moment, and his consciousness of the Divine Presence. It is not eloquence, it is *unction* that gives life ; not a torrent of glowing thoughts ; but grave loving words devoutly uttered in the fulness of the Spirit.

“As I propose henceforward to preach on Sunday evenings extempore, I must take more pains than ever. With such a noble congregation as Bishop Bickersteth has bequeathed me, I cannot take too much pains to be useful, and oh ! that God may

give me some of their souls this winter, and help me to build up His people in faith and love !”

To his reputation as a preacher, which had already brought him before the notice of a wide circle, Mr. Thorold added, in 1858, the fame of having proved himself a leader in elementary education. The National Schools of St. Giles’ were far from satisfactory. The following letter, addressed to a very leading parishioner, will show his plan for new ones.

16 BEDFORD SQUARE,
September 20, 1858.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORN,—About ten days ago I penned rather a long epistle to you with a detailed account of my plans for new school buildings, and directed it to Clifton, at which place I understood you had taken a house. Calling in Gower Street to-day I heard from your servant that you are at Tunbridge Wells, and so the unhappy lettercarriers at Clifton are racking their wits to find you out, and I may look in a few days to have my letter back again through the Dead Letter Office.

Hitherto I have been delayed simply from the difficulty of finding a site in any way eligible. At last I have found one, which though dear is in every way admirable. It is in a great thoroughfare, open, airy, accessible on three sides, near the church, and in close proximity to the dense population clustering round the Seven Dials, without being in the heart of it. It is a block of five crazy houses at the corner of Endell Street and Broad Street, just opposite the Ragged Schools. The price of the freehold is £4000, and to erect schoolrooms for 900 children, with class rooms, residences for three teachers, rooms for female pupil teachers, and the necessary fittings will require £5000 more.

Perhaps the sum of £9000 alarms you. “*Possunt qui posse videntur.*” I believe the paradox to be perfectly true, that it is easier to get a large sum than a small. But there are Ways and Means. Of course I have been to the Government, having previously prepared my way with Mr. Lingen through Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, and with Mr. Adderley through Mr. Greene. My

interview was quite successful, and Mr. Lingen in his official reply tells me that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education are prepared to deal with the plan on a liberal scale. I have reason to know that they intend to treat us as an exceptional case, and I confidently hope we shall obtain a grant of £4000.

But before any specific promise can be made I am to ascertain what sum can be collected from proprietors and residents in the parish to meet the grant coming from the Government. The first game at which I let fly was the Duke of Bedford. His auditor has written to me to say that His Grace will give £500. This, I think, is a good beginning. Perhaps I may say that I hope myself to be able to give £100 to an undertaking which I identify with all my brightest hopes of extending Christ's Kingdom in the parish, and of which all the diverse and incidental benefits cannot easily be overstated. Dear Mr. Hawthorn, it is quite unnecessary for me to invite you to contribute to a work in which I am sure both your heart and judgment will entirely concur. Yet perhaps I may say, without presumption, that there are many in the parish (I know positively of one, both wealthy and influential) who will take their cue from you; and it is of immense importance to get it well started at first. My object then is to invite you to assist me in initiating and launching this great enterprise; and you will do both the parish a great service and myself a kindness in permitting me to place your name on the Building Committee, and in consenting to act as joint Treasurer with myself.—Ever, dear Mr. Hawthorn, most truly yours, A. W. THOROLD.

The cost swelled, as building expenses are apt to swell, till £16,000 came to be required for the site and buildings. But by the energetic labours of the Rector the money was got together; and not only the parishioners of St. Giles', but a very wide circle of the public who cared for education, expressed their respect for the courage and resources which had successfully carried through the scheme under such difficult conditions. Everywhere Mr. Thorold's schools were indicated as models for the metropolis.

But before the schools were finished a heavy blow had fallen upon the Rector of St. Giles'. Mrs. Thorold had been ailing

when they moved to London; and two serious attacks of illness in 1856 had left her in such bad health that she had been advised to live in a warmer climate, as the only chance of prolonging life. But when she learnt that there was no prospect of permanent improvement, she refused to leave her husband and her two children, Hayford and Winifred, and deliberately and calmly adopted the life of an invalid. Confining herself to two rooms in the house in Bedford Square, she acted as her husband's secretary, saving him in a hundred ways, and always full of wise counsel. He told one of his friends that he had "never known her judgment at fault." But every precaution could only delay the inevitable end. They were staying at St. Leonards in October 1859, when she grew suddenly worse and died.

41 EVERSFIELD PLACE, HASTINGS,

October 20, 1859.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORN,—I am deeply touched by your kindness. I am alone, and yet I am not alone; for never have I learnt such deep things of the loving kindness and tender mercy of God as within the last few hours. She who was all the world to me sleeps her sleep in Christ. Her joy is the one thought with which I try to escape selfish sorrow: and He who has so far made all grace abound unto me will give me His grace that I may be father and mother too to my little ones. She died "clinging to the Cross." These were her own words, "Jesus the sinner's friend is my friend"; her almost last sentence, "How hard it is to realise the lift from Earth to Heaven." She is to be buried at Whittington on Saturday. Think of me then.—
Ever gratefully yours,
A. W. T.

As he looked back he saw how large was the debt he owed to her whose gentle influence had moulded his character with so much decision in the early years of his ministry. "I want more gentleness and softness," he said pathetically; and "now I have no human counsellor, for she has gone home who in all things for ten years past has been the stay and guide of my

youth." In his new loneliness he confided his sad thoughts to his diary.

"*December 31, 1859.—10.45 P.M.—London.—*She sleeps in the Lord, and I am alone. On the 18th of October she passed away, and on the 22nd she was buried at Whittington by the side of our child. After the funeral I went to Stamford to join my mother and the children, where I stayed over All Saints' Day; and then came back to my work for the first Sunday in November. God has wonderfully supported me, and His compassions have never failed for a single hour; and I seem to have been borne aloft on the prayers of my people; but I am feeling now a reaction from that first effort, and my sorrow grows on me. Will not God guide me? I feel that I ought to go away for a complete change, and that Whittington is not the right place for me to go to; yet I feel a clinging to home, and a drawing to the place where she lies.

I hope that her death has been sanctified to me; I pray that it may be so yet more. More and more clearly I see the many needs for it; how it is to help me to subdue the flesh to the spirit; to be more strong and more independent of human sympathy and counsel; to fear man's censure less, and God's Law more; and above all to be able to live without praise. I am trying to do my duty by the children. Miss Jones is a great comfort. I am surrounded by mercies. But everything is changed since she is gone, and life has lost its shape and taste and colour."

A few months later, in October, 1860, his little daughter Winifred, after a short illness, was laid in a grave by her mother's side in Whittington Churchyard; and only a son, Hayford, remained in the desolate house.

CHAPTER III

ST. GILES' AND YEARS OF ILLNESS

1861-69

*Perils of a London Incumbent—Statistics—Mode of Life—
Preaching—Prophecy—Evangelicalism—Spiritual Letters
—Second Marriage—Broken Health—Curzon Chapel—
Family Affairs.*

“IN a parish like this,” said Mr. Thorold, addressing his parishioners in 1861, “the minister of Christ may have to steer between two extremes. If he is a man of thought rather than action, he will be tempted to shrink from responsibilities, with which he feels unable to grapple ; and holding the rudder of his vessel with undecided hand, he will drift down the stream. If he is fervid rather than contemplative, he is liable to be so absorbed in his work that his parish becomes his god, and his duties an idolatry. In an incessant round of feverish and even frivolous activities his body will be exhausted, his mind shallow, his soul indevout ; and deprived of that intercourse with the Church outside which is essential to the healthfulness of the spirit, he will rapidly degenerate in piety, usefulness and knowledge. And yet in a sense it is true that ‘the holding the one thing needful involves the letting go of many things lovely and desirable,’ and that ‘in thought as well as in action we must go on, ever narrowing our way, avoiding much.’ When the pastor of a flock like mine has but bodily strength and a sufficiency of mental power, and is helped by God’s grace to stir up the gift of God that is in him, then I say fearlessly no ministry on earth can surpass it, either

for variety of interest, or for grandeur of opportunity, or for abundance of aid."

The Rector of St. Giles', in spite of his grievous sorrows, was just now at the zenith of his powers for the administration of a great parish which required at once the busy and constant attention of a man still young, and more than the devotion of an enthusiastic missionary. He supplies us with several facts and figures by which we may test the effect of his work. The acts of communion in 1859 and in 1860, at the Church of St. Giles, slightly exceeded 5000 for each year, the Communion being only celebrated once each Sunday, either at 9 A.M. or at midday, or after the evening service. A very large proportion of the communicants were of the well-to-do classes. The average varied from 40 to 30 at 9 A.M., from 95 to 110 at mid-day, and from 75 to 200 in the evening. At Easter, 1863, there were 289 communicants, and on Good Friday 100. After that year, the average began to decline. The Sunday schools numbered 1200 children, the Bible-classes contained 200, the chief mission-room had 200 worshippers. These figures will one day be invaluable to the ecclesiastical historian, and if they appear disappointing when they are compared with the numbers in well-organised working-class parishes of 20,000 persons to-day, it must be remembered that Bickersteth* and Thorold at St. Giles' were leaders of the vanguard when the Church militant in England opened that campaign which was to restore the masses of the great towns to their proper place in the economy of her organisation.

Such a warfare is necessarily expensive. In St. Giles' some £2000 a year was needed, over and above the very small endowment. This sum the large congregations of the parish church, with the help of the chief landlords, willingly supplied to their trusted Rector. Here, as elsewhere, the attractive force of preaching formed the mainspring of success. The wor-

* His predecessor, Bishop of Ripon.

shippers believed in their rector's sincerity, and appreciated the persistent efforts which he made to educate himself intellectually and spiritually. Never a deep student, nor an original theologian, and having lost the opportunities of his Oxford life which might have trained him to think, Mr. Thorold read methodically and with well-drilled attention a number of modern works on theology; was an indefatigable student of sermons; and kept himself abreast with the general literature of the day. He had also at this time become a contributor to *Good Words*, one of those popular religious magazines which have done so much to spread the knowledge of modern discoveries illustrative of the Bible, and to forward spiritual education in the middle classes. This connection brought him into contact with a number of men, studious, thoughtful, and well equipped with knowledge; and their example and their conversation stimulated and brightened his mind. Such society told remarkably on his preaching; he brought forth out of his treasures things new and old; and developed every year those original qualities, unique in their own province, which attracted the passing stranger; while his regular listeners found in his teaching a constant flow of fresh ideas, and a remarkable wealth of experimental religion, diligently culled from books and society and the hearts of men.

Intellectually he was interesting; spiritually he had begun to exercise that irresistible fascination by which the true lover of God draws other souls heavenwards. Intensely devout, he impressed his hearers with his faith. The grand truths of the Gospel broke through his words living and alight from the altar of God. Faith is infectious. This man had been to the gates of heaven, and knew what he told. He was really confident that God could change the life by changing the heart. He used the treasures of the Cross for himself, and recommended them to others because he had found them so precious.

Thus the pulpit of St. Giles' became a centre of attraction to a large class of spiritually minded people in London. By

no means infrequently men of middle age have described to the writer how on a visit to the metropolis their parents took them to hear Mr. Thorold, and they still remember the impression which he made. Some who loved him much look back on St. Giles' as the halcyon days of his career. "He was so devoted to his poor people," they tell us, "so simple in his teaching, so absorbed in his faith." He lived at high spiritual pressure. "Oh that the Lord would revive my parched and dry heart, and make my soul as a watered garden," he writes.

Constant self-examination, and diligent revision of his methods, kept him up to his multifarious duties, as his diary explains :

"I am completely dissatisfied with my visiting. There is a tradition among London rectors that it is out of the question for them to attempt visiting on any system ; theirs is a work of supervision and general government. This may be true. But may God keep me from desultoriness or idleness in my afternoons, and how I am to preach without visiting I know not. There is another tradition, that the rectors are to look after the rich, and the curates after the poor. I add to the rector's rich the tradespeople, who are very important, and who ought not to be neglected. Can the rector in some measure look after all still after a fashion, omitting none ?

"With respect to the rich and tradespeople, they are clearly mine, and I do not see why I may not adopt Mr. Pelham's* plan, calling upon them all, one after another, as the rector of the parish, and assuring them of my sympathy with them, and my desire to be of service to them.

"But the poor ? I cannot bear not to do something among them. Let me try this plan. Give, say, two afternoons a week exclusively to the visiting of the poor, Monday and Friday ; have a small book for noting cases down, which it may be desirable for me to see ; keep my eyes and ears open for opportunities. It is quite clear that I must try something, or my ministry will decay."

* Rector of Hampstead, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

Among the many meetings which he attended at this time were those of the Prophecy Investigation Society, and of their discussions on Revelation he has preserved somewhat full notes. They read as if he felt he ought to be convinced by the learned speakers, prominent members of his own party many of them; but though some of the ideas struck him as helpful he confessed himself puzzled.

"One clergyman drew a sketch of a vision in ink. I certainly thought he talked a great deal of nonsense." From another discussion, "I came away wondering when the Jews are to get to Heaven. Putting this question to one of the prophets the same evening I received for an answer, 'It is not revealed.' On this supposition we are better off than they, for we do know.

"On the Vision of the Vials, one speaker thought 'if the Pope and the Cardinals were all swallowed up there would be very few to cry after them.' Another disputant explained with great ingenuity how the Vision was evidently being fulfilled in this year: 'the time is at hand! This must be our message to the people.'" Mr. Thorold sums up his feeling: "I came to the discussion ignorant and I went away much the same. It seemed to me that any hundreds of years of history might be made to fit into the vials."

His robust common sense allowed him to play unhurt with subjects which turn the brains of many men.

In 1865, we find him wondering whether he was not gradually passing over to the Broad Church party. He was reading Stanley and Colenso; and in quest of spiritual food he certainly travelled far upon all roads of Christian thought. Holy Week was little observed at St. Giles' Church, but the Rector regularly attended the services at All Saints', Margaret Street. Later in April he was staying at Edinburgh with his friend Dr. Boyd, and was much impressed by the Presbyterian Communion Service, at which he himself communicated. "I feel," he writes, "to have learnt a good deal to-day in many ways." In June he is "much moved by Canon Carter of Clewer's sermons." But his really intimate friends were all Evangelicals;

and the Evangelical spirit, with its beautifully eager desire to save individual souls, exercised its natural fascination. It impressed him as by far the most practical system of theology for the instruction of the ignorant, and the conversion of the sinful. More and more he definitely allied himself with the Evangelical party.

Space forbids any attempt to describe the organisation of Bible readings and Classes for spiritual instruction, which held together firmly the inner circle of his Church workers; or his system of Prayer Meetings; or his really striking success as Chairman of the Vestry; or his appointment to the Schools Enquiry Commission of 1864, which proved and intensified his reputation as an educationalist; or his earnest championship of Ragged Schools; or his work at the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for whom he wrote Commentaries.

During these years St. Giles' Church was thoroughly restored at a cost of £2000. He had the usual small troubles in carrying such a work to completion, and for some days the diary is full of the position of "a curtain" which was displeasing to some of the worshippers. In the course of 1864 the Archbishop of York had pressed him to come to Bishopthorpe as Vicar; but he decisively refused to leave his London parish.

Few provinces of duty are more important in the life of a clergyman than his personal spiritual work among his people; yet nothing is more difficult to describe; and there is a sacredness about the relations which makes analysis seem wanting in delicacy. But to print a few private letters, offered for publication that they may help others with a help still gratefully remembered by their first readers, seems to be the truest method of presenting Mr. Thorold's eminent usefulness in this direction.

16 BEDFORD SQUARE,

October 31, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was hurried the other day, and moreover continually expecting to be interrupted, and I could not make

the thoughts I wanted come up or come out. And I don't much expect I shall see you again.

So, on the eve of blessed All Saints' Day, I sit down to write you a few thoughts out of a full heart, the last fragments of a pastor's counsel, who, in losing you out of his flock, loses one he holds most dear. . . . Now I want to give you these three counsels.

Go down, ever deeper down, into the study of the mind of God. Be not satisfied with superficial views of things. Get down into the foundations—more knowledge, for with you it will be more love; and knowledge is power. Try to get a clear and independent way of looking at things, and while you maintain a pure and whole conscience, guard against its becoming warped and morbid and narrow. Stand fast in your liberty while you use it to serve your brother. Be most tenacious of the Lord's Day, of your own hours for prayer, of all that touches His honour; but do not make gnats into camels, and make allowances for those who have not received so much Divine teaching as you have.

And once more, refresh and brace and feed your heart by close communion with God. Whatever dissipates weakens us. Nothing can compensate for the lack of prayer; but if you can pray, then the most utter wilderness of the desert and most parched preaching shall have its springs of water.

Wherever you go, Jesus will be there to meet you; the thing is to have the heart ready to meet Him. Now it will be proved how much your teaching here has really benefited you. Now my ministry will be tried, whether it has been gold or stubble. My aim, I think, has been to lead you to Jesus, and to try to make you content with Him.

In your going away I feel a real heart-pain. Not so much in the loss of so much personal intercourse, that to any great extent never would have been possible. We shall have that in glory. But because it was such a joy to me to feel that Sunday by Sunday, and Friday by Friday, I gave you of the Master's Store. That is over now, and the will of the Lord be done. Some people are worth twenty common friends, and I can ill afford to spare when so much has been already taken, but in the Body of

Christ His true members are always united and in a little while, with those who have gone up before us, we shall be without fault before the Throne of God.—Your friend and pastor,

A. W. THOROLD.

16 BEDFORD SQUARE,
January 1, 1865,

DEAR M.,—My first ministerial act this year, and my first letter, shall be to you, about your friend. I thank God for thus permitting me a little Sunday duty. The difficulty in question is a very common one, and often marks a crisis in the spiritual history, when the soul drawn by the Blessed Spirit Himself to seek salvation from sin (then felt and abhorred maybe for the first time) is harassed by Satan, who would drive it away from the threshold of the Presence Chamber by the desperate suggestions of the impossibility of mercy.

The sin itself against which the Lord warns us in the passage in question (Mark iii. 29; 1 John v. 16) is evidently from the history possible, in that aspect of it, only in miraculous times, and was the ascribing of Miracles wrought by the Spirit dwelling in Christ's Human Nature to the agency of Satan.

The Lord, it has been observed, did not say that the sin even in that case had been consciously or deliberately committed. He simply pointed out the meaning and consequence of their act, and warned them against repeating it.

The sin against the Holy Ghost, in the aspect of it which is possible now, is the so resisting His overtures, quenching His grace, and spurning His love, that at length He withdraws Himself from the soul, which only increases its damnation by the repetition of its resistance; and the sin is unpardonable, because there can be no pardon without repentance, and no repentance in the soul that resolutely hardens itself against the long-suffering of God.

The Spirit's peculiar work is to convince of sin. A deep heart-craving for mercy and the overwhelming of a horrible dread lest much carelessness should have sinned all hope away, here is indeed the leading of the "Loving Spirit" pointing first to the disease, then to the remedy; making the poison of the Serpent's

bite sharp and terrible, and then guiding the remorseful heart to the bloodstained tree, and the Lord of Glory mighty to save.

Unbelief is your friend's snare now. The Lord deliver her out of it speedily. Bid her beware how she dishonours the Father, in thinking it possible for Him to have provided a Saviour who could not save. Bid her beware how she wrongs and wounds Jesus, in doubting His truthfulness, His sympathy, His power. Bid her beware how she puts away from her the one only help, who can first bring her to Christ, and then unite her to Him, "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

I give you for your New Year's text "The Lord *hath* been mindful of us, and He *shall* bless us," Ps. cxv. 12.—Ever your sincere friend,

A. W. THOROLD.

The next is to one of his workers, recently left a widower :

16 BEDFORD SQUARE,

March 17, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not forget that to-morrow is your birthday, and that memories of the past are sure to sweep over you, like a north wind over the leafless trees of winter, reminding you that the summer has gone. But after winter comes spring, and there is no spring so blessed as that to which the Christian looks forward in the Resurrection, when all our hopes will be accomplished ten thousandfold more blessedly than we had ever dared to hope for ; and when spring will ever be ripening into summer, but never summer fading into autumn. My friend, every succeeding birthday should make us count the mercies we have received in past times, and those we are enjoying still.

God has been trying you, but he has not been punishing you. That the wife of your youth and manhood and old age is with Christ, is gain for her, and also gain for you, if you have sympathy with her joy. I know it is also in a sense loss ; no one knows the meaning of that word better than I do, but I never yet had a loss which God could not turn into gain.

I hope and pray that to-morrow may not be such a sad day as on looking forward to it it might seem likely to be. It cannot be bright, but it ought to be calm. There may not be many smiles, but if Christ is in the heart there should be the peace

that passeth understanding ; here abideth Faith, Hope, Charity. Show that they abide not only in paper and in ink, but in the lives and conversation of yourself and your dear children. Trusting in God, looking for Christ, and walking in Love, if these together do not give quietness and happiness, then there must be fault in ourselves, and a wrong done to the Lord.—Ever your affectionate friend,

A. W. THOROLD.

It will be remembered that Mr. Thorold had lost his wife in October, 1859, that his eldest child had died in infancy, and his little daughter Winifred a few months after her mother, and that he was left with only one child, his son Hayford, who had been his constant companion after Mrs. Thorold's death. Hayford had cost him much anxiety ; the high pressure of spirituality in the Bedford Square house was neither healthy nor attractive to the growing boy ; small peccadilloes were often exaggerated into grave faults ; the father was much occupied ; and the son at times troublesome.

For several years Mr. Thorold had contemplated a second marriage. To a man of his affectionate and imaginative character his present life was intensely trying. He describes the condition himself :

“ Then the wedded life is severed, and the survivor enters on that experience of solitariness which to some natures is the keenest woe they can taste.” . . . “ The eye that once glistened with its tender and instant sympathy meets ours no longer ; the ear into which we hastened to murmur the strife of tongues, the pleasant encouragement of friends, the eager ambitions of our youth, or the wearing anxieties of our riper years is deaf to us, though it listens to the angels.”

He had long been acquainted with the Labouchere family, of Broome Hall, near Coldharbour, in Surrey. Their town-house, 16 Portland Place, was situated in his old parish of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, and they had welcomed him and Mrs. Thorold cordially on their arrival in London in 1854. The whole family greatly appreciated his preaching, and were

in the habit of walking to St. Giles' on Sunday evening to listen to him. Emily Labouchere is described by those who knew her as "fascinating, gentle, clever, and witty." She was delicate, and full of spiritual interest, retiring, and disliking society; and, not having made many friends, became all the more intimate with the few, like Mr. Thorold, whom she cordially appreciated. She was a pronounced Evangelical, and shared his interest in the spiritual and philanthropic questions which were all in all to him. She had gained over him a very strong influence, which perhaps, more than anything else, kept him strictly to the Evangelical party. They became engaged on August 12, 1865, while he was acting as *locum tenens* at Coldharbour for her brother-in-law, the Rev. G. W. Hillyer; and were married on September 19, 1865, in Holy Trinity, Marylebone.

The St. Giles' incumbency was now near its close. The Rector had been so absorbed in his work, that to a friend's remonstrance on his neglect of exercise, he playfully answered: "But, my dear fellow, I do take exercise; I walk to Bond Street once a month and have my hair cut." He justified himself for his unremitting efforts with the prompt reply: "I am afraid of growing idle." He had, however, been obliged to take long holidays, and in 1864, travelling in Syria for complete change, had been struck down with fever. This caused complications which threatened to make his continuance at St. Giles' impossible; but he hesitated long before he would resign.

"You can imagine what the thought of it costs me," he writes; "in a very humble way I think I can say with Monod, my ministry is my life; and never have I found it so hard to say, 'Thy will be done.' Does Mr. Kinnaird* remember saying to a friend of mine three years ago about me, 'We must get more work out of him first?' The well is not dry yet, I hope; and perhaps rest will make me young again. However, the nine best and happiest years of my life have been given to St. Giles'."

* Afterwards Lord Kinnaird, and a staunch supporter of Mr. Thorold.

But the doctor's orders were imperative ; and on January 27, 1867, he preached his farewell sermon to his beloved congregation on Romans viii. 35, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," and departed not knowing whether he would ever again be strong enough for hard work. St. Giles' he could never forget, it always retained a first place in his heart.

The recollection of this dark period came back years afterwards. He wrote about it in 1881 : "In clouding our intellect, in depressing our energies, in interrupting our duties, in suspending our pleasures, sickness at once diminishes our dignity, impairs our usefulness, and disturbs our joy."*

A few letters will show his occupations and thoughts at the time :

16 PORTLAND PLACE, W.,

June 8, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter has just reached me. Often have I thought of you, and my continual prayer for you is, in your own words, that God will strengthen you to drink your cup meekly. For some time to come each recurring season will tend to quicken your sense of your loss. This is inevitable. And what a loss it has been ! I have looked with such a sad pleasure at his *carte de visite*, which you sent me : it is such a thoughtful good face, and now he is gone, and you will see him no more till you join him at home. But it is God's blessed will for him and for you, and for your child. Rest your heart on that. If he could send any message to you out of Paradise would it not be this ? "Show that you love me by not wishing to bring me back again. Show that you love God by taking meekly and trustfully all that He sends." It is good of you to ask after us ; both Mrs. Thorold and I are better, though not yet quite well. We have left Ascot, and have at present no definite plan, but possibly may soon go to the sea, and then winter abroad. I want, if it please God, to get quite strong before again undertaking work. My kind regards to your father, and love to Louis.—Your sincere friend,

A. W. THOROLD.

* "The Gospel of Christ," p. 141.

18 GREEN STREET, W.,

January 8, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Often do I think of you; and twice a day I still pray for you in your own words, that you may drink your cup meekly. On New Year's Day I preached at St. Giles' (the first time since I left) from Ps. cxxxviii. 8. They are words that will just suit you. The Lord will perfect or complete for you all that concerns you, in the plan of your life, the methods of your sanctity, the nature of your service, the measure of your glory. And the grounds of your assurance of this are two: (1) His Love; (2) His Righteousness. Would you use this promise for your daily strength and comfort? Use it by faith, hope and love. We leave London very shortly, I for a three months' voyage to Buenos Ayres, Mrs. Thorold to visit a relative in the country. Baby* is very well. Hayfy is so much grown that you would hardly know him again. With Mrs. Thorold's very kind regards (please give mine to your father)—I am, ever your very sincere friend,

A. W. THOROLD.

FRANT RECTORY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

August 26, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind letter has been forwarded to me from Portland Place. We came here in July to stay till October, in charge of the parish, which I am working singlehanded, and find not too easy. The country is lovely. I wonder if you know it. I have not forgotten your want of a tutor for your boy, and mentioned it only the other day to a friend likely to know about such things. Be sure if I hear of any one likely to suit that I will write at once. You must have been very anxious about your father. I thank God that he is spared to you. Do you remember how St. Paul speaks of Epaphroditus having been spared, "lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow"? My boy is still at Winchester, and is now taller than I am. It must be just three years ago that I came to visit you. How comfortable you made me, and how kind you were to me.—Most truly yours,

A. W. THOROLD.

* This is Algar, the first child of his second marriage.

Travel and light occupation gradually renewed his health ; and at the end of 1868 he was able to undertake the incumbency of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair. There he rapidly became a very popular preacher ; and made himself still better known in the religious world by the publication of a short devotional book, called "The Presence of Christ," which ran through many editions.

Now that he was once more fit for work, offers of important parishes poured in, among them the Vicarage of St. Pancras, from Canon Dale of St. Paul's, on August 18, 1869. The immense church with its great congregation, the large parish containing persons of every class, not least the near neighbourhood of St. Giles' seemed to him exactly what he would most desire, and he thankfully accepted it.

Before we enter upon a description of his administration at St. Pancras', it will be well to avoid a break in the narrative by recording a domestic sorrow. In February, 1871, his son Hayford died at Woodford Halse, in his tutor's house, quite suddenly, from the effects of scarlet fever. The father was summoned from church on Sunday evening, the 12th, to find the young man unconscious and to watch him as he breathed his last. Hayford was nineteen, and about to enter the army ; he had been for long the only interest of the home in Bedford Square ; of late years his character had developed satisfactorily ; and his father had formed the highest hopes for his future. "It is all like a hideous dream," he enters in his diary, "and I feel quite stunned." The last family tie of the early days was severed.

But after this sorrow the St. Pancras' years were years of happy family life. He was devotedly attached to Mrs. Thorold and his boy Algar ; and the two daughters born in the Vicarage in Gordon Square (Dorothy, on December 21, 1872, and Sybil on November 1, 1874) made the home delightful to him.

Still even in those years the work was more interesting to him than the family, and the story is singularly barren of

those incidents of the household which brighten so many good men's lives, and of which he showed himself so appreciative in his book "On Children."

It was a principle with him that "the tie of grace is closer than the tie of blood."*

* "Questions of Faith and Duty," p. 48.

CHAPTER IV

THE VICAR OF ST. PANCRAS'

1869-77

The Education Question—Building new Schools—Rate Schools necessary—First London School Board—Contests with Secularists—Anxiety about the Future of Education—Spiritual Ideals—Impressions of his Congregation—St. Pancras' Church—First Mission—High Level of Spiritual Life—Second Mission—Mr. Moody—Admiration of the Inner Circle—Canonry of York—Relations with Curates—Canon Erskine Clarke—Dean Vaughan—Appointment to Bishopric.

WHEN MR. THOROLD took up the charge of St. Pancras' parish in November, 1869, the question which most agitated the Church was the future of elementary education. Mr. W. E. Forster was known to be preparing the Education Act of 1870 which was to revolutionise the Elementary Schools of England; and rumour was rife as to far-reaching plans which would deprive the Church of her highly prized duties in educating the children of Church people. The Bill, when it was brought out of the Cabinet workshop, had been diligently shaped to show how strongly the Government felt and acknowledged the gratitude due to religious bodies and especially to the Church of England for all that they had done through many years to instruct the children of the working classes. It was very favourably received by Church people. And Mr. Thorold, who had a personal friendship as

well as a high esteem for Mr. Forster, joined in the chorus of approbation. Unhappily, a powerful secularist party, whose votes were too necessary for the maintenance of Mr. Gladstone's majority, and who forced upon its authors many amendments in the House of Commons, developed it into a measure which threatened to destroy the predominance of religious influence in the education of the children, and seemed likely to take from the Church its former control. The National School system had covered the country with a network of schools in which the children were not only taught the elements of knowledge, but were trained to be members of the Christian Church. Now there was to be war. On the one hand, the desire to strengthen the Church incited many clergymen to push forward more vigorously than ever the cause of education, and co-operated forcibly with their zeal to spread knowledge. On the other hand, there appeared among the Secularists a new-born passion for education, which drew such nourishment from a bitter hatred for the Church as no enthusiasm of humanity had ever supplied. This party had carried an outpost of the Church when they supported the Irish Disestablishment Act. They hoped to undermine the central fortress by securing the children, and they proposed to abolish religious education in England.

No one better realised the peril than the Vicar of St. Pancras', fresh from his studies on the Schools Enquiry Commission. He had hardly settled in his new house before he was at work on the rebuilding of a great block of schools which he found in a very dilapidated condition.

"We are making a great effort," he writes a little later and after the Act was passed, "for new schools here. My desire is to keep the Rate Schools out by occupying the ground with Scriptural Schools, where we can fearlessly teach all God's truth, no man forbidding us."

The buildings in question, which had been Ragged Schools, were converted into National Schools at a cost of £6536 (of

which the Vicar himself gave £550); and in order to keep a perfectly free hand for the future, were paid for without claiming the Government building grant of over £600. They were opened early in 1872; and in the course of the same year, the older schools of the parish were remodelled at a cost of £2600. Then the church of St. Pancras could boast that it provided 1614 school places for a working-class population of some 12,000 people. If each parish in London could have done as much, there would have been little need for a School Board.

But the poverty of many districts, the lack of interest in others, had rendered a new system necessary. Already in January, 1870, before the Bill was introduced, Mr. Thorold wrote to his parishioners:

“The great question of National Education is now before the country, pressed with an intensity of conviction which surely is an omen for good, and happily in the hands of one of the most honest, intelligent, and resolute Ministers that ever entered the Council office.

“What is to be accomplished is, that in as short a time as possible, every child in the Kingdom shall be at a good school of some kind, between the ages of three and ten years. Of the two evils of total ignorance and secular education, we should all of us pronounce the former one to be the greater; but let us be sure that, if we do not wish to find ourselves compelled to choose between these two alternatives, those who love the Bible and who wish it to be taught everywhere to the children of Englishmen must make greater exertions than have been made yet to till the ground, now untilled, with true Christian husbandry, and to occupy the still empty space with schools in which the Saviour’s name shall be taught, loved, and honoured.”

It was natural that a clergyman of reputation, who had been so long closely connected with education by his work in St. Giles’ and St. Pancras’, and who had been brought forward as an expert on the Commission of 1864, should be pressed to stand for election to the first London School Board. Much

against his will Mr. Thorold consented, and formed an alliance with the religious Dissenters against the secularist party. The basis of this alliance is well explained in a letter from a distinguished statesman.

“We Churchmen almost all over London fought on the same platforms and in close association with the principal leaders of the Nonconformist bodies against the secular party, which strained every nerve to get rid of religious teaching and, when they dared, even to banish the Bible. The friends of religious teaching in the Board Schools were triumphant in London. Churchmen and Nonconformists had a common aim on this question. There was no notion of a compromise with the crushed secular party and no case for compromise between themselves. The Bible reading and teaching were to be as a matter of course on a Christian basis.”

Mr. Thorold was elected third out of seven on the Marylebone list.

The triumph of the religious party throughout London was complete. Professor Huxley, having totally failed to obtain any concessions from the new Board on the religious question, shortly afterwards resigned his seat. Mr. Thorold commented on the position in 1871 :

“There can be no doubt that the action already taken by the London School Board with respect to the reading of the Bible in the Board Schools has given great and general satisfaction ; nay, it is hard to see how, in loyalty to the Education Act, the Board could have done much more. It is possible, however, to set their concession at a higher value than it deserves ; and it may be useful to scrutinise with some accuracy what the religious teaching in the Board Schools may be expected ultimately to include, and, consequently, how far it would be prudent for the friends of accurate and complete Scriptural teaching to rely altogether on their agency.

“First, it must be remembered that no sort of finality can be supposed to attach to resolutions of this kind, since School Boards everywhere are elected for a term of only three years ;

and it will be perfectly competent for those who are elected in the autumn of 1873 either to modify or altogether to abrogate what is familiarly known as Mr. Smith's resolution.

"This question, like every other, can only be settled by the public opinion of the day. But public opinion is constantly changing; and if it be true, as is so emphatically asserted throughout the country, that ratepayers will, sooner or later, in their absolute weariness of 'sectarian bickerings,' absolutely refuse to permit any kind of religious teaching in schools supported out of the rates, those who have lost the present opportunity of occupying vacant ground with Voluntary Church Schools may repent, when it is too late, that they have reposed undue confidence in the necessarily changing policy of a fluctuating and variously composed body.

"The plain truth is, that a question, about which the most eminent statesmen are at variance, has yet to be faced and solved; and the battle that depends on it has still to be fought on its merits. It has been postponed, no doubt prudently; but it must some day come up, and the issue of the conflict is very doubtful indeed.

"While no judicious or rightminded person desires for a single moment that the minds of little children should be confused and entangled with the technical subtleties of controversial theology, those who believe that the Godhead of Christ is the central doctrine of the Gospel, and that the children whom He loves cannot be truly brought to Him unless they are to be taught to worship Him as His Father's Son, will not easily surrender the teaching of that doctrine, because some one may choose to maintain that it is but a sectarian tenet, and that Trinitarianism is but one of the denominations, which is to be avoided and ignored.

"Further, it is clear, the teachers, like the children whom they teach, may be men of all religious communions—Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, Anglicans, and Nonconformists; and as the Board has deliberately imposed on their teachers the entire responsibility of the religious teaching, by not only leaving to them the unfettered selection of the Scripture portions for reading, but by also absolutely forbidding any other person whatever to give the Scripture lesson, so much the greater necessity exists

that such teachers should be likely to fulfil their great trust rightly and completely; and the more serious will be the mischief if the task is unfortunately confided to incompetent or irreligious instruments.

“The more I think of it, the more thankful I feel, that the Committee of parishioners to whom this school-building scheme was submitted last May, had the courage and foresight at once to adopt it; so that whatever changes the Government may hereafter be compelled to introduce into the conditions of aid to denominational schools, we shall have our own freehold building, in which, whether with Government aid or without it, our teachers, free from all fear of breaking the law or violating any man’s conscience, may teach the pure, full faith of God’s Holy Word for all the time to come.”

For the second School Board election in 1873, the Vicar of St. Pancras’ refused to be a candidate. He was devoting all his energies to the development of his own National Schools, for which he acted as treasurer and as correspondent. In 1876 his forecast was gloomy enough. He expected a system of universal Board Schools; and then

“the cry for purely secular teaching will have a hearing; and the public education of the working-classes in England may cease to recognise the existence and to sanction the worship of God.”

But it is time to turn to his life as a parish clergyman. Whether as Vicar or as Bishop, Mr. Thorold severely censured the restless activity of the clergyman who is never in his study. A sermon which had taken little pains to prepare, must, he considered, expect little attention from the congregation. To thought, study, meditation and prayer, he devoted a large proportion of each day. In consequence, his parishioners still recall the effect of his sermons and addresses at St. Pancras’. Not only was he “never at a loss,” but

“he appeared to have a perfectly inexhaustible stock of material, to be brought out for the benefit of his people, whom he often spoke of as sheep in need of feeding.”

“His sermons, which usually lasted 30 minutes, were strikingly impressive, both as regards substance and style.” “I well remember,” one writes, “how on the first Advent Sunday that he was with us he took as his text, ‘Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.’ The attention of all the great congregation was breathless and intense. A kind of electric thrill seemed to pass through the church as men and women hung upon the living, searching words that fell from the preacher’s lips with deep solemnity.” “Some of us felt with astonishment that he read our thoughts and answered our questions from the pulpit; and this sense of being individually understood accounts for the strong mental grip with which he usually held his listeners. But some he frightened and others he offended by the unflinching plainness of speech with which he proclaimed what he believed to be the truth. He spoke of Christ always with profound reverence, yet almost as vividly as if he had himself met and known Him, and he could describe Heaven (we often said) like one who had been there. A few words were enough—a sentence, followed by silence, and the Lord Himself seemed to stand in our midst and the veil was lifted for a moment that hides the glory and gladness of the unseen world.”

Such was Mr. Thorold’s preaching at this time—imaginative, dramatic, incisive; and so devout that all sense of the studied preparation was lost in the delight of listening. The principal object which he proposed to himself was the personal conversion to God of each worshipper in St. Pancras’, and with this purpose he organised a Mission in his parish in 1871.

“In the address of last year,” he writes in 1872, “I signified our intention of arranging Mission Services in this parish for the week preceding Advent. Those services have been held concurrently with similar services in neighbouring parishes, and to this hour I see cause for thanking God for the blessing He gave us then. Our plan may be worth a brief recapitulation here. For some weeks before, tracts specially prepared for the purpose were systematically distributed from house to house, and room to

room ; and we held occasional devotional meetings to stir up a spirit of prayer for our campaign for God.

“The Mission was inaugurated on Sunday, November 26, by a sermon in the morning by the Bishop ; in the afternoon a sermon was preached especially to servants ; and the evening sermon was preached by the Rev. C. D. Marston, Rector of Kersal, to whose faithful and holy ministrations some among us owe a debt of gratitude never to be forgotten or repaid. On each morning of the week, at 8 o'clock, there was a celebration of Holy Communion, with a short practical meditation, the communicants averaging fifty-two. The Mission Preacher was in attendance at one of the vestries from 10.30 to 12, to see any one who wished to speak to him about their souls ; as also by private appointment at the Vicarage ; and again in the vestry at night, after his own sermon. At 12 we had a service in church, consisting of the Litany, a hymn, and a sermon on the Spiritual Life, preached by selected preachers. Thus far, our services of edification.

“At night, at 7.30, the Mission Service proper began, consisting of hymns, a form of prayer drawn up from the Prayer-book by a committee of clergy in the Deanery, and the sermon by the Mission Preacher.

“The sight of the congregations those weekday evenings I hope never to forget. The great majority was indisputably of the working class ; many of them had not been inside a place of worship for many years, and yet they listened with a grave and solemn earnestness to bold words which must have cut deep into their hearts. Our District Visitors, and others who had specially volunteered for the Mission—together numbering eighty—made it their business to go out into their districts distributing invitations to the services every night in the week, just before church time, and bringing in the people with them and sitting by their side most completely fulfilled their Master's precept, ‘Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.’

“The following results have so far come out of the Mission. The attendance of the poor at all our services is unmistakably increased. The number of our Eastertide communicants this year, including those present at the celebration on Good Friday, shows a total of 577 (at the evening Communion on Easter Day

232 were present, the largest attendance known during late years) making an increase of 151 over the corresponding season of last year. There are excellent congregations at the weekday services.

“But what cheers me more than anything else, is the increased willingness shown by my flock to come to me for spiritual counsel and prayer, it often happening that as many as eight stay behind on a Sunday night to speak to me in the vestry, while others write, or come at other times. The Mission has acted like a Gulf Stream of sympathy, thawing the ice of shyness and reserve, which, to our mutual loss, so often in England, and so especially among Church people, keep pastor and people in a wretched isolation.”

The fervour and interest at the Mission had deeply impressed him. Of the last after-meeting (held at the close of the Mission Service proper) he writes at the time :

“I divided my subject, ‘Quench not the Spirit,’ into five divisions, praying after each, and begging those whom it suited to repeat the prayer after me aloud. It was so touching and solemn. Once more I prayed, the people not accompanying me, and then I begged all to go who did not wish to be further helped about their souls, and, as Marston said, they would have stayed all night. Very slowly they went, but about fifty remained. We did not get home till half-past eleven, tired, but unspeakably thankful to God.”

He had himself been conducting a Mission at York in November, and took another at Oakley Square in December ; and he was full of hope that the system of Missions was really stirring the sluggish stream of English Christianity. He was annoyed and pained when, after a paper on Missions which he read at the St. Giles’ Clerical Conference,

“Bickersteth, of Hampstead, spoke of the failure of the Irish Revival, and Daniel Wilson said he would ask me six months hence how the results lasted.”

Pleasant was the contrast after this unsympathetic criticism when he came home—

“to a devotional meeting held especially for inquirers into salvation at the close of the Mission services. The room was so full, and there was such deep attention. I spoke on ‘How to keep Christ.’ ”

St. Pancras’ was now full of activity. Bible Classes and Devotional Meetings several times a week guided and deepened the spiritual life of many; private prayer, counsels, arguments, removed the doubts of others; sermons, at once fervid and full of detailed advice on personal religion, roused the lukewarm, and fired the converted; there was an atmosphere of zeal about St. Pancras’ which radiated from the personal character of the chief.

“His sympathy, especially with all forms of sorrow and pain, ‘made a deep impression on his parishioners.’ There was in him an exquisite sensibility,” writes one of them, “which never became sentimental, a refined delicacy of spiritual touch that never hurt, but often healed the open sores of wounded hearts; and his voice alone, reading aloud some divine passage of hope and consolation, was sufficient to express the passionate tenderness of soul within.”

During the Lent of 1873 he himself delivered forty-one new Sermons and Addresses to his own people in St. Pancras’ Church; but at the close he is obliged to admit: “Certainly there is a reaction from the Mission.” There was a decided falling off again in the number of Communicants; and he writes of his Confirmation candidates, “some know they are not saved.”

The obvious remedy seemed to him a revival of the enthusiasm by a second Mission, and in February 1874 the effort was repeated. It was the period fixed for the universal London Mission, in organising which Mr. Thorold took a most prominent part as one of the secretaries. The Missioner this time was the Rev. F. F. Goe, now Bishop of Melbourne.

The attendance was not quite as large as in 1871, but the Vicar was thoroughly satisfied with the general result.

Nor was this all. In November, 1874, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American Revivalists, were proposing to come to London for a great course of Mission Services.

"I went to confer with Maclagan, Titcomb, Wilkinson, and others, on the expediency of taking any steps to welcome or co-operate with them. Nothing was settled."

The matter puzzled him, as a letter of a few months later to the Hon. T. W. Pelham shows. One of the awkward questions referred to in this letter came from a clergyman who described himself as "a red-hot Ritualist; red-hot for souls, I hope; will Mr. Moody let me work with him?"

ST. PANCRAS VICARAGE,

February 5, 1875.

MY DEAR PELHAM,—I came away from the meeting to-day, one out of many, quite unsatisfied. It had been my profound desire to hear Moody himself, and to become thoroughly convinced, as I am only too ready to be, that I should be doing my duty in co-operating so far as might be with this work for the Redeemer's kingdom: and in wishing him good luck in the name of the Lord.

But all the impression I could form of him was that he is a man of admirable temper, great readiness in parrying awkward questions, and possessed of keen humour. To my mind, that meeting to-day was not only a somewhat rash venture, but a case of cart before horse. A great meeting like that, to have been dealt with wisely, should first have had an opportunity of listening to the Evangelists on their own ground, and with all the advantages they possess from handling these blessed subjects in the power of the Holy Spirit; and then we should hardly have thought of asking questions, or of caring if they were not answered. It seems to me that Mr. Moody was put into an exceedingly awkward position to-day, out of which he extricated himself with much address and good feeling; but that we are

none the better informed on the great subject—how far we can trust him with the souls of our people, or be quite sure in the judgment of our individual conscience that he will preach a full Gospel “all round.”

You can hardly know how anxious we clergymen are, and of all schools of thought on the subject; and we neither like to be pushed into a hasty decision, nor to form our decision simply from the unauthorised statements in *The Christian*. Now what I want to suggest is this, and it is not too late, as he will not be in London till March. Could the Central Committee arrange a meeting for clergy and ministers—such as was held at Birmingham a fortnight ago—when Mr. Moody could address us on reaching the masses, and Bible readings, and other Evangelistic subjects? and there might be conference, not on points bristling with hornet stings, like those of to-day, but on practical questions touching the work for souls, and on points which would bring him out, and show us the man we have to deal with, in a way as little offensive as possible to his self-respect.

I do think that some arrangement of this kind is not only expedient, but even reasonable from many points of view; and my own belief is that many who now just stand aside waiting and thinking would, by hearing him for an hour or two, recognise God to be in him and with him, and heartily take him by the hand for his great work in London. I hope and believe that there is no sin, no coldness in wishing to make up one's mind, not from what other people say but from what one has heard oneself. There is a great responsibility either way; and if it is right to be zealously affected in a good thing, it is also right to be thoroughly persuaded in one's own mind. Now, pardon this long letter; and if you can in any way bring about something like the arrangement I have ventured to suggest, many of us will be grateful, and perhaps these good men themselves.—Truly yours,

A. W. THOROLD.

Mr. Moody's addresses “disappointed” him, but the meetings were very interesting; “no good man can mock them, and no wise man despise them.”

Further to arouse the working-classes a Watch-night Service

had been introduced by the Vicar in St. Pancras' Church on December 31, 1875; there was

"Such a congregation; half the middle aisle was a packed mass of people. They were of every class, but chiefly the very poor, and roughs who did not in the least know their Prayer Books. I preached from 'Come and see.' They were so attentive and orderly."

In 1875 and 1876 he ascertained that there were 3000 people in the church at this service. Still in 1875 he has to confess :

"This year has shown a certain reaction after the London Mission; but I think the spiritual life of the people is not ebbing; and if the pastor only walk closely and humbly with God, the flock will thrive."

It was evidently impossible to keep the spiritual nature on the strain which Mr. Thorold had demanded and had expected. Only the more intimate few, full of interest in the work of the Church, and penetrated with the devotional spirit which inspired him, could maintain the high level of life which he expected. Their admiration for him was unbounded.

"We used to call the bit of pavement between the Vicarage and the Church 'Saint Anthony's walk,'" writes one. "On Sundays his rule was never to speak to any one he met; he would shake hands and smile, and pass on. We felt he held converse with God."

"There are plenty of people in the world," writes another, "whose presence or absence in a room seems of no particular consequence. This could never be said of him. You not only saw but felt his presence, and when he had gone, a sense of life went with him."

"After the lapse of twenty years, I still recall, as if it were yesterday, one Sunday night, with the text, 'It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them,' and the marvellous words that

followed, uttered with the voice and manner of one whose heart was breaking over the anguish of strained anxiety."

But his greatest admirers admit that this impression was not universal.

"Some people could never understand him. Some honestly admired but did not like him. Others complained, not without reason, of his cold and reserved exterior. His friends attributed this to his constant attacks of ill-health. There was no doubt something peculiar and strange about him, and like most persons of his temperament he was subject to strong and often curious fluctuations of feeling. Full of sparkling humour at one time, with a fine sense of the ridiculous that bubbled up into racy sayings and quaint expressions, on another day he would be depressed, almost gloomy and unapproachable, showing unmistakably something was amiss, and acutely, even painfully, conscious of every little jar or wrong or quite unintentional slight."

To a spiritual leader so exacting and so nervous as Mr. Thorold, St. Pancras' was sufficiently disappointing to make the offer of a Residentiary Canonry at York welcome when Archbishop Thomson proposed it in January 1874. He had worked as Dr. Thomson's Examining Chaplain since his appointment to the See of Gloucester and Bristol in 1861, and he had preached the sermon at his consecration. The comparative rest of three months' residence at York was very useful to him. And St. Pancras' he felt was so magnificently organised that it did not need such close attention. The Sunday Schools were the largest in London. One of the Girls' Schools alone had an average attendance of 400. This was his model, to which he often referred in later life; he called it his "Flower Garden." The weekly Ladies' Bible Class was so crowded that ladies had to sit on the steps of the platform. There were classes of every kind and services at all hours and for every section of the community. His workers he had trained to "a steadfastness which is still a feature in St. Pancras'" and he had a remarkable gift, people noticed, "for putting

the right person in the right place." This was said to be conspicuously shown in his choice of curates.

He writes to a candidate :

ST. PANCRAS VICARAGE,

May 1, 1875.

MY DEAR —,—I have been thinking constantly over our talk here the other day, and I fully confess that I feel drawn to you by a very strong and tender attraction, and greatly wish that our Blessed Master's Will may finally be found to be that we should work together here.

It seems to me that what you have to do is to try to find out before God, how far those circumstantials and externals of religion, about which you so frankly spoke, really touch, so far as your conscience is concerned, the vital essence of your worship, and whether or no, other things that might equipoise or even overpoise them in value being taken into account, you could feel it right to yourself and God to surrender them. Of course I am not referring now to anything that touches real devoutness.

I do hope and think that in all essentials we are a devout and reverent people. But my people are singularly touchy and suspicious about bowings and turnings. I think I told you how heterogeneous a congregation it is, made up of all schools, with a few extremes of all schools among us, and I feel it a duty to try to keep them together, not I hope by being false or trimming, but by preaching the truth as uncontroversially as possible ; giving to those on one side every possible opportunity of the offices and consolations of their religion ; with the others, scrupulously careful not to place a stumbling-block in their way, nor to hinder their listening to the truth, or weaken their impression of it by any self-willed obstinacy in very small things.

My notion is, that when you came to know the people, and were able fully to appreciate the grand opportunity of preaching Christ to so large and attentive a gathering, you would soon come to feel with me, that it would not be a folly but a sin, in any way to risk the dispersing, or to weaken the confidence, of the people ; nay, for the people's sake, and the truth's sake, and for Christ's sake, you would be able to lay down some of your own wishes

and preferences as a sort of blessed spoil and homage at the Master's feet.

In all the essentials of the Gospel I cannot but hope and feel we are one. If there is anything you would like to name to me, don't scruple to do so. I am a hearty and I hope honest Churchman; but I put Christ before the Church, and to preach the Gospel is my humble but unwearied aim. I think we should soon come to love each other with an unfeigned and mutual love.

You would be so loyal, scrupulously loyal: that I know if you saw your way to come at all, and if in my presence, how much more in my absence. We have daily service, weekly Communion, and on Saints' Days; Sunday Schools with over 900 in average attendance, and 111 teachers; and our Church workers are a happy, hearty and united body. I wish you could have a talk with Dr. Vaughan. You are quite welcome if you like to show him this letter; and I will meet you at the Athenæum at five on Monday if you are able to come.

Mrs. Thorold is in great trouble, having just lost her mother, or I should have begged you to take luncheon here. And one suggestion occurs to me as worth making. How would you like to come for three months or so on trial? It would be a great comfort to have you here, while I am in residence at York. You would have plenty of time for your Sunday evening sermon which I should place in your hands, and it is a blessed trust; and when I come home in November (you could anyhow stay till Xmas) we could see how far you might be disposed to stay on. I shall have three other men (— among them), so the staff would be sufficient. The end of July would be time enough. Now may the Chief Shepherd guide both of us.—Most truly yours,

A. W. THOROLD.

Extracts from a letter to Canon Erskine Clarke will exhibit the relations which he wished to form with men of other schools in the Church.

“If *Church Bells* has a fault (you will smile good temperedly now), perhaps it is that you don't quite give, at any rate, some of the Evangelical clergy credit either for their work or their large heartedness, or their love of the English Church. But if you don't

know them, how can you? I should have been a High Churchman long ago if I could have satisfied myself that certain things are proved. I don't think they are; so I stop short, but it is not from disloyalty to the Church system, simply from what may be an intellectual defect, in wanting too much evidence. But I repeat it, *Church Bells* is a really valuable production, and it is my Saturday evening delectation.

"I take leave to send you a copy of my Parochial Address; please send me yours."

Canon Clarke promptly responded by calling attention to St. Pancras' and its organisation in *Church Bells*. Mr. Thorold was much gratified. In thanking the Editor he writes:

"I venture to send you a copy of my Abbey sermon, which has at least one merit, briefness. I am not sure you will like everything I have said; but no one is less liable than you to take offence at the strong words of those who feel strongly and honestly.

"Some things in it perhaps you may feel wanted saying, and I trust you may think that I have said them, difficult as it was to say them before four bishops, in a way not unbecoming for a presbyter and a gentleman."

Two letters from the Dean of Llandaff will show the estimation in which Mr. Thorold was now held by those competent to judge.

SOUTHBOROUGH, KENT,

August 29, 1876.

MY DEAR EVELYN,—Mr. Thorold is all that you say of him, and I should rejoice to have you with him. The little drawbacks (where are there none?) arise from Mr. Thorold's constant engagements, in his study and elsewhere, creating a certain sort of inaccessibility, as I have gathered both from — and —, added to which the latter has complained of a little stiffness in objecting to occasional absences, such as some vicars would feel ought to be left to the judgment of their curates.

I have told you these things frankly, lest you should have to find them out afterwards. You will well understand that all

vicars have something that may be said in mitigation of their absolute perfection. In Mr. Thorold you have an example of blameless piety, a thoughtful and earnest preacher, and a first-rate head for directing and organising. What would you have more? I should think that there is all the freedom that a man ought to desire, all the play given that can be to his own energies, and a true liberality of sentiment not always found with so high a standard of evangelical piety. The question of leaving the diocese of Canterbury has its importance, but it lies in a different region from that of personal or ministerial profiting.—Wherever you are, I am, always your affectionate

C. J. VAUGHAN.

Rev. E. ALEXANDER.

SOUTHBOROUGH, KENT,

September 11, 1876.

DEAR EVELYN,—Mr. —— is kind, liberal, formal, learned, cold: yes; both mild and cold—you know it is quite possible. He is of the old school, but indulgent to his curates as to latitude of opinion, and quite unobjectionable to them in all ways. Mr. Thorold is of a different stamp—fervent, almost a Revivalist, a little *over-kind* in manner, but something of a martinet in maintaining his own authority over his curates.

Both are really good vicars: I should think that Mr. Thorold would be far the more edifying, though possibly Mr. —— might be rather the more indulgent. I do not express myself very well. Both are readers and thinkers, Mr. —— the more decidedly a scholar, Mr. Thorold the more eminently pious. I am quite ashamed to sit thus in judgment; it is for your dear sake. You will not say that this is a culpably long letter. Write again.—

C. J. VAUGHAN.

Rev. E. ALEXANDER.

It will have been seen how high Mr. Thorold now stood among the London clergy. In public life he had occupied with credit a foremost place on the Education question; in the general religious world his writings were already popular; as a preacher he was renowned through London, and he was in great request for meetings, for missions, and for retreats of clergy; in his own parish he had trained up a number of really

zealous Christians who would work and give at his call and ensure success in every parochial effort; at York he was the trusted councillor of Archbishop Thomson and frequently acted as his commissary. Every year he had become more definitely associated with the leaders of the Evangelical party, on Committees, on Trusts, as a Revivalist; and these leaders enjoyed immense influence over episcopal appointments, and especially with the Beaconsfield Ministry in which Lord Cairns was Chancellor. No one therefore was astonished, least of all Mr. Thorold himself, when he received an offer from the Prime Minister.

2 WHITEHALL GARDENS, S.W.,

April 2, 1877.

REVEREND SIR,—The See of Rochester will in a few days be vacant, and, if agreeable to yourself, I propose to submit your name to the Queen as a successor to Bishop Claughton.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

BEACONSFIELD.

To the Rev. Canon THOROLD,
Hesketh Villa, Torquay.

A few days later came a letter from Archbishop Tait.

LAMBETH PALACE,

April 28, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. THOROLD,—I am truly thankful that you are called to this great post, and trust that every blessing from above may be with you. I shall be glad to see you any day next week if you will give me notice two days before. —Ever yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

There had been only one reason for hesitation; his health had become seriously weakened of late; but the doctors advised the change of work; and on July 25, 1877, St. James' Day, Dr. Thorold was consecrated Bishop of the newly organised See of Rochester in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, St. Albans,

Ely, St. David's, and Guildford. "I feel the responsibility," he writes, "of a great cloud of prayer gone up on my behalf to God." Numbers of his parishioners from St. Giles' and from St. Pancras' had come to pray for him at the Consecration Communion; for the seed which he had sown had sprung up in many hearts; and his successor at St. Pancras' writes, eighteen years after his departure, "the marks of his work are singularly characteristic and enduring."

CHAPTER V

ROCHESTER DIOCESE

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1877

Character and difficulties of the new diocese—The Bishop's personal suitability for the work—Evangelical prepossessions—Ritual difficulties—The Rev. R. R. Briston—The Rev. G. W. Berkeley—The Rev. A. Tooth—Suspensions of Bishop Thorold's fairness—The younger clergy—Principal advisers—Canon John Miller—Canon Erskine Clarke—Organisation of the diocese—Speech at Reigate—South London—Progress.

AN opportunity for important work of a very unusual character had now fallen to the hand of Bishop Thorold. The rulers of the Church, in their desire to lighten the load laid upon the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester, had created the new diocese of St. Albans for the counties of Essex and Herts, while they had handed over to the ancient but freshly re-constituted See of Rochester the huge and crowded populations of South London and its suburbs. Other new Sees, such as Manchester and Truro, which were already in existence, or Wakefield, Newcastle, and Liverpool, which were soon to be created, received districts which enjoyed a corporate life of their own. But no historical or industrial ties of fellowship held together the parishes and rural deaneries which were now entrusted to Bishop Thorold. His diocese comprised portions of two counties, Kent and Surrey; and in both of them the principal laity and clergy would have greatly preferred a bishopric conterminous with the county.

The boundaries were twined in and out with haphazard outlines, drawn merely to meet momentary convenience; and the inhabitants were unwilling to combine under a single government for ecclesiastical purposes so long as their organisation continued to be distinct in civil matters. A few small boroughs offered but feeble centres of unity. South London, so far as it had corporate life at all, felt itself a portion of the Metropolis, and indeed shared in the somewhat loose municipal rule of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the London School Board. Moreover, each of the three portions taken from London, Winchester, and the former diocese of Rochester had severed in the change all connection with the wealthier districts from which so far they had drawn funds for the maintenance of their ill-endowed Church organisation. None found any satisfaction in belonging to what the new Bishop called "the Cinderella of English dioceses." Greenwich and Deptford regretted their separation from prosperous Hertfordshire, and were vexed to see the wealthiest districts of Kent still left in the diocese of Canterbury. Lambeth and Battersea found themselves separated from the rich residential districts of West Surrey; while Newington, with a crowded poor population, lost its former advantage of contributions from the great resources of the City and the West End of London. All were displeased with the new diocese, which people said had only by accident or afterthought been allowed to include even those few prosperous suburbs now allotted to it. In most of the poorer parishes men trembled for the continuance of outside sources of revenue, without which they hardly knew how to carry on the campaign against godlessness and indifference.

Nobody realised the troubled mind of the diocese more vividly than Bishop Thorold.

28 GREAT GEORGE STREET, S.W.,
August 3, 1877.

DEAREST BOYD,—Your friendship always touches me. How good of you to write to me on that memorable Wednesday, the

most solemn, and yet the most blessed day of my life. I expect for a few months to be passing through a rather frigid zone of temperature, for all the clergy simply hate the arrangement of the new diocese; and the most convenient person to harry will be the new Bishop. But if I can only see my duty, and not too imperfectly do it, please God I shall live through that.—Most affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Under such circumstances it was well for the new diocese that it obtained as its first chief a man of immense parochial experience and of a personality so characteristic that it was sure to stamp itself promptly and effectually upon those with whom he was brought in contact. The product of a sensitive shyness which he had determined to overcome in the service of Christ and of a continually exhausting sense of weariness and weakness disciplined to unremitting diligence, Bishop Thorold's manner was not attractive, but it arrested attention. His outward assumption of dignity and determination hardly commended itself to cultivated Englishmen. But if there was much in it which evoked criticism, there was more that impressed people with a sense of force, of eagerness to do Christ's work, and of a clear and practical judgment, which was wise enough to entitle him to lead and firm enough to make his leading consistent. To this strong consistency of action one of his chief ecclesiastics gave decisive evidence: "Bishop — I usually agree with, but he vacillates, and I can never trust him: I can always trust Bishop Thorold, though I can by no means always agree with him." He had a very high conception of the position which a bishop ought to hold, formed perhaps from his dealings with Archbishop Thomson and with Bishop Tait of London. There were men whose superior knowledge on certain subjects he would humbly and cheerfully acknowledge. But he believed that the Holy Spirit, who had called him to his high office, would continue to guide his decisions: and it was because he acted on this confident trust in the Divine promise that he not infrequently appeared to others over-

bearing and self-opinionated. Any such unfavourable verdict was generally reversed after further and fuller intercourse; but indeed experience shows us that men can never entirely eliminate human weakness, even when they place themselves under Divine guidance, and that however sincere and zealous may be a man's effort after purity of purpose, he does at times allow his prepossessions and prejudices to bias the will which he has tried honestly enough to submit to the will of God. One point the Bishop's diary definitely establishes, that he came to each important resolution with long-continued and patient prayer, and that success sent him at once to his knees to thank God, who alone could give the fruits of victory.

The diocese, we have seen, had no centre of unity; therefore the Bishop resolved himself to become its centre. Everything should revolve round him; everywhere his personal influence should be felt. To do this he must make himself a familiar figure throughout the "cities and villages"; by preaching, by speaking, by continual travelling, by willingly taking his part in all the important events, religious or secular, to which he might be invited. And for such a purpose long training had equipped him remarkably well. People often passed unfavourable literary criticisms on Bishop Thorold's style. They could never deny that it was full of character. It was impossible that one of his speeches, incisive and clearly outlined, with a certain strain of humour and occasional outbursts of pathos or enthusiasm, could be confused with other speeches, and lost in a heterogeneous jumble of vague impressions. Every time he spoke the distinctness of the short sharp sentences aroused thought and stimulated attention; and listeners were almost sure to be able to repeat something or other which the Bishop had said.

And further, in a diocese like that of Rochester, with its tides of opposing interests and varying excitements, which soon obliterate the marks made one day with the uprising waters of the next, it is all important that a bishop should keep himself before the people.

It was soon evident that this necessity was well understood by the new Bishop of Rochester. The parish magazines, the vicarages, the homes of the people were speedily full of the words which he had said and the intentions he had expressed. Moreover he had a strong opinion that his public appearances should be carefully arranged and made as effective as possible. And he was well aware of the value of publicity through the Press, and took some pains that what he said and did should be reported, and correctly reported.

No doubt all this brought with it a very serious temptation to personal vanity and laid him open to the danger that he would seek to play a dramatic part before the society in which he lived, studying words and appearance and measures so as to excite applause. But against personal vanity prayer and meditation kept him continually on the watch.

There was a further peril that his ecclesiastical prepossessions might persuade him to justify a conspicuous policy of partisanship in the name of Christian principle. To this also his eyes were certainly open, and he preferred to sever old ties with trusted associates and beloved friends rather than do an injustice to any body of men or to individuals who showed their right and their willingness to stay in the Church of England. Still he remained an old-fashioned Evangelical to the end of his life; and a passage from his Charge of 1885 helps us to understand the reason:

“The Evangelical School, which, in the opinion of some gusty critics, is in its decadence, in the judgment of one whose life-ties with it, and deep respect for it, should help him to a careful judgment, is still active with life. But it is domestic life rather than public, and it needs widening; and, with all the other schools, it owes much to Congress debates. When Convocation was revived, it was unwise in its depreciation of the Church’s inherent right to discuss her own affairs; and even now a few of its most capable and venerated men have no sense of conscience about the Church’s corporate activity outside their own parishes. It is of course quite true that it ceased to be on the crest of the

wave when it had done its immediate duty of vitalising the conscience of the Church with zeal for the souls of men, and of dis-interring from a deep grave the doctrines of grace. It is also true that, like every other school in turn, it has lately been in a transition state, recasting some of its less essential tenets, felicitously reconstructing its public organs, both in diocesan and ruri-decanal gatherings coming into wholesome and invigorating contact with the other schools in the Church; and, in the person at least of many of its younger men, becoming healthily impregnated with the Cambridge theology. It has been the fruitful and sometimes the audacious parent of admirable innovations. Its great instrument has been preaching. Yet no one can justly say of it that it is indifferent to sacramental ordinances. Its pastoral activities have been indefatigable. If its adversaries have sometimes, not quite without cause, charged it with an (unconscious) injustice in claiming a monopoly of the Gospel, they have never been slow to confess that they have lit their lamps at its candle, and revived their zeal from its fire."

"Were this school to be seriously impaired in its activities, or weakened in its influence, every other school would suffer. Yet those who with Frederick Maurice have so sternly rebuked it for what they have sincerely thought to be its irreverent and artificial theology have never denied to it its share in stirring the personal religious life of Churchmen generally; and can there be much greater praise? It has its own theological halls at Oxford and Cambridge; but its greatest and unrivalled achievement is the Church Missionary Society."

These words were written after he had learnt much by eight years of government, but even in the first two months of his episcopate he proved in public and private life that he had formed a very comprehensive conception of his duty in ruling the House of God.

As a pronounced Low Churchman Bishop Thorold was immediately assailed from all quarters with complaints of ritualistic misdemeanours: and within the borders of his diocese lay several of the churches with the most advanced ritual in London. Now he was at this time profoundly convinced

not only that many of the ritualist practices were contrary to the law, but also that they were likely to lead the people towards Rome, and to impair seriously the strength and depth of their spiritual life. Nothing would have been more popular than a very strong public pronouncement against Ritualism. But just because it would have been so popular Bishop Thorold decisively rejected such a course. His duty as a bishop, so he was convinced, placed him in the position of a father to those clergy with whom he differed. And a father might have to strike; but before he struck he must try to persuade. Persuasion would be impossible if he took any hostile action publicly; and, indeed, already the prejudice aroused by his past connections must make it difficult to persuade successfully. Still he was determined to do his utmost to conciliate; and yet to be studiously frank in expressing his wishes. A sermon on "*Liberty of Confession in the Church of England*," preached by the Rev. R. R. Bristow, of St. Stephen's, Lewisham, and by him forwarded to the Bishop, gave him his opportunity; and he despatched on August 15th the following letter, having kept it a day for reconsideration:

OXTED, REDHILL,
August 14, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 8th inst. and for its expressions of kindness towards myself I heartily thank you. Be assured that it is my most earnest desire to find myself able to co-operate with all the clergy of my diocese in brotherly fellowship, and it is my sincere hope that whatever may prove to be the divergencies of thought between us, all our intercourse may be characterised by fairness and charity. But I must honestly confess that your recent sermon on "*Liberty of Confession in the Church of England*," sent by you to me with your letter, has filled me with profound concern.

I conclude from it two facts, and, though hesitatingly, infer a third. They are these: (1) that in your parish church of St. Stephen's you practise an organised system of "*Sacramental Confession*," not indeed compulsory, but, with certain restrictions,

free to all who wish to avail themselves of it, and "as frequently as they feel the need for their own souls;" (2) that special arrangements are made by you for hearing confessions "in the open church;" an expression which suggests to me that they are not heard in the vestry-room, but in some convenient and recognised place. Further, from the expression "we," which not infrequently occurs with reference to this subject, I infer, but hope to be assured that the inference is erroneous, that your curates share with you the office of hearing confessions.

Now this is what I have to say, and pardon any abruptness in my way of saying it. First, I distinctly, emphatically, and deliberately repudiate, with, as I believe, an overwhelming majority of English Churchmen, either any sort of necessity for properly instructed and healthy minded Christian people practising such confession, or any kind of responsibility on the English clergy (save under the most exceptional circumstances) for hearing or sanctioning it. I solemnly protest against the continuance of the practice of hearing confessions in St. Stephen's Church; as your brother in the ministry, with all kindness and goodwill, desiring to persuade you out of it; as Bishop of the Diocese, with such moral and spiritual authority as my office bestows upon me, distinctly desiring and enjoining you in the name of the Master (on whom humbly but with a good conscience I lay the responsibility of what I do) henceforward and always to desist from it, as what more than anything else embitters the dissensions in our Church, hurts and scandalises grave and good men of all schools, has no real warrant from the English formularies, is inconsistent with the practice and teaching of the Apostles, and dishonours the priesthood of Christ. I further request of you to inform me with the same straightforwardness that induced you to send me this sermon, what are the precise arrangements you have made for receiving confessions. I also ask you to tell me if your curates, as well as yourself, are in the habit of receiving confessions.

Now, if anything in this letter seems inconsiderate or discourteous, I ask you beforehand to pardon it, as to one who well knows what respect he owes you for your work's sake, and who would not willingly cause you one moment's needless pain. Some

day you will know me well enough to be sure that no slight sorrow has been caused to me in thus writing to you. Still, with the pressure on my conscience thus bidding me to write, silence, though it might have been forbearing towards you, would have been disloyalty to Christ.—I am your faithful servant and brother,

A. W. ROFFEN.

N.B.—If it will at all strengthen your hands in carrying out my wishes for me to come and preach to your people, and take on myself as far as I can the responsibility of the course I advise, I will gladly come, and perhaps the sooner the better. On Sunday morning next, I intend to preach at St. James', Hatcham. But my coming must of course depend on what seems to you to be your path of duty. I should be in a false position there unless you give way.

A. W. R.

To the REV. R. R. BRISTOW,
Lewisham.

The letter had not been written without great searchings of heart. On the 14th of August he chronicles in his diary: "I wrote three times over a letter to Mr. Bristow about his sermon on confession; now that it is done, I feel a little frightened at it." And on the 15th: "A great many letters written to-day, nearly thirty. One to Mr. Bristow I revised. My heart quakes a little."

On September 12th a long private interview with Mr. Bristow gave the Bishop a real hope that he would be able to arrange a *modus vivendi*.

"I enjoined him not to permit his curates to hear confessions, and he consented; also that the desk, etc., for hearing confessions should be quietly removed. To this he assented. About vestments, I earnestly entreated him for the Church's sake to give them up. I could not work with him otherwise. We prayed together." The Bishop "liked Mr. Bristow very much; he was very reasonable about confession."

Mr. Bristow, on his part, went home with the conviction that the Bishop looked upon himself as raised up expressly to

pull down Ritualism, and considered all Ritualists as a set of men who spent their time in ecclesiastical frivolities. He was astonished that the Bishop would not see that the Low Churchmen broke at least as many rubrics as the High. But he felt confident that a few years' experience would change the mind of a man so earnest in his desire to save souls.

With Mr. Bristow's strength of character, and broad, tolerant views, supported by his valuable parochial work and the great influence which he exercised in a growing and difficult neighbourhood, a man like Bishop Thorold soon found points of sympathy. There were periods at which their relations were strained because of the different view which each man had conscientiously formed of his duties. Yet always at the Diocesan Conference and elsewhere the Bishop listened with respect and interest to the opinions and arguments of so important a parish clergyman, and friendly intercourse between them was sure to be established in time.

But there were two other ritual troubles which were far more difficult to deal with. A petition had been presented to the Bishop from a number of parishioners against what was described as the illegal ritual of All Hallows', Southwark. The incumbent, the Rev. G. W. Berkeley, had only been in orders for six years, and, in his difficult work in one of the most crowded and poverty-stricken districts of London, urgently required the support and sympathy of his diocesan. After grave consideration and conference he wrote promising "to give up the vestments for the present, the candles, and the Manual of Devotion," which the Bishop held to be of a Romanising character. On the other hand, Bishop Thorold refused to interfere with Mr. Berkeley's independence of action within certain limits. This is shown by the Bishop's letter to the complainants, written on September 24, 1877 :

"While emphatically deprecating the practice of systematic confession, and pressing on him what I conceive to be the sober and scriptural view of the teaching of the Prayer Book with respect to it, I have also assured him that, if in the interviews he

offers for religious counsel and help he clearly explains that they are to cover the entire ground of the spiritual difficulties of his people, and not only one corner of them, if further, in declaring a full and free forgiveness through the blood of Christ he is careful not to thrust himself into the holy place of the Divine Mediator, and to pronounce Absolution not in a form taken out of another service, but by ‘the ministry of God’s Holy Word,’ no man will make him afraid for the faithful discharge of an essential function of his office.

“ ‘The Little Manual of Devotion for the Holy Communion,’ has never been used by Mr. Berkeley in his schools, as you have been led to suppose, but he has been in the habit of giving it away to young persons after their confirmation. After carefully reading it, and utterly prohibiting it as far as I can do so within the limits of the diocese, I have acquainted Mr. Berkeley with my wishes, and he consents to accord to them.

“ Here, however, my jurisdiction ends. For while, on the other two matters to which you invite my attention, I might as an individual be disposed entirely to concur with you, I set far too high a value on the independence of the English clergy, recollect far too nearly the jealousy with which three months ago I should have guarded my own, to permit myself to interfere, even in a good cause, with the proper liberty of my brethren. The Clewer Sisters are communicant members of the English Church, and if Mr. Berkeley thinks proper to invite their aid among the poor of his flock, until he asks my advice upon it, the responsibility is entirely his.

“ So, too, his membership of the ‘Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament,’ is a matter of personal liberty, with which a Bishop, as such, has nothing whatever to do. While I have felt it right to point out to him that the inevitable tendency of all such associations is to stimulate local heat in the Church’s system, at the expense of central, and to exaggerate into a perilous disproportion with other equally vital truths the one special doctrine round which the devout hearts of the Associates elect to cling, the declared object of the society is simply to promote intercessory prayer at the time of Holy Communion, and in a matter not of public ministration, but of private edification, I cannot intrude an

authority which Mr. Berkeley would be justified in resenting as an invasion of his personal rights. Mr. Berkeley will, of course, remain at All Hallows', but even if he had not yielded, the power, which you suppose me to possess, and invite me to exercise, of summarily removing him from his benefice, does not belong to me, and so long as the English people remain what they are never will.

"But what his future position in the Church of England is to be, and what the result of his labours in a dark corner of the town that sorely needs the ministrations of the Gospel depend on others besides himself. While a severe and unrelenting opposition must finally goad him into a bitter and irreclaimable isolation, a wise and kind toleration may win him yet farther back within the lines of the English Church. It is certain that the future of our communion very much depends on the kindly wisdom with which the younger clergy are treated by their brethren. For where argument fails, kindness often persuades. It is better to try and fail, than to fail and not try.

"My duty at all events is clear. Mr. Berkeley claims my protection, and while he deserves it he shall have it. Knowing what I should desire another Bishop to be to a son of mine under similar circumstances, I have assured him that so far as he will be a son to me, I will be a father to him. Earnestly praying that the God of Peace may give all of us peace through the truth, and truth with charity, and both in the blood of Christ, I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

A. W. ROFFEN."

Five weeks later, as the objections to Mr. Berkeley's methods and the persecution to which he was exposed still continued, the Bishop addressed his opponents in the following dignified and temperate letter:

28 GREAT GEORGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

February 14, 1878.

SIR,—I received a few days ago your communication of the 4th instant, in which you submit to me certain illegalities in the celebration of divine worship alleged by you and others to have

been committed by the Rev. G. W. Berkeley, of All Hallows', Southwark.

After an interview with Mr. Berkeley, I send you the following reply. Of the eight charges you feel it your duty to make against him, five refer to matters on which you have previously addressed me, one is irrelevant and two are new.

1. With respect to the use of the stole, I did not in my letter to him in the autumn require him to desist from the use of it; nor do I, for reasons which seem sufficient to me, require him to desist from it now.

2. With respect to his mixing water with sacramental wine, and administering it so mixed to the communicants, I do not exactly understand how you can be cognisant of it, as no evidence has been given or offered to show that the mixing has taken place during the office of the Holy Communion. I have, however, intimated to Mr. Berkeley that to mingle water with the wine for the purpose of the celebration of Holy Communion is an illegal act, wherever or whenever the mixing may be done; and he gives me his assurance that it shall not be practised.

3. With respect to the statement that he makes the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast towards the congregation, while saying the Nicene Creed, the absolution in the Communion Service, and also before or after the consecration of the elements, I have informed him that such a practice is illegal; and he readily undertakes not to observe it.

4. With respect to the allegations numbered in your letter 2, 3, 4, 5, they relate to matters on which you have already made complaint to me, and on which I have admonished Mr. Berkeley, and on which he promised dutiful assent to my monition. He assures me, on my inquiry, that he has faithfully kept his pledged word; and though I observe that two of your number are prepared, if needful, to verify on oath all the statements in your memorial, I prefer out of two inevitable alternatives, to conjecture that there must have been some error of vision on your part, rather than to suppose that a young clergyman, for whose private character and diligent ministrations I have a sincere and kindly respect, should be capable of wilfully deceiving me.

5. With respect to your last complaint, that Mr. Berkeley is in the constant habit of administering the Holy Communion to women dressed in the garb of nuns, who have on many occasions stated that they are Catholics, and not Protestants, I have simply to observe, that if clergymen of the Church of England were to refuse to administer the Communion to pious women, merely on the ground of some eccentricity of dress, or even extravagance in religious opinions, they would not only be guilty of a grave personal injustice, but they would make themselves liable to proceedings at civil law.

6. I have only to remark in conclusion that as this is the third memorial on the subject, to say nothing of many letters, which I have received during the last few months from you, and which have received from me the attention they have deserved, you will probably concur with me in thinking, that now that Mr. Berkeley's ministrations are quite divested of these irregularities, further interference with him or complaint against him would assume a complexion and a character which I should regret to find it my duty to describe. English Churchmen, of whatever school, when fairly inside the lines of English formularies and ceremonials, are entitled to claim, from their fellow Churchmen toleration, and from their bishops protection.

You will probably never succeed in bringing Mr. Berkeley to share your own convictions on doctrine and ritual; but you cannot displace him from his position, where a lay patron has placed him: and while within our lines, he has as much right to his own convictions as you to yours. While, to the best of my power, I have done my duty by the parishioners of All Hallows', I shall endeavour to do my duty by him with kindly counsel and sympathy.

It is a bishop's privilege that all his clergy belong to him; it is his duty, while they are loyal to him, that he should be just to them.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A. W. ROFFEN.

To Mr. A. SIDE and Others,
126 Union Street, Southwark.

The comment of the *Church Times* on this letter proves at once the suspicions which had been felt with regard to Dr.

Thorold's fairness, and the confidence which his decided action had now inspired :

"We need do no more than refer to the letter of the Bishop of Rochester, which is in truth beyond all praise. Considering Bishop Thorold's antecedents, the sense which he is showing of justice, of fair play, and what is likely to make for the peace and prosperity of the kingdom of Christ, is as astonishing as it must be gratifying to every good man."

These suspicions as to his fairness were very prevalent in the diocese. One clergyman, he relates in his diary, refused to become his chaplain on the ground that "he" (the clergyman) "was not a member of the Church Association"; and another, to whom he offered the post of rural dean, hesitated about accepting it until he received the following letter :

December 31, 1877.

MY DEAR CANON,—I don't wish for a moment to keep you in suspense as to my views about the eastward position. I quite accept your opinion about it; and I know your loyalty well enough to be well assured that I am safe in your hands.—Ever truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

P.S.—I do not take the eastward position myself, but the judgment plainly left it open under your conditions.

Perhaps it was these accusations of partisanship which rendered futile all the Bishop's efforts to settle the troubles at St. James', Hatcham. On December 13, 1876, the incumbent, Mr. Tooth, had been suspended for illegal Ritual; since that time curates appointed by the Bishop had been working the parish very uncomfortably. The Hatcham controversy had been one of some years standing, and before Bishop Thorold's appointment had reached a condition of savage animosity which a new bishop could hardly expect to calm. In spite of repeated efforts, he found himself unable to establish a settled peace until the patronage and the control

of the church passed into the hands of pronounced Evangelicals, who have since worked it with conspicuous success.

To St. James', however, he paid one of his earliest episcopal visits on August 19, 1877. "May God help me through to-morrow," is the last entry in the diary for August 18. "The 19th was an anxious day, but a happy and I trust a useful one"; "such a thronged congregation at St. James', so attentive and devout"; "the churchwardens were both civil, and they promised to be kind to Wright" (the clergyman whom he had now put in charge); "God greatly helped me, and I bless Him for it." He tried to persuade Mr. Tooth to resign, and agree to the appointment of some more moderate man, but found him "quite impracticable." A long period of trouble still lay before St. James', Hatcham.

With the younger clergy the Bishop took at once a very decided and characteristic line on the question of confession, as a letter addressed by him to a candidate for orders will show :

OXTED, REDHILL,

September 9, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read and considered your letter. It is perhaps a little more argumentative than the circumstances justify, but that is of no consequence; and I greatly like the earnestness of your spirit, and your evident desire to be a faithful servant of Christ. When, however, you quote the exhortation in the Communion Service, and conclude from it that "if a penitent soul desires to make a confession of its sins, and to receive absolution, no priest can refuse to hear and absolve it," you forget that the Prayer Book expressly stipulates that the person to whom the troubled soul is invited to make confession and receive absolution (whatever those two words may be held precisely to mean) is to be "some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word." Do you expect at twenty-four or twenty-five that such an account as that will quite hold good of you; and should not you be inclined to say that if any other young man was forward to describe himself after that fashion, his hopefulness was more remarkable than his modesty?

At this moment it is quite unnecessary for me to enter into an argument as to the much-disputed subject of confession and absolution in the case of older and more experienced clergymen. I have my strong and clear views on the question, but they are immaterial to the subject between us now. It is my immovable conviction that a young man, just admitted into the ministry, necessarily ignorant of human nature, imperfectly acquainted with the plague of his own heart, and with but a slight experience of life, is simply by the force of circumstances unqualified for discharging what is confessedly one of the most difficult and delicate functions of the ministerial office ; and that in attempting to do it he would deserve failure, in desiring it he might unconsciously be guilty of spiritual pride.

Your courageous and excellent principal knows me well enough to be able to assure you that you will have my fatherly and ready sympathy and counsel in all that touches the essentials of your work, and also your proper freedom. Of any possible loss or hurt to the Church of God through your being unable to hear confessions and absolve, I deliberately and solemnly assume the entire responsibility, only adding that some years before you were born I was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and that never once during the thirty years of my ministry have I heard what you understand by confession, though many a burdened soul has poured out its griefs to me, never once have I given absolution in the form you mean, and in the way you propose. Yet I humbly believe that my Master has sometimes used the blessed promises of the Gospel on my lips, to give freedom and peace to the sinner.—I am your sincere friend,

A. W. ROFFEN.

It has been necessary to devote so much space to the Ritual questions of the moment, a space indeed quite disproportionate to that which they occupied in the Bishop's own mind—because the newspapers and the gossip of the time, so potent in forming public opinion on the character of a new bishop, took notice of them while they left unchronicled that mass of diligent work which filled those early days. From his published letters and from his action on these questions, the

clergy and laity of his diocese saw that they had a bishop of strong opinions indeed in doctrine and in practice ; but that he refused to act as a partisan, and realised the wide room offered to varieties of opinion in the English Church.

The real liberality of Bishop Thorold's nature is best shown by indicating who were chosen out by him among the principal clergymen of his diocese to be his most intimate counsellors at this time. During the first year his diary and correspondence mention two men of most divergent opinions and vividly contrasted character as the advisers on whom he chiefly relied.

In the City of Rochester he had been in close communication with Canon John Cale Miller, Vicar of Greenwich, and Canon Residentiary of Rochester, and just appointed to be one of his examining chaplains. Canon Miller was the founder of Hospital Sunday. His eloquent preaching had gained for him a most commanding position in South-east London. The Bishop describes him in 1885 as a man "who to a massive understanding, that rapidly absorbed knowledge and powerfully used it, added a capacity for business that many laymen might envy, and a resoluteness of nature which, while it occasionally thwarted you, it was impossible not to admire." This uncompromising Evangelical leader urged his chief to take strong measures immediately against the Ritualists, and if possible to drive them from the Church. But Bishop Thorold had learnt long ago to decide matters for himself, and he had been much struck by a criticism made on the impetuous orator in his presence : "What was said of Miller's bad manner and failure to attract men to him, and his unsympathisingness came home to me." It came home to him because it indicated a danger into which he felt himself likely to fall, and because it warned him against lending too ready an ear to a party champion. Canon Miller he loved, admired, and employed till his death ; he listened to his advice and often followed it, but he was on his guard against falling under his direction.

The other conspicuous counsellor of the early days was Canon Erskine Clarke, a man of broad sympathies, and trusted by all parties in the Church, whose skill and diligence had organised with such marked success the great parish of Battersea, whose friendship he had long before learned to value, and whose knowledge of South London and widespread popularity indicated him as the future Archdeacon of Southwark. This office, however, Canon Clarke declined when the Bishop offered it to him.

With these two men and many others the Bishop was constantly consulting at this time how best to form a central fund for the evangelisation of the diocese. He had quickly discovered the unpopularity of the diocesan boundaries, and had hoped that the desire for a Surrey Bishopric might be gratified: until a conversation with Mr. Cross, then Home Secretary, on August 13, had convinced him that the strangely assorted fragments which made up his diocese must be welded together somehow for the present. Mr. Cross was clear that, "while the Archbishops have Addington and the Bishops of Winchester Farnham, there will be no change in the diocese of Rochester."

Encouraged by the kindly sympathy and advice which he received from Dr. Utterton, Bishop Suffragan of Guildford, who knew the needs of South London better than any man, Bishop Thorold, according to the natural bent of his genius, acted with rapidity and decision; he determined to summon his clergy to conference at several centres, to expound his plan, and to invite criticism. For the first conference he selected Reigate, and on October 1, after a celebration of Holy Communion, delivered an address which "was very well received":

"In coming to you to-day one thought possesses my mind, and I pass it on to you, since it is equally suitable to us all. 'A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from Heaven.' I am here because God has sent me; and because He has sent me He has something for me to do. And of one thing I am assured—

not your confidence, that has yet to be won, nor your affection, that must be the perhaps distant reward of many and painful labours—but of your sympathy. If you put yourselves for a moment in my place, you will instantly see how it is a most reasonable claim. Two things I have always observed in the way Englishmen and English clergymen treat those set in high places. There is cordiality of welcome, to give them a fair start; there is severity of censure, to keep them up to their duty. I have no fear of missing the first, and I have no expectation of avoiding the second. As to our meeting to-day, you will understand the motive of it and appreciate it.

“I have desired that our first meeting should be under the shadow of God; that bowing at His feet and meeting at His table, we should recognise our unity in Him, our dependence on Him, our work for Him, and our love to Him. Also I have felt that the sooner we met face to face and pressed hand in hand, the sooner would that thawing begin, which always is needed amongst Englishmen, and that a pleasant reunion of a few hours might accelerate the more tedious process of years.

“Look at our diocese: (1) At its composition: it is made up of the fragments of three dioceses, and these amongst the most ancient and distinguished in England—Rochester, London and Winchester. (2) Consider its conformation, which is eccentric: the figure 8 with an island, consisting of West Kent and of the East and the Mid Parliamentary division of Surrey, with the district round Rochester. (3) Remember the population. As calculated from the recent School Board census, it is 1,500,000. Since there are, only to put it roughly, 300 parishes, this gives an average of 5000 to each; and there are only 535 clergy. This at once makes manifest the spiritual desolation with which we have to grapple. There is a great deal of poverty and destitution in South London, with which all of us are familiar, and many of the benefices are miserably endowed. But there is a bright side. The diocese may be conveniently classed under four divisions: (1) the rural, of which Reigate is the centre; (2) the suburban, of which Wimbledon is the centre; (3) the urban, of which Southwark is the centre; (4) the urban, suburban, and rural, all of which elements are found in the Archdeaconry of

Rochester. The variety of the diocese is wonderful. It has some of the loveliest scenery in England : some of the greatest centres of industry : Kew and Greenwich, Woolwich and Richmond, Rotherhithe and Limesfield, are among its contrasts. Wimbledon and Bermondsey express its extremes of population. The Metropolitan Tabernacle and the Surrey Chapel are within its limits. And the south side of the Thames forms its northern boundary. It is singularly accessible, being actually gridironed with railways. It is practically within the palm of one's hand. If I succeed in finding a house near Croydon, which is the exact centre of the Surrey part of the diocese, I can sleep in my own bed every night, and may be at Richmond and Rochester all day. I must here add that the suburban portion of the diocese, including Richmond, Kennington, Wimbledon, Sydenham, Clapham, Streatham, Lewisham, etc., is of immense importance, to be won to Christ, and organised by the English clergy.

“What is the work I have got to do, and you with me ?

“We have to consolidate into a compact unity the three fragments, and weld them together as soon as possible. Of course I see the *difficulty* of this, but unless it is done, all our work will be paralysed, we shall be making ropes with sand. I am not responsible for drafting the Act, but I am for working it, and all of us are. There will be no great change through our time in our boundaries.

“We have to rearrange and remodel the evangelistic agencies of the diocese, the South London Fund, the Surrey Church Association Fund, the Bishop of Rochester's Fund, and Bishop Wilberforce's Memorial Fund. We must have one name and one machinery, and bring some new blood in, only too thankful to retain what we can of the old.

“Further, we must quicken and increase and sustain our voluntary elementary schools, and in order to extend our Rochester Board of Education into the districts which formerly belonged to Winchester we ought to have a diocesan inspector of our own. He will have ample work to do. I should also like some day to have an inspector of our own for the day Voluntary schools, as the School Board has.

“We must also quicken and deepen spiritual life in the diocese,

both among laity and clergy; partly by missions, partly by gatherings of the clergy for meditation and prayer. Having some personal experience of the great value of such gatherings when wisely and simply conducted, I quite look forward to conducting them myself for a limited number of the clergy.

"Then we must promote theological study and learning, especially among the younger clergy. Nearly seventeen years' experience at Ordination Examinations makes me seriously apprehensive on these points. I have no intention of making the door of Holy Orders wider as to theological attainments than it is now. I also wish to encourage theological study after ordination. Presently I mean to appoint a Committee on this subject to report to me.

"And we must make a great fight for *Temperance*, especially in South London and its populous suburbs, by means of the Church of England Temperance Society.

"My final words shall be these, Please give me time. I had rather you gave it me. Anyhow I shall take it. I cannot be pushed into immature conclusions, or have to do things twice over because done hastily at first. Everything presses now, but some things force themselves to the front, and the usual diocesan work must not be stopped. Presently I mean to write a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of the diocese, so soon as the Bishop of Rochester's Fund is settled, and we can begin an appeal. I earnestly ask the clergy to help the work. If we pull all together God will bless us. You must let me choose my duties and judge which come first, which second, and which nowhere. I may not promise much; how can I promise more than I promised when consecrated? But I hope and think you will not be quite disappointed in these four things—

"First, I will name sympathy. I do know something myself of the cares and duties and joys and aims of a parochial clergyman, and I want you to believe that I wish to belong to *all of you*. I wish you all to be willing to belong to me. With all who are inside the lines of our English Communion I will work up to the shoulder, knowing and making no difference. Indeed, you won't find me narrow.

"Secondly, I wish to speak of justice. This I pray God to

help me to administer. I believe it to be of immense importance.

"Thirdly, I will promise straightforwardness. I have my opinions, and have not the slightest intention of changing them, nor am I ashamed of them. People value frankness and honesty from each other.

"I will add, as a fourth, willingness. I love the work with all my heart, and hope never to shirk it. It is impossible it can be harder than the work at St. Pancras'.

"You on your side consent to see the nobleness of the task we have set to us; and let it not keep you apart from each other; and let not the poor or the world outside say that, while we are quarrelling about trifles, they are perishing; and that the Church of England must tumble to pieces because her own sons are picking at her walls. The way to be and to feel one in our work and before our Saviour is this: to value love as well as thought, work as well as creeds—hope no less than memory. I end as I began. Brethren, pray for us. It is this prayer I need: "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven.'"

On October 19 he was at St. Saviour's, Southwark, on the like errand:

"I started soon after 10 for St. Saviour's, which we reached in excellent time. The beautiful peal of bells rang out merrily; the church, especially the choir, is full of interest. I found a very full attendance of the clergy at the Communion. Money, Lingham, and Mr. Curling were in the commodious vestry. The address on Eph. v. 18 was listened to most attentively. Then we went into the Lady Chapel, where Gardiner tried the three bishop-martyrs, and there I gave my address on diocesan work. The part of it which bore on the consolidation of the diocese was of course a *vox ingrata*."

On the 23rd he held a similar gathering at Wimbledon, where his "address was very kindly and favourably listened to." At Rochester, on November 5, "the address on diocesan work was well listened to, but with less expression of approval than I have met with elsewhere. The Dean [Scott]

and the Archdeacon [Grant] spoke some words of sympathy and co-operation."

By preaching twice each Sunday in the different churches, and on week days continually speaking, visiting, and discussing, he rapidly became acquainted with the needs of his diocese. South London appalled him. It "has always been the paralysed end of a vast diocese stretching from the Channel Islands to the Thames," he said. He was troubled to see how insufficiently manned were its enormous parishes, and distressed at the condition of its crowded back-streets and swarming alleys, where the people often lived as heathen, while many a huge, bare, desolate church stood dark through the week and sparsely occupied with a few respectable worshippers on Sunday. Still more was he saddened by the listless and disheartened lives of several among the clergy, occupied with the discussion of small differences of ritual and constantly baffling the zealous projects of their younger and more hopeful colleagues. He marked with deep anxiety the wide divergence between the contracted sympathies of many among the teachers and the bitter cry of those who desired to be the taught. In such a condition of things, varieties of opinion lost their distinctive colour. To convert, to comfort, to evangelise the people must be the all-absorbing task of a true successor of the Apostles; and whoever would help him to such an end must be the most faithful servant of God. Many of the Ritualists were attracting and inspiring the poor. How could he find it in his heart to worry them about ceremonial observances, which looked so insignificant in the fierce struggle for existence, and which men of some experience asserted were helpful to the work of Christ? In his perplexity he turned for suggestions to the Church Congress in October 1877, at Croydon, and listened intently to a discussion on toleration.

"Garbett, Carter, and Farrar gave three admirable addresses on Toleration, and they were well listened to. Ryle spoke very well; Goe not so well as usual. Mr. A. began by attacking the Bishop of St. Albans; then, having only half a minute, got as

far as 'the new Bishop of,' and was stopped. On the whole this, the most critical of all the meetings, went off very well. The Evangelicals were in good force, but the High Churchmen predominated."

The High Churchmen "predominated" also, it seemed, in toleration and in reverence; for some of the more extreme Low Church incumbents refused to receive in their churches confirmation candidates presented by Mr. Bristow and by Mr. Going of Lorrimore Square; while the Bishop "was much distressed at the great though unintentional irreverence of a leading Evangelical in talking to his curate while I was laying on hands and uttering the prayer"; and again at the confirmation in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where "we could hardly force ourselves into the vestry through the disorderly crowd." On the other hand, he came back from St. Stephen's, Lewisham, and St. Mary's, Newington, delighted with the atmosphere of prayer.

Meantime a resolution "to consolidate the evangelistic agencies of the new diocese" had been passed by the committees of the various funds concerned; and, cut free from London, Winchester, and St. Albans, the new diocese of Rochester could choose its own course. It was decided to call the new body a Society, in order to emphasise "its permanent and living character"; and on November 20, 1877, the scheme was so far advanced that the rural deans could meet at the Charterhouse to take final council.

"I gave an address and plainly said that I meant to do my best to bring the Ritualists back within our lines. I spoke also on lay-work, on the restoration of St. Saviour's, and on holding some day a diocesan synod. Discussion followed. At night they all dined with me, eighteen in number; and they appeared very happy. I made a Kent dean sit next to a Surrey one. Arch-deacon Grant was on my left hand, a delightful man; and the Dean of Rochester on my right."

Consolidation was clearly in progress, and the first ordina-

tion was equally promising. With his ordinands, after sixteen years' experience as an examining chaplain, the Bishop was quite at home. "I was anxious to be prepared and solemnised for seeing the candidates alone and addressing them. God help me and all of us." He was much pleased with those who asked for deacon's orders; "about the conversion of some of the priests I have my private doubts." Canons Miller and Money assisted the Bishop by speaking to the candidates, both still eager for a policy of repression against the Ritualists. Evidently there were many lions in the path to prevent full diocesan unity; nor could the Bishop yet emancipate himself thoroughly from his strong prepossessions. But the year was closing full of hopes, and the Bishop's diary records many reasons for thankfulness to God, when suddenly a storm burst over him which for long overshadowed his domestic life with gloom and anxiety.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY ROCHESTER LIFE

1878

Consolation—Death of the second Mrs. Thorold—Selsdon—Archdeacon Edmund Fisher—E. F. Alexander—Wilberforce Mission—Rochester Diocesan Society—Confirmations—The Bishop of Truro—Dr. Boyd—Sheffield Church Congress.

BISHOP THOROLD not unfrequently warned his candidates for ordination at the Ember season that it was well to have had some experience of sorrow before attempting to lay down canons of comfort to those who mourn. And few men certainly were compelled to drink such deep and such constant draughts of affliction: and as certainly few men have drawn from the wells of that mysterious valley of humiliation such tender sympathy for others. His devotional writings and his private letters are storehouses of comfortable sayings; and again and again men and women who had been repelled by his precise and formal manner, or annoyed by his habit of closing conversation with an epigram, or troubled by a cold and undemonstrative reception which the painful shyness of constant ill-health rendered so usual, have been surprised to see him enter as a visitor into the sick room, or come unexpectedly as a ready friend in trouble, full not only of wise advice but of the most gentle and appreciative sympathy.* Bishop Thorold had learnt the consoler's craft in the hours

* Cf. "The Gospel of Christ," p. 237.

of separation, which, so terrible in their loneliness at first, were converted into periods of joy and blessedness by communion with God. "I am seldom or never without the conscious presence of Jesus Christ," he said sometimes; and the loss of his nearest and dearest and the death of his familiar friends left him more and more solitary in this life, in order that (may we not say it with confidence?) he might learn and teach the full friendship of his Saviour.

During the last weeks of 1877 Mrs. Thorold, who had always been delicate and constantly ill, was in a state of health which caused considerable anxiety; but the doctors continued to reassure him as to her ultimate recovery. After the ordination on December the 21st, her state grew steadily worse, and by the 26th had become alarming. On the morning of the 30th she appeared distinctly better, and they were both full of hope; then suddenly most serious symptoms supervened. But the sad story is best told in the Bishop's own diary. They were living at this time in London, at 17 Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

"*December 30.*—I hardly know how to write it; but she is gone, and just when we had reasonable hope of keeping her. She had a good night, with no sickness. Mr. Adams, who slept in the house, told me just before he went that she was decidedly better. I went in to her, and we thanked God together for being, as we thought, spared to each other; and she said to me, 'Now we shall be dearer to each other than ever.' I answered, 'If possible; but we must live so near to God, and try to do so much for Him.' After breakfast, I went up to her again, stayed for half an hour, and repeated to her the 23rd Psalm, which seemed a great comfort. We prayed, and I went away, never really to converse with her again. Algar and I went to St. Pancras' Church. The last words of the first lesson were, 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' Two out of the three hymns were, 'Jerusalem, my happy home' and 'Thine for ever, God of Love.' When I came back I found much pain on her, which was exhausting her greatly. Mr. Adams arrived at three, and presently came to me looking very grave, as he could feel hardly any

pulse. He feared collapse, and wished for Priestley. I said, 'Of course.' Priestley came, and after some time he came down to me, and told me that she was in a most precarious condition, and that it was the collapse we feared. He went away. I was quite overcome. Then Mr. Adams came down, and begged me to go upstairs. The first glance told me that hope was gone, and she was dying. Consciousness was past, and more and more gently she gasped, until literally she fell asleep. Just before the end we knelt down, and I read the Commendatory Prayer, and for the last time gave her my blessing. Then I went up and told dear Algar, who was in the nursery, reading. Purposely I had not brought him in to see his mother. Her changed expression would so have shocked him. Dorothy was awake, and looked very serious. Bubble stood up in her bed, full of fun. Then I went back to the dear dead wife, and closed her eyes, and took off her ring, and put it on my own finger, and stood there some time, half stupefied. Still I can say, 'I hold me fast by God.'

"*December 31.*—I could not sleep; the thought of the children waking me with a start and pang. I have never before so really understood the meaning of mental pain. What a real suffering it is."

It was arranged that the funeral should take place at Holmwood, to which the Bishop and Algar travelled on January 2, 1878.

"*January 3.*—After breakfast I walked with Algar towards Leith Hill, the last walk I took here with her, and then down through the wood towards Leith Hill and Broome Hall. I had such a nice talk with Algar. Then I went into my room and stayed there by myself, reading and meditating till the time was at hand. I sent for Algar, that he might be quite quiet. The hearse was a little late, through the heavy roads. It was weary waiting. About half-past one George came up to say all was ready. Algar and I went as chief mourners. Bayley met us at the church gate. Algar and I sat in one of the Broome Hall pews. Bayley read the lesson so beautifully, I could have listened for ever. Then we went out into the churchyard, which

was all in disorder and covered with building materials, to the tomb. A place had been dug, into which the coffin was presently let down; Algar and I stood at the end. When all was over, one of Gillow's men went down, and with most tender care and taste covered it with exquisite hothouse flowers from Poles, also three wreaths and a cross of flowers from St. Pancras. Then one last look, and we left her 'till He come.' The Psalm cxxxviii. at evening prayer was so comforting: 'In the midst of trouble Thou wilt revive me.' Louie and George were so kind."

They were at Ramsgate on January 5:

"This time last week we thought her better. That lull or reprieve, or disappointment (which shall I call it?) no doubt had its holy purpose, yet it made the parting harder."

"January 6.—She has been a week in Paradise now. At night I read the three last chapters of the Revelation aloud to Algar, which had a great effect on him; and he told me a great deal about his school life, which perplexes and saddens my mind."

Three letters, selected from a great number, show how he faced his sorrow. The first is to his sister, Mrs. Paton:

17 CORNWALL TERRACE,
December 31, 1877.

DEAREST ELLEN,—I know you will be sorry for me. Emily is taken. After several weeks of tedious weakness and suffering she passed away last night as the bells were ringing for church. And no one knows my pain, but He who sent it.—Ever your affectionate brother,
A.

The second is to one of his clergy, and shows how bravely he went on with his duties:

December 31, 1877.

MY DEAR CANON,—I am in grievous tribulation, for God has just taken my precious wife from me; and my heart is dizzy with pain. But I don't wish for a moment to keep you in suspense, &c., &c.—Ever truly yours,
A. W. ROFFEN.

The third is to his friend, the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd:

RAMSGATE, *January 7, 1878.*

DEAREST BOYD,—I am so moved by your letter. You knew her, and I like to think you did. The *pain* I have been going through I can hardly describe. I never before understood the real painfulness of mental sorrow—sometimes coming over me in waves, sometimes smiting me as with blows. And pain is meant to hurt, and till the hurting is over the healing cannot begin. My two little girls I hardly know whether they comfort or sadden me most. The first probably. But I cannot make up the loss to them, try as I may. But God knows that, and still He has done it; and I do not doubt Him for a moment. But I am very, very unhappy, while resting in Him and feeling Him quite close to me; love and sorrow are bound up together; and if I did not mourn for her, what would my love be worth?—Ever most affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

He was soon once more in harness. January 21 had been fixed as the day of the inauguration of the Diocesan Society, and the necessary arrangements had at times diverted his thoughts from his overwhelming family responsibilities and the painful sense of loss. The meeting was thoroughly successful: Kent and Surrey joined heartily together. The resolutions were proposed and seconded by Lord Darnley, Mr. Watney, M.P., Bishop Utterton of Guildford, Mr. Grantham, M.P., Mr. Bridges, and Mr. Freshfield, and carried without opposition in a large gathering.

A few weeks later he moved into the house which he and Mrs. Thorold had selected after much thought as in the best situation for the Bishop's home. The summer had been spent in a hired house at Oxted; then in the autumn they had taken 17 Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, where they had been able to entertain a considerable number of the South London clergy. But they had felt for some time that a house in the neighbourhood of Croydon would be most central, a house from which the Bishop could drive into any part of South London, and could easily reach the rest of the diocese by train and return in the day. While they were still at Oxted,

Selsdon Park had offered itself. At first it appeared to them too large and expensive; but by letting off the shooting and home farm they found it would be possible to reduce the rent to £500 a year. The house stood on one of the highest ridges in Surrey, 531 ft. above the sea, close to the Archbishop's country residence at Addington. East Croydon Station was within easy driving distance. It appeared to both of them an ideal place to which to invite overworked clergymen for a short holiday. It would secure the Bishop's necessary quiet; while a morning each week in his secretary's office at 28 Great George Street, Westminster, would give his clergy every opportunity for personal interviews. The Archbishop and some of the leading clergy and laity whom he consulted highly approved of the choice. The grounds supplied an exhilarating interest to the Bishop, who constantly alludes in his diary to the progress of the hay, the budding of the flowers, and the ripening of the fruit. There they might hope to stay till a definite residence for the Bishopric of Rochester was provided on the death or resignation of Bishop Claughton of St. Albans, who for the present retained Danbury. And for certain purposes Selsdon proved to be an ideal residence for the Bishop of Rochester. There was a remarkable power in its hospitalities. For quiet days and Ember days, which were to exercise so important an influence over the diocese under Bishop Thorold's rule, its tranquil seclusion was incomparable. Among its trees and lawns there was no sense of hurry nor possibility of disturbance. On the other hand it was awkwardly inaccessible to the poorer clergy, and its size and position left an impression of the Bishop's wealth and the Bishop's freedom from the cares and bustle of the ordinary clerical life, which to some extent alienated sympathy. The Thorolds took possession of the house at Selsdon on February 14, 1878.

"It is very solemn to me," he writes, "coming to this new home without her. But I like to feel that she has been here and approved of our taking it. The lawn seems very big. The

children are perfectly delighted. It is the first garden they have ever had of their own."

The new life began with a serious alarm of fire, which

"I feel will draw us all together and loose my tongue with the servants, and help me to be useful with them as she wished."

The care of a great household sat heavily upon him, but he never shrank from his duty of supervising his servants, and the diary relates as a part of his regular occupation his dealings with them, his advice to them, and his prayers for them.

With the definite settlement at Selsdon two new counsellors appear to have been admitted to his full confidence. One was the Rev. Edmund Fisher, Vicar of the great parish of Kennington, and for some time Resident Chaplain to Archbishop Tait (while he was Bishop of London); a man whose sunny and affectionate character exercised a singular charm over all who met him, and whose broad common sense and readiness in business made him invaluable to the Bishop. Mr. Fisher was nominated on May 20, 1878, to the new Archdeaconry of Southwark, and took a very prominent share in the organisation of the new diocese until his sudden and premature death in May 1879. A clergyman of essentially moderate views, he helped Bishop Thorold to appreciate the excellent work which was being done in the neighbouring parish of St. John the Divine by its devoted Vicar the Rev. D. Elsdale, and in many other parishes under Ritualistic clergymen.

The second new counsellor was the Rev. E. F. Alexander, who had been his domestic chaplain since his consecration, and who now came to reside with him at Selsdon. Alexander was the constant companion of his walks round Selsdon, and of his drives into London. He became an elder brother to the children, and an adviser in all matters, domestic and ecclesiastical. His simple personal piety, strong common sense,

humble self-effacement, and diligent readiness to ensure the happiness of the numerous visitors made him a most important and agreeable factor in the Selsdon life. Both men grew most intimate with the Bishop, and his suffering affections twined themselves with singular pertinacity round his Archdeacon and his Chaplain.

With the early spring of 1878 came the necessity for a determined effort to launch the Rochester Diocesan Society, and to unite the diocese for evangelistic work. A personal appeal to the lay Churchmen was the method upon which the Bishop had decided. He knew exactly what he wanted the Society to accomplish, and he was confident he could secure the adhesion of those who should be brought to meet him face to face. The main purpose of his Society, as he now saw it, is exhibited in its germ in the following letter, written quite early in his episcopate. The letter will need a few words of introductory explanation.

On the sudden and tragic death of Bishop Wilberforce in 1873 many prominent Churchmen had decided that they could best commemorate that great career by a special effort to evangelise the masses of South London. A strong committee was formed and a considerable sum was collected, and high hopes were raised. The causes of the conspicuous failure of this Wilberforce Memorial Fund are no part of the theme entrusted to the biographer of Bishop Thorold. But naturally to him, as the Bishop over South London, and a man of vast parochial experience, the clergymen who were employed by the Fund as missionaries, and also the Trustees had turned for advice.

The Rev. Edgar Jacob, then the chief missionary, now Bishop of Newcastle, wrote advising the constitution of a group of missionary clergy who should live under one roof, and be directed by one head. He received a cautious and hesitating reply on August 3, 1877: "The method of operation proposed does not at first sight entirely recommend itself to my judgment." This was followed up by a letter to the Chairman of the Trustees :

28 GREAT GEORGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, *November 5, 1877.*

MY DEAR LORD,—In reply to Mr. Jacob's letter of the 24th of October, in which he informs me that Friday, the 9th of November, has been fixed by your lordship for a council meeting of the Wilberforce Memorial Fund, and requests me to communicate in writing any proposals which I may desire to put before the council, first, with reference to the general scheme of the Wilberforce Memorial, and secondly, with reference to the Mission District of St. George's, Camberwell, now under the charge of the Rev. H. Walker; I beg to write as follows: The primary object of the fund (to be associated with the name of Samuel Wilberforce) is, I gather from the printed papers sent to me, "for the maintenance of a body of clergy for home missionary work in the diocese of Winchester, especially for the South London portion thereof, such clergy to be selected and appointed by the bishop of the diocese, and under his direction and control to carry on any missionary work to which the bishop, with the consent of the incumbents of the several districts, may appoint them."

This plan appears to me eminently practical, and I am prepared to co-operate with it to the utmost of my power, with the following suggestions for the consideration of the council: (1) That the income of the fund, or so much of it as may be assigned to the Rochester diocese, be applied to the payment of missionary clergy, "to be selected and approved by the bishop, and to be under his direction and control," who shall labour, each in a separate district of his own, with the consent of the incumbent of the parish, and reside in his district; (2) that such clergymen shall be styled "Wilberforce Mission Clergymen," or some such name; (3) that the stipends paid to them shall not be less than £200 a year, part of which, where practicable, might be found from other sources; (4) that the fund, while always retaining its separate name and existence, should presently be worked as a subsidiary scheme in any general organisation that may hereafter be brought into operation for the spiritual needs of the whole diocese, whereby office expenses would be saved and a connection ensured with other diocesan agencies.

With respect to the Mission District of St. George's, Camberwell, under Mr. Walker, I went all over it last week in Mr. Walker's company, and visited the chapel formerly used by the Roman Catholics, and which I am glad to know is likely to be rented for the use of the mission. The district appears to me to be exactly suitable for the missionary work contemplated by the Wilberforce Memorial Fund; and in good and strong hands ought soon to show promising results for the Church of Christ.— I remain, my dear lord, most truly yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

TO THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

His distrust of the somewhat cumbrous machinery with which he had to work is shown by the comment in his diary on November 9, "The Wilberforce Memorial Council have rejected my proposals; it is such a relief." He was convinced that a great enterprise required a single chief, and determined that the chief in the Rochester diocese should be himself. But what is most interesting to us is to notice in this letter the plan of missionary clergymen working each in his own district under the immediate direction of the Bishop; and each commissioned to create a new parochial life. The parochial system the Bishop felt he had tried; and he realised its strength. From the large parishes of his diocese he proposed to break off a great fragment, containing some 3000, 4000, or 5000 working people. In the midst of these he would plant a young clergyman, would hire for him a stable, a loft, even a cellar, would bid him by diligent visiting, teaching, and praying collect a group of faithful souls till the seats were occupied and the congregation crowded out of its first home; then would grow up a mission hall; at last a new church; and without in any way impairing the life of the original parish, a fresh and living scion of Christianity would have been planted and would have struck root to propagate the religion of Jesus Christ. The missionary clergyman was to feel himself responsible to the Bishop alone. He was to take no share in the routine duties of the old parish, and to be independent of the incumbent. The Bishop stood ready to sympathise, to advise, to help

with funds, to support by his presence. Under such circumstances a young man of vigour and sincerity was sure to succeed. He knew he was watched by his chief, and that chief a man who thoroughly understood his work and could enter into it with all his strong affections and mature wisdom.

In elaborating the scheme he was, we have seen, glad to be free of the interference of a body of trustees, who might consider they were equal in authority with himself. The Diocesan Society, his own offspring, was certain to leave him a perfectly free hand and to follow out his scheme for new parishes. This was to be its principal purpose; and many of us can recollect how jealously he checked the constant proposal to employ the funds of the new Society for the payment of ordinary parochial curates, until increasing income and changed circumstances made this additional aim advisable in his opinion; and we can remember also how loyally the Society's Council carried out their president's wishes.

Men, not buildings; living agents, and not bricks and mortar, were to absorb the larger part of the funds of the new Society. This arrangement was rendered permanent by a definite rule, which allotted at least three-fifths of the income to the payment of clergy, Scripture-readers, and Bible-women. Where was the use, he asked, of building churches till there were worshippers to fill them; already in some of the most populous neighbourhoods the existing churches were half empty.

With this evangelistic purpose to inspire him, and with the hope of relieving the burdens of many of the clergy by grants for lay agents and mission rooms, the Bishop went from place to place through his diocese, advocating the claims of the new Society. Between April 4 and June 12, 1878, he addressed meetings on its behalf at Blackheath, Putney, Wimbledon, Camberwell, Reigate, Clapham, Southwark, and Kennington, besides preaching a large number of sermons. His theme was everywhere the same, the pressing need, the practical wisdom of evangelising the masses. His

speeches were always well supported by figures, and his points driven home with vigorous sentences. He asked the diocese for £10,000 a year, and after a time he got it. But £20,000 was the sum he felt to be really required. The conclusion of one of his speeches will show the character of the appeals he made :

“ 1. It is a great work for souls, and for the honour of the Lord of souls, who has bought them with His blood. Let us distinctly look at it in this point of view. We are bidden to send far and wide the pure gospel of our Holy Scripture ; to console all with the consolation of our most holy faith.

“ 2. We shall have extended the work of the Church of England. To her is committed, as the Church of the nation, the task of looking after the masses, the ignorant, the careless ; and of bringing home to the door of those who will not trouble themselves to go after Him the words and life of Christ. We hold our place by fulfilling our stewardship. I for one by no means despair of the Church of England. As a parochial clergyman, I know something of the steady, quiet, regular, spiritual forces at work in the Church for the Kingdom of the Lord ; as a bishop, I have yet more abundant opportunity of seeing it. No doubt her exuberant life has its risks and dangers ; and there is need of a firm, skilful hand on the rudder, as she shoots the rapids of her time. But as long as she loves souls, and gives her life to win them, the Lord will still own, and use, and help, and strengthen her.

“ 3. But the clergy are powerless without the laity. It is you who must help the work. It will be for us to originate, and plan, and appeal ; it is for you to discuss, and criticise, and support. I throw the work on you, knowing myself that we can do nothing without you, believing that this work, which is of God, He will put into your hearts to do.

“ 4. Let us hope. God is on the side of His Son, and He will give His Holy Spirit to all that ask Him ; and to each requesting heart that Holy Spirit shall be a well of water, an ever-bubbling fount, to refresh and quicken souls around.”

The meetings were on the whole satisfactory ; some of them were excellently attended ; at all the most complete con-

fidence in the Bishop was expressed. Many influential laymen supported him by their presence and by speech; it was generally arranged that they should take the more prominent part. A passing difficulty at Southwark was used by the Bishop with ready tact to call out sympathy from a very large and varied meeting:

"Mr. Side* asked me two questions about the Ritualistic clergy which I put to the meeting if I should answer, and they saying 'No,' I declined to answer them. A very cordial feeling towards me was elicited by this—especially from M. (a prominent Evangelical). On the whole, it went off quite well."

A similar interruption at Kennington was likewise foiled, Canon Hussey saying: "I still believe in the Bishop of Rochester."

The Society was well launched. The income for 1878 amounted to £7692. It was paying stipends to seventeen mission clergy, seven Scripture-readers, and eleven mission women. For its second year the Bishop, choosing by the request of the council, appointed an organising secretary, the Rev. C. H. Grundy, a selection which proved his remarkable discernment in nominating to positions of importance. Eloquent, amusing, with a faculty for saying the right thing and an extraordinary readiness at repartee, full of fresh expedients, and capable of thoroughly interesting children as well as grown people, Mr. Grundy soon became a familiar and popular figure in the diocese, and greatly contributed to the success of the new Society. He was a constant visitor at Selsdon, and helped to keep the Bishop well-informed of the progress and wants of the various parishes.

In the first year the confirmation work had been, perhaps, the Bishop's most important occupation. Not only had this work shown him much of the actual condition of the parishes, the depth of influence which the incumbents had attained, and the reverence and energy of the congregations, but it had

* See p. 85.

also greatly increased his own personal power. "God is wonderfully strengthening me," he writes, "for this work, and the large congregations attending the confirmation services are a great field for the sower." The Bishop was accustomed to vary the form of the confirmation address; sometimes there was one of considerable length, sometimes it was divided into two parts. He assumed that the parish clergy had diligently prepared the candidates, and, avoiding a repetition of the confirmation lessons, drove home the chief points with a few strong concise sentences, then became at once the father of the candidates, speaking words of suitable advice at this great crisis in their spiritual history, very earnest about the future, very practical about the present. Nor did he ever forget the parents and the great general congregation. It was the constant subject of his prayers that he might inspire the candidates, encourage the sincere Christians, awaken the careless, and draw all into sympathy one with another. His first year's confirmations continued from the end of January till June 26, 1878, and were numerous and exhausting. He always tried to be at his best for each of them.

The spring of 1878 brought a new friendship into his life, which was to be of great value to him. Bishop Benson, of Truro, spent a week with him at Selsdon in May. The two Bishops conferred together on diocesan difficulties, and strengthened one another with spiritual conversation and united prayer. In the diary he writes: "The Bishop of Truro is a delightful man"; "he preached to-night a beautiful and thoughtful sermon on sorrow"; and again, "The Bishop of Truro is gone; how fond I am of him."

He also greatly enjoyed the yearly visits of his friend, Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews, as a letter written in the next year will show:

SELSDON, *June 4, 1879.*

DEAREST BOYD,—We missed you terribly when you were gone. The "heart influence of discursive talk" seemed to have suddenly buried itself in the sands, and a sombre stillness pervaded the

air. But I consoled myself with the "Recreations," which makes me laugh in my heart; and on Sunday I read several of your sermons to my great delectation. What a blessed gift of God friendship is, and what a good thing that our friends should not be in all things our doubles, for then the profit would not be half as much. You, and the Bishop of Truro, I am so very fond of; yet an elm is not more like a mulberry tree than I (the mulberry tree) alas! to either of you. Thank you for Jem's photo. I am going to take the children to the Zoo to-day, and also to be photographed at three places. How I pity myself! Miss Aggie shall have one. Be sure of my unchanging, and warm and tender affection.—Ever yours, in the true bonds of friendship and service,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Into the Lambeth Conference of July 1878, Bishop Thorold was too tired to enter thoroughly. As a very junior bishop, he took no important part in the discussions, few of which appear to have interested him. On the 26th of July he remarks: "I went to the Lambeth Conference, where the Archbishop [Tait] pressed very strongly the necessity of our making some declaration about ritual and confession. A crisis seemed imminent; but, as if by the help of the Spirit of God, all the clouds passed away."

The first year of his episcopate was now concluded; and Sunday, August 4, he spent in quiet at Selsdon;

"Meditating much on my first year, and thankful for the occasion given me for doing so. I feel most grateful for my home, servants, health, and heaps of kindnesses. My confirmations, ordinations, committees, correspondence, and the services here have encouraged me most. Speeches at meetings and my sermons have given me least satisfaction. I must try to make more time for devotion and study, and for getting individual detailed knowledge of my diocese. Next year, if not so anxious as the first, will be full of outside duties, which it will be impossible to escape. May I get great strength from my voyage, and if I can only get my Pastoral done, how glad I shall be."

From the 10th of August to the 22nd of September he was

absent from England, travelling in the United States with his son Algar. It was during this American holiday that he composed his first Pastoral. He was present at the Sheffield Church Congress in October, and writes of it as follows :

"The Archbishop's (Thomson of York) opening address was very courageous and well delivered." "The discussion on the limits of toleration in the Church was interesting, but it will not bring peace. Mr. Wood's paper was very angry and irreconcilable, and evidently irritated the Archbishop, who answered it at the end. Llewelyn Davies' speech was able and full of quiet humour. Ryle was himself, and was as much liked as ever." On Temperance "Canon Harper spoke characteristically about his beer, and thought us beer slaves for totally abstaining from it." At the Working Men's Meeting "the Hall was a wonderful sight, literally crammed with intelligent faces, not all clean, nor all kindly. The Archbishop made a wonderful address, full of pathos, and argument, and real eloquence, and the Gospel. The Bishop of Manchester (Fraser), whose reception was quite an ovation, was very able, went over the whole field of science, characteristically touched rocks several times, and said a few things he had better have left alone. Still, the speech was very useful. Then came Ryle, who had not time enough, but who elicited the thorough Protestantism of working men by his allusions to the Reformation. The meeting was a great success, and I quite feel rewarded by it for coming to Sheffield." His own paper at a later meeting was well received. "I feel," is his final comment, "that the Congress has thoroughly humbled me, and discovered to me my own deficiencies and grievous shortcomings ; and thereby I hope may stir and help me for my winter's work. Also my heart has been cheered by meeting many friends."

On his way back to London he visited his old home at Hougham.

"I am in the little room next to where my father died, and which he used as his study, and where I remember him sending for me one summer Sunday afternoon. It must be forty-five years ago, but the recollection is vivid. His spirit seems with me in the room."

CHAPTER VII

THE PASTORAL; ST. PAUL'S, WALWORTH; FIRST CHARGE

1878-1884.

Publication of the Pastoral—Opinions of Dean Church, Mr. Gladstone, and the Press—The duties of a bishop—Work in front—Isolation of the Ritualists—Confession—Anxiety about Ritualism—Organisation of the laity—Death of Archdeacon Fisher and of Canon Miller—Archdeacons Cheetham and Burney—Vacancy at St. Paul's, Walworth—Being mobbed—The success of the parish—The children—Incidents of visitation returns—First Diocesan Conference—Criticisms on, and extracts from, the Charge of 1881—Confirmation—Evening Communion—Church problems—The Ten Churches Fund—Reconciliation with the Ritualists.

So far the general religious world had assumed from their previous knowledge of Bishop Thorold that he was diligently at work in his diocese. His sayings and doings were little noticed outside the local newspapers, except when some vital question called out a public letter. But the publication of the Pastoral of 1878 made him at once a prominent and important figure. Newspapers, ecclesiastical and secular, quoted and criticised it. It was discussed in country rectories all over England; and the younger men felt that the determination and energy of the writer set him in a foremost place as a Church leader. He showed himself to be a bishop who knew exactly what he wanted, and did not fear to express himself with frankness.

Very early in his episcopate he had talked over the subjects of the Pastoral with Canons Miller and Money, the two foremost Evangelicals of the diocese; in June 1878, Archdeacon Fisher was called into council on the many projects which were to be announced; and to him he used the memorable phrase "my policy towards the Ritualists is one of isolation"; on the 30th of July its main lines were discussed with the rural deans. The voyage across the Atlantic gave time to think it out; and it was composed after his arrival in America among the Franconian Mountains. "I am slow at composition," he once said of himself; certainly he was painstaking. It was written out "for the fourth time," on the return voyage, at the end of September; and he took it to the printers on the 16th of October. There is no trace in his diary that he submitted it to any one for criticism, but much that he was doubtful and anxious as to its usefulness. On October 22 he was correcting the proofs, and "liked it better"; on November 14 it was published; through the rest of the month he constantly received "gratifying letters" about it. One from Dean Church especially pleased him.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

November 16, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD,—I hardly know how to thank you for your Pastoral, which you have been so good as to send me, and which I have read with deep interest, with almost entire agreement, and with full and entire sympathy, even where my point of view might not be altogether the same as yours. You have done me too much honour in reference to words,* which I feel ought to be present to my mind only as words of warning, bringing with them to him who wrote them deep anxiety and sincere shame. They are words by which he who wrote them must at last be

* "For the world is not to be won by anything—by religion, or empire, or thought—except on those conditions with which the Kingdom of Heaven first came. What conquers must have those who devote themselves to it; who prefer it to all other things; who are proud to suffer for it; who can bear anything so that it goes forward."

judged. But, for your sympathy with the feeling which dictates them, I hope you will let me thank you. It is a kind of sympathy which is one of the gladnesses and supports of life.—Yours very faithfully,

R. W. CHURCH.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to say he had “read it with interest and pleasure,” and enclosed a cheque for the Diocesan Society. The *Times* devoted to it a leading article of considerable length; the *Spectator* said “it justifies his appointment”; the *Record* and the *Rock* were in raptures at the passages about isolation. The *Church Times*, while bitter in places, declared “Bishop Thorold is one who, although distinctly a Low Churchman, has almost grasped the true idea of his office.” The *Guardian* wrote, “it is singularly straightforward and plain-spoken; unconventional in style, comprehensive in contents,” and “no one would characterise this policy as oppressive or exceeding in severity.” The *Saturday Review*, while it severely pointed out the impossibility that the new Court, constituted by the Public Worship Act, could satisfy the more advanced Churchmen, praised the Pastoral and characterised the policy of isolation thus, “It is courageous on Dr. Thorold’s part to adhere to what he believes to be a wise because unostentatious policy.”

But now that the impression made upon the public mind by the appearance of the Pastoral has been shown, it becomes important to note what a small part the Ritual question occupies in this really striking manifesto; and certainly it was not for the opinions expressed on Ritualism that the Pastoral commended itself to Mr. Gladstone and Dean Church.

After a few words about his call to his high office, Dr. Thorold depicts the functions of a bishop:

“Shall you think it quite out of place if I state, for the information of at least some of you, certain of the main features of a bishop’s work? His first great function is to continue the transmission of the Apostolic doctrine and fellowship by ordaining those who, after careful inquiry and on the report of his respon-

sible advisers, he is satisfied will be efficient clergymen. In Confirmation he admits young people, arrived at years of discretion, into the full privileges of the Church's fellowship, and after exhortation and prayer invokes on them the gifts of grace. He preaches, as opportunity offers itself; and there are many opportunities. He consecrates churches and cemeteries, assists at meetings for all conceivable objects within the scope of the national life, and conducts, not without difficulties, an incessant and onerous correspondence. Yet all this expresses a very insignificant part indeed of that invisible but continual administration which makes no show, wins no praise, leaves no mark, but which includes plans to be originated, organisation to be sustained, judgments to be matured, discipline to be administered, misunderstandings to be arranged, claims to be adjudicated, mistakes to be corrected, enterprises to be pushed—in a word, the care of all the churches. You expect him to be a leader well in advance of his men (though not too much in front), with sufficient elasticity of nature not to shrink from initiating new schemes and agencies for the ever-changing times, yet prudent enough, while he can stir enthusiasm, not to lead his followers into a quicksand. He should be a ruler, with a firm hand on the rudder and a clear outlook on the sea; by kindness winning co-operation, by justice inspiring confidence, by cheerfulness encouraging activity, by consistency inducing respect. A friend to all, let him never forget the younger clergy, so fast coming up behind us and the rulers of the Church's future. A pastor, too, he should try to be, to whom the faithful in the diocese can at all times resort for guidance, comfort, and prayer. Not least of all, he must be a keeper of Holy Writ, a vigilant though not fretful guardian of the faith once committed to the Saints and deposited in the Scriptural formularies of our own Reformed Communion. Distinctly recognising and honestly protecting those reasonable diversities of faith and practice which are essential to the existence of a National Church, and manfully asserting his own liberty in holding and declaring the truth, he must never press his personal convictions as if they were articles of faith, or enforce his individual preferences in ritual and ceremony as if they had the weight of law. I might easily add much more, but surely enough

has been said to effect the object in view : that of inducing you continually to pray for us."

Then having described the shape and population of the diocese and the details of his first year's occupations, he goes eagerly forward to "Work in Front."

"(1.) I hope to conduct private devotional gatherings of my brethren 'coming apart' to rest awhile.

"(2.) To build up a Lay Workers' Association which shall render the Church in fact as well as in name the Church of the people.

"(3.) To form a Diocesan Temperance Society.

"(4.) To quicken theological study, beginning among the younger clergy.

"Men expect to be taught when they come to church, and it is a reasonable expectation. In this diocese, much of which may reasonably be described as London out-of-doors, there is a special importance attached to the function of preaching. But if our clergy come in any appreciable extent to abdicate their great duty of Christian teaching, through ceasing to qualify themselves for it, their congregations will take their revenge either in keeping away or going somewhere else. What shall we do to stimulate theological study, and to induce incumbents of parishes who, with the best possible intentions, are often chief offenders in the matter, at once to make study possible for their curates by contriving the leisure for it and (what is of equal importance) assisting them with their advice?

"(5.) To restore St. Saviour's, Southwark, as a centre of spiritual work for South London.

"(6.) To stimulate missions to the heathen."

But with all these hopes the Bishop recognises the rocks ahead :

"Few will deny that ours are anxious times, and there is no advantage in flippantly bidding men not be scared when we ought to feel alarm about the issue of questions which go down to the roots of all that touches our present duty and our unseen future—the truths that give dignity to our life and illumine the

grave with the hope of immortality. One thing, however, is consoling in it all—the fact that religion is still recognised as something worth contending about. Let poets simper as they will, Christ can hardly be said to be mouldering in His grave, when His claims are more vehemently discussed, His character more closely analysed, His life more critically studied, His person more ardently loved than at any time since He disappeared among men. It is quite true that the Church is distracted with hot dissension, but it is only because men are so passionately in love with Truth as the supreme possession of their lives that they defend and proclaim it at any risk. Though her differences are serious, her activities are prodigious. If we must choose between fighting and sleeping, I, for one, say, Let us be awake.”

He discusses the perils from unbelief; then he approaches the Ritualistic difficulties:

“Ten years ago no scruple was felt in irritating English Churchmen by coarse boasts about educating a Protestant public into a speedy return to the Papacy. Now all that is changed. The younger men, and notably the more responsible members of the school, repudiate, almost with indignation, any intention of the kind, and stoutly claim a place and a liberty within the English boundaries.” But “a Church with a foreign body inside it, such as the Ritual polity declares itself to be, must very soon either absorb, modify, or expel it. It comes to this, that what in the army would be mutiny, and in the State outlawry, in the Church is schism. My own course is clear.”

The law he will leave to take its course when it is invoked.

“My own individual method of personally and officially dealing with those of the clergy who feel conscientiously unable either to obey the courts of the realm or to accept the private monition of the bishop is that of isolation. These brethren of ours are outside the law, and it is their own act that has placed them there. Where I find them I leave them; and what they have made themselves, that I must recognise them to be. Consequently I am compelled to decline either to confirm, or preach, or perform any official act in churches adopting an illegal ritual,

on the simple ground that, as one of the Church's rulers, I cannot even appear to condone, by my presence and ministration, a distinct violation of the Church's order."

He then takes up the thorny subject of Confession :

" . . . But surely there is a vast and intelligible distinction between giving occasional help to anxious souls and personally watching over, in all its minute vicissitudes, the growth of the religious life ; between putting into a soldier's hand the weapons with which he is to learn henceforward to fight his own battles and encouraging him whenever danger approaches to come to us to fight them for him—between occasionally pointing a troubled soul to the Saviour at whose feet it may finally and trustfully abide, and consenting to assume its responsibility for its ever-recurring duties and sins. The edification of the Church cannot healthily prosper if the habit of confession is to grow."

He concludes with a caution against hasty changes :

"Forgive my candour ; but when I hear of a congregation going to pieces, my first question is, What has the clergyman been about?" And especially he appeals to the younger clergy. "I named humility, for indeed it seems to me grievously lacking in these days of sturdy partisanship. It was the first beatitude, and it is the supreme perfection. Is it too caustic, is it even unjust to say that a predominant feature in some of the very young clergy of our own time is a superb self-conceit? True, if it is nothing worse, it may soon mend. Years, experience, the widening horizon of knowledge, intercourse with other minds, enlarged responsibility, and sometimes a little wholesome neglect, all concur to cure a disease which your fathers suffered from before you were born, and which you will see and endure in your children. Still, make the best of it as we may, it grieves Christ; it disturbs the peace of the Church; it interrupts useful work; it must blunt the sensibilities of conscience. Young brethren in Christ, we cannot do without you, and in many things you are not only a help but a blessing to us. Generosity, sacrifice, courage, ardent hopefulness, these are yours; yours for the Church of God. Keep them, and make the most of them before

the heats of noon are on. But as one who truly loves you, who longs to understand you, and help you, and be a father at your side, and, if God give him the occasion, sometimes to ponder with you on your knees the precious things of God, I do beg of you to disown and discard that poor mongrel kind of independence that finds a sorry satisfaction in pelting those in authority with disrespect and scoffing, and which, most certainly and swiftly re-acting in a hardening and spoiling of your own best nature, on them, if they hear of it, has no worse result than that of a sincere regret for you."

The Pastoral it will be noticed falls into two great divisions: the organisation of the diocese; and the Ritualistic danger. The first as supreme in importance to the salvation of souls appealed most closely to religious men; the second as more personal and capable of more pungent discussion evoked the interest of the newspapers. Bishop Magee, of Peterborough, in his Charge* of this very autumn, had sounded an alarm against the perils of Ritualism. Others were writing in the same tone; Bishop Woodford of Ely, had said,† "Neither on the other hand can I sympathise with those who would peril the peace of God's household, by the persistent use of the Eucharistic vestments on the ground that to discontinue them would amount to a suppression of doctrine."

Now that seventeen years have passed we can hardly realise the overwhelming anxiety which the Ritual questions had aroused in 1878. In the strain and stress of the battle against secularism and infidelity we have grown thankful to accept all allies who will fight side by side with us for the ancient Creed and the ancient Church organisation. At that time most men thought the bishops ought to try to put down Ritualism. But how far did Bishop Thorold succeed? One keen observer considers that "the course he adopted checked the spread of extreme ritual, of which we have not much in South London in 1895." Others are equally certain that it had no effect whatever. Canon Liddon comforted a Ritualistic clergyman

* Charge, 1878, pp. 56, 57.

† Charge, 1878, p. 46.

at the time, "So I hear, my dear friend, that your bishop has isolated you; never mind, I have always read that religion flourished best in islands." Which opinion is the correct one is obviously a problem impossible of solution. At all events it would be unfair to Bishop Thorold to forget that through the whole period of "isolation" he was always full of personal affection and private sympathy towards those clergy whose churches he refused to visit in public.

But this Ritual controversy occupied him less and less, and his enthusiastic nature turned in the winter of 1878-9 to the organisation of the laymen who were engaged in evangelistic work in Rochester diocese. Amid the constant strain of letters, confirmations, sermons, and interviews, he found time to gather together the lay workers in twenty different centres during this winter and that of 1879-80, and to inspire them with the conviction that they had in their bishop a watchful chief who understood their difficulties, appreciated their efforts, constantly interceded for them before the throne of God, and was full of plans for the progress of the Church of Christ. A short extract from one of these addresses may explain the extraordinary personal influence which the Bishop had begun to exercise in every part of his diocese:

"I come before you to-night in a threefold character: that of Bishop, whose duty it is to oversee and guide the Church's work done by his authority and under his direction: that of Leader, whose business it is to put himself at the head of his troops and lead them into battle: that of Friend, whose happy reward it is to win the friendship and confidence of those to whom his Master has sent him, who desires no better recompense than to find a place in your hearts. And, therefore, there are three objects which I pray God our meeting together here may fulfil. First, that of informing myself by personal observation of the work that is being done, and, *pace* the Hibernicism, that is not being done: then that of stimulating, and initiating, and regulating the general work of the diocese, in which you can greatly help me; for these meetings will be of small value if they do

not add to our work, and multiply our workers all through our borders: finally, that of encouraging and thanking you, and blessing you for what you are doing for Christ and His Church, and, so far as I may, making your hearts bright and your hands strong."

As an organisation, the Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association never became a success. It was an attempt to centralise work which had in the nature of things to be parochial. But it brought a certain number of vigorous laymen of the upper and lower middle class into close contact with the Bishop, and gave him a further insight into the religious and ecclesiastical matters which most interested them. Its chief value lay in those enthusiastic meetings which, assembling from time to time in Rochester, Gravesend, Surbiton, and all over South London, listened to the Bishop's inspiring words and learnt to know and love the chief pastor of the diocese. At least Bishop Thorold thought so, for he writes at the end of 1879:

"My work has expanded, and I seem to have a firmer hold on the diocese. The difficulty about the Board of Education is settled, and my new lay scheme is finally launched. Church workers' meetings, which I have been holding in various diocesan centres, prove likely to be useful, while they bring me face to face with the people, and enable me to ventilate my plans. I think my preaching has been better, but it is still too uncertain and capable of vast improvement. I fear deterioration in style and matter, and that quantity in my work may prejudice the quality. My confirmation work on the whole I like the best. I feel greatly encouraged, yet often deeply depressed. May God bless, and sanctify and strengthen me."

In April, 1879, his first Archdeacon of Southwark, Edmund Fisher, had shown alarming signs of overwork. The Bishop wrote:

Don't mind two straws about the Visitation; you are not one bit a useless Archdeacon, could not be. But you have had a heap of extra care and anxiety enough to knock up a

dozen men, and Nature in her kindness never condones liberties. Go away to Cannes or somewhere directly after Easter, and don't show me your face again (that brightest and kindest of faces) till every cloud of weariness is gone, and Mrs. Fisher pronounces you recovered.—Yours, with true and tender affection,

A. W. ROFFEN.

On the 6th of May the Archdeacon died, after a few days of brain fever. The Bishop felt the loss keenly, for they had become intimate friends :

DEAR MRS. FISHER, —I don't know what to say, except God comfort you. You must be simply stunned, and at first even prayer may be impossible. But He knows that, who has taken your beloved into the joy of His Countenance ; and He is close to you now, standing over you in your sorrow, watching you with unspeakable tenderness. Don't look forward or do anything, but trust : " This is the trial of your faith, more precious than of gold that perisheth," and it will not fail. I dare not write more, but my heart is dumb with sorrow. I did so love him. But all other griefs are silenced and dwarfed before yours.—Ever yours, in the deepest sympathy,

A. W. ROFFEN.

A year afterwards Canon Miller died. The Bishop had frequently visited him in his illness. Once he notes : " He was in his study dressed, calm and brave, and now quite sees his end approaching. We conversed on many subjects, Ryle among others ; then we talked of Christ, and prayed."

Professor Cheetham succeeded Mr. Fisher as Archdeacon of Southwark, and Canon Miller as examining chaplain. In September, 1879, the Bishop carried through his plan of dividing the archdeaconry ; and he offered the new archdeaconry of Kingston to Canon Burney, " whose urbane kindliness and great experience made him as acceptable to the clergy as he has proved useful to me." The new archdeacon speedily became the Bishop's most trusted counsellor.

Private.

SELSDON, *September 1879.*

MY DEAR CANON,—Only ten minutes since have I received official information of the Order in Council creating the archdeaconry of Kingston-on-Thames, for I had left England before the *Gazette* appeared. I have never had a moment's hesitation as to whom I should invite to accept the post; and I lose not a day in asking you to accept it; premising this, that though it may bring a well-earned distinction, I mean it not to be a sine-cure. Your own great diligence and sense of what the Church claims of her sons would not indeed make it so, without any words from me. But I mean to use my archdeacons a very great deal; and both in the Streatham and Beddington and Barnes deaneries, to say nothing of your own, the Church's work will need both *initiating* and *pushing*; all of which means time, labour and anxiety. Your tact and mellow-heartedness and great experience give me a happy confidence that the fresh task I entrust to you will not be so onerous in your case as it might be with others. May I add that my personal regard for you, while it had and ought to have had nothing to do with the formation of my judgment, adds to my happiness in carrying it out. Your promotion will vacate your honorary stall, and in a few months' time I shall probably relieve you of your rural dean's office. You will have plenty to do without it, when you warm to your work. This, however, is between ourselves. I shall further prefer, please, in case you are disposed to accede to my proposal, that I should make your appointment public myself. I am not quite sure to which college you belong.—My dear Canon, with honest and affectionate regard, I am your sincere friend and brother,

A. W. ROFFEN.

REV. CANON BURNEY.

The letter which follows is to a prominent incumbent in the diocese who often differed from him on debatable matters of Church policy:

SELSDON PARK, *November 4, 1879.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Once for all, never let it be your notion that a shadow of vexation can rest on my mind, because you or

any one else don't happen to agree with me. That would be too unworthy and silly to be possible. The faculty of criticism is most useful ; and, when used with reserve and with a pleasant bracing friendship, is agreeable rather than otherwise to men of sense ; and sometimes is of supreme necessity. The necessary safeguard to it is, perhaps, that it should sometimes be on the appreciative as well as on the depreciating side of things ; and that it should be capable of construction as well as of destruction. Otherwise it gets a man's mind into one groove, which is bad for him, and makes his friends think he is always calling Wolf ! which is bad for them.

Be assured of my true esteem for you, and hearty appreciation of your valuable aid and prodigious activity. I do not pretend I have less human nature, or of a better quality than other people ; and to me, as to everybody else, it is agreeable to find that my views are shared with my friends. But I don't think I am either a bigot or a tyrant, *though I don't want to be a piece of putty* ; and the reason why I ask you to be a member of our Lay Workers' Council is that I wish your views to be represented with freedom and vigour.—Ever your very sincere friend, A. W. ROFFEN.

Evidently reconciliation was in the air ; but as yet "isolation" had not been abandoned, and the Bishop continued firm in his resolve to suppress advanced Ritualism when he had the power.

Among the churches isolated on account of the ritual was St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square. It had become the protagonist of Ritualism in the south of London ; and when, in November, 1877, the failing health of the incumbent, the Rev. J. Going, threatened a speedy vacancy, he had proposed an exchange with the Rev. W. Cay Adams, vicar of Whitechurch. This exchange the Bishop did not see his way to refuse, but he warned Mr. Going that he should "bid Mr. Adams give up the illegal ritual," and that he would have "to decide how he can take on institution the oath of obedience to his Bishop in all things legal and honest, if he means to disobey." When Mr. Adams came for institution, the Bishop pressed the same

point upon him; "he is a manly fellow, and I like him." But he quite declined to alter the ritual, pleading the wishes of the congregation. The Bishop thought he "did not seem very comfortable while taking the oath of dutiful obedience, and rather mumbled the words." To each curate whom he licensed to the church he said emphatically, "I do not sanction Mr. Adams's ritual." In November, 1880, Mr. Adams died; and the Bishop comments: "I found somewhat to my dismay that St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square is in my gift." It was impossible after the Pastoral to appoint a clergyman who would satisfy the congregation and continue the ritual; and the Bishop was confirmed in his resolve to revolutionise the services by finding that the congregation was by no means parochial, and that St. Agnes', Kennington Park, recently built in the immediate neighbourhood, stood with open doors to receive those who were unwilling to accept the altered conditions, and would gain a much-needed reinforcement by their accession. A temporising appointment would please no one, and Bishop Thorold determined to shape St. Paul's, if he could, as a model parish after his own pattern in the heart of South London. For such a purpose he had the very man under his hand in his domestic chaplain, the Rev. E. F. Alexander, and he decided to send with him as senior curate the most brilliant of his younger mission preachers. The ritual should be swept away decisively, and, if necessary, the congregation with it. Having once decided, he acted with his accustomed intrepidity and swiftness. Mr. Alexander accepted the incumbency on the 24th of November, and on Sunday the 28th the Bishop went to preach at St. Paul's.

"I robed in the vicarage close by, where Alexander joined me, and walked to the church; it was not very full at first, but it crowded afterwards. The singing was very good; but the evident feeling of the congregation was hard, and some of the women glared. My sermon was well listened to till I came to where I said the ritual must be discontinued, then there was coughing and interruption. I said gently, 'I would not have believed it

possible; I am sure it is not the congregation of St. Paul's.' Then I finished quietly. There was a crowd about the door and a hissing. When I got into the carriage there were many in the street much excited, and they called names and hissed. Then they ran after us, and voices seemed all round hooting and crying 'Shame! he's no bishop; it will be the end of the Establishment.' One man knocked off my coachman Robert's hat, and then broke one of the windows and tried to break the other, but I let it down in time; the man was dressed as a gentleman. Robert stopped to look for his hat, and a very excited crowd gathered round us. Happily some policemen were there, or I believe we should have been dragged out of the carriage. I had at last to say to Robert, much disturbed about his hat, that if he did not go at once he must leave my house next morning. So off we drove, and I lent him my cap, and we soon escaped from our enemies. One gentleman came out of his house and rebuked the mob, telling them they ought to be ashamed."

Next day he was working as usual, untouched and unshaken by the rude incident, holding interviews and committees and speaking at Rochester, where "certainly the Church feeling towards the Bishop is stronger than anywhere else." But the riot settled matters. "Really ill with all the anxiety," Alexander might hesitate a little about accepting a parish which now threatened its new vicar with so unpleasant a reception. His chief was more resolute than before. The congregation of St. Paul's, indeed, had no share in the disturbance, and indignantly repudiated it in a letter to the Bishop; but everything showed that a concordat could not be arranged which would satisfy at once the Bishop and the worshippers. On the other hand, all the forces in the neighbourhood antagonistic to the late *régime* were now ready to marshal themselves behind Alexander, who was inducted in December. With astonishing rapidity there grew up a great organisation, shaped by the Bishop's counsels and supported by the Bishop's constant presence, which the Bishop himself looked upon as a pattern of wise evangelisation and instruction to that part

of South London. If success is a proof of wisdom, Bishop Thorold never did a wiser act in his life than in his appointment of Mr. Alexander to the vicarage of St. Paul's.

But there was a general chorus of disapproval from the newspapers. Mr. Elsdale of St. John's, Kennington, led the assault by a bitter letter in the *Guardian*; the *Church Review* and the *Church Times* were naturally indignant; the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote, "there is something odious in the way in which an unwelcome minister can now be forced upon a recalcitrant flock"; the *Spectator* said, "Bishop Thorold has made a big mistake," "he has no more objection to breaking up a congregation than a dashing cavalry officer has to charging a square of infantry." He himself dismisses the attack curtly enough: "the newspapers have been throwing pails of mud" is his comment. Two years later he was opening a second new mission-hall in the parish of Lorrimore Square to provide accommodation for the ever-increasing and overflowing congregations who collected to worship God; and now the newspapers were as loud in their praise as they had been in their blame. In his conscience he was thoroughly satisfied with what he had done, and hardly seemed to realise that there had been any want of tenderness in the sudden announcement of "violent revolution in ritual to a congregation suffering from a painful bereavement." He writes:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury thought I had acted wisely in not sending a High Churchman to St. Paul's, also that Alexander was right in not adopting the eastward position; and though I was thought to have acted without tact and with harshness, on ample reflection I still think I did for the best. My judgment never vacillated about it, and I know I thought I was pleasing God."

The year 1881 opened with great searchings of heart: "May God help me this year to live for His glory, to rule my household and train my children in His fear, and to administer my diocese for the well-being of the Church." The children were

a constant source of anxiety as well as of happiness to him ; he settled every detail for his little girls.

“ They are the joy of my life ; its light and rest.” “ People cannot understand how sometimes I feel when the children are ill or apparently neglected, how it seems my first duty to give up all for their sakes. It is no exaggerated expression, but sober reality to say that my love for them is a passion. A child is light, music, and a sort of presence from God.” “ My children were born to me before I became a bishop.” “ I have every thing and every one to settle about, and no one to confide in.”

And again :

“ The father, overweighted it may be with onerous duties, incapable just because of his manhood of being a mother to his daughters, sometimes feels paralysed by the sense of his helplessness about them : silent about his own loss, he is tempted to mourn for his children’s.” *

But his mind was constantly diverted by the calls of the diocese. He says : “ Certainly one helpful feature in a bishop’s life is its incessant variety ;” and he was full of plans for the spread of the Gospel ; cordially welcoming at this time a proposal to take the Surrey Music Hall for evangelistic services, and promising himself to open the campaign by preaching the first sermon.

On the 18th of January, 1881, he was caught at Surbiton in the famous snow-storm which blocked many of the railways out of London. It had been a hard and tiring day of manifold work and he reached Croydon at last, very late, but

“ resolved to walk home, for I felt quite strong, though I had hardly eaten anything since breakfast. I had to husband my strength, feeling the drifts would grow worse as I got homewards. So it happened. On the long open reach between the new grazing farm and the last hill the snow was very deep ; and at the top, not twenty yards from the lodge, I began to despair as

* “ The Gospel of Christ,” p. 140.

I got up to my middle, and the fatigue and cold of walking to that depth through the snow were severe. How glad I was to pass the lodge and walk through the park—no trace of the road—and ring the bell. Wiles (the butler) was amazed to see me. They had quite given me up.”

It was “a walk of two hours,” and he “did not get home till half-past ten.” The next morning he was surprised to find that he had not caught cold. Those who recollect Dr. Thorold’s fragile figure and recall the long laborious climb from Croydon to Selsdon will certainly share his surprise that he achieved the walk without injury.

A few months later he was engaged in a diligent study of the condition of each parish, by the light of the Visitation Returns, in conference with the incumbents summoned in parties to Selsdon. The ordeal was searching, for the Bishop knew every detail of a well-worked parish; and the interviews needed tact, sympathy, and freshness; nor were the clergy always quite congenial: “two very different men came to-day, Dr. F. G. Lee of All Saints’, Lambeth, who told me he desired submission to Rome, and Mr. Allan, who wants a Diocesan Branch of the Church Association”; while his friends would smile at the picture of a well-known Ritualistic clergyman, who, after being catechised, “seemed very happy when I sent him off to the kitchen-garden for strawberries.”

Having thoroughly informed himself as to the condition of the various parishes, the Bishop decided to summon a Diocesan Conference. It was something of a venture to invite the clergy and laity of his heterogeneous diocese to exchange opinions. But his own masterful personality and the success of the Rochester Diocesan Society had already done much to weld together the Kent and Surrey districts; and now a meeting where the diocese as a whole could make its voice heard and realise its unity would in his opinion be invaluable. As Secretary to the Conference the Bishop selected the Rev. Huyshe Yeatman, Vicar of St. Bartholomew’s, Sydenham, and now Bishop of Southwark, who had already had experience in

the matter and on whose capacity and attractive sympathy he entirely relied. The scheme, which was made as democratic as possible, was worked out in consultation with the chief men of the diocese; and Rochester, where the strong Church feeling, the municipal life, and the presence of the cathedral dignitaries gave every prospect of "a gracious and hospitable welcome," was selected as the scene. The Bishop was the guest of the Dean, Dr. Scott.

Bishop Thorold's ripper judgment on the value of a Diocesan Conference is given in a passage from his Charge of 1885, which shall be quoted here :

"A Diocesan Conference binds clergy and laity together in a real and visible concord. It stimulates the interest of the laity in ecclesiastical affairs. It widens the horizon of the clergy in the discharge of their duties. 'Who is there,' asks Thomas à Kempis, 'who has all his own way?' Nevertheless most men wish for it, and many think it their duty to try to get it; and one use of a Conference is that it shows men not only that they cannot get it, but that they ought not always even to wish to get it. That party spirit which we all deprecate in others, but are slow to discover in ourselves, is best prevented and combated by width of knowledge, by community of work, and by stimulating a latent generosity of nature which surprises those who are not utterly buried in self-love with the irresistible conviction that our neighbour, too, is taught of God and used by Him, and that we may borrow from him as well as he learn from us. I am not sure, however, that the Bishop is not helped by it more than any one else; for a Conference introduces into what I suppose all would admit to be the monarchical feature of the episcopal office just enough of the democratic element to inform and strengthen without effacing or coercing it. In the chair of his Conference the Bishop is stirred by the presence and counsel and enthusiasm of his brethen. In the chair of his See he is solitary; few know how solitary. Once a great saint wrote to one called to the office: 'You will feel very lonesome; all high offices make one feel so. God's call to you is to be a pillar round which others twine, rather than a thing meant to lean itself.' Con-

ferences also represent the co-operative principle in the administration of Church affairs, especially in the initiation of plans and institutions. The Bishop, if he is a strong man (and it is in every one's interest that he should be strong), will be careful to remember that he is not only president of a meeting, but bishop of a diocese. While allowing free play to discussion and not too much intruding his own personality, he may occasionally feel bound to give his distinct opinion on matters of moment, to insist on toleration, and to maintain justice."

The impressions of the occasion itself are vividly brought before us by the account given in the diary of this first Conference held on June 30 and July 1, 1881. "If we met as strangers," the Bishop said later, "we parted as friends."

"*June 30.*—I did not sleep well, and could not eat my breakfast, which set me wrong for the day. Cathedral service was at half-past nine : rather long, but very well attended by members of the Conference. I went to the Corn Exchange, and opened the Conference at five minutes to eleven with the Apostles' Creed, then some collects. I read my address, which was kindly received but indistinctly heard. South London came on next. Richardson's paper was too elaborate, and Clarke was kept in the House of Commons, but there was some spirited debating on the general subject. Lord Beauchamp's paper rather fell foul of the bishops for supposed rubrical inconsistencies. But he was very civil, and seemed pleased at having been asked. Bristow spoke particularly well, B—— very foolishly, B—— rashly, Procter characteristically, Mr. Bernays divertingly ; but Cheetham's paper was simply admirable. Brooke Lambert and Stewart spoke on other points afterwards, but under difficulties. I was thankful to get it all over by six, but was far too tired to eat my dinner. I went to the evening conversazione, which was almost crowded, and talked to a great many people, which I hope was useful.

"*July 1.*—I had a good night ; went to early Communion in the cathedral, and celebrated. About one hundred were present. It was very solemn. Then, after breakfast, I called in the Precincts, on Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hawkins, and Hamilton. He looked very feeble. Then I went to the Conference. It was

the morning for open questions. Lord Brabazon had a sharp passage-at-arms with Colonel Geary. We did not get to Temperance or the Sunday question. In the afternoon we had a slight debate on the Education question. Erskine Clarke read an excellent paper. Then followed the devotional addresses; perhaps hardly up to the mark intellectually, but in an excellent tone; and they evidently impressed the meeting. I wound up with a few words, and a layman and the Dean in the warmest and most emphatic manner thanked me for the way in which I had presided over the Conference, and it was very well received. Our farewell service was in the cathedral, and well attended. I left Rochester at seven, and got home at nine. Thank God for all His goodness.

“*July 2.*—I wrote a good many letters, and lounged about in the still heat, with a quiet sense of thankfulness that the Conference is over, and with a certain reaction as to my own profitable share in it.”

The Conference was speedily followed by the first Charge, which summed up the results of four years, and shaped great plans for the future. It was delivered at St. Saviour's on November 11, 1881, when “the clergy,” he writes, “were amazingly attentive, and I do think God will bless it.” On November 19 the newspaper criticisms poured in, “*Church Bells*, fresh and kindly; *Church Times*, contemptuous and savage; *Rock*, a jubilate; *Church Review*, with no notice whatsoever, this I feel meant as kindness.” The *Times* devoted a long article to it, in which it complained curiously enough that the Bishop did not ordain men of inferior education as clergy. The newspapers in general commented upon it at length and mostly with admiration; and it was very widely noticed in America, where, as we shall see shortly, the Bishop now enjoyed a marked measure of popularity. The attention which it excited is best explained by an extract from *Church Bells*:

“It has often been said that Bishop Wilberforce inaugurated a new era of episcopal work; Bishop Thorold may be fairly said

to have introduced a new style of episcopal Charge. The elaborate argumentation and the ponderous sermonising usual in such allocutions have no place in the 'Bishop of Rochester's Charge.' Bishop Thorold is a master of a pointed and perspicuous style, and he has enlivened his Charge with very apt quotations from modern literature, prose and verse, pathetic and even humorous."

The notice gives an interesting summary of the work done :

"The statistics which are to be gathered from the Charge tell a tale of four years' hard work. In those years the Bishop has officiated in no less than 202 of the 291 parishes of the diocese—in many of them several times. He has confirmed 32,819 young folk at 274 confirmations. He gives us a curious statistic, and it is one which implies no little method at his desk, that he has received in these four years 19,527 letters, and has written 13,378 answers with his own hand. He has had 1489 formal interviews in the same period. In the winter of 1880 he met about 10,000 Church workers of the diocese at twenty different centres. Preparatory to his primary visitation the Bishop examined nearly 3000 pages of statistics, and saw 290 clergy in separate interviews to discuss them. The Rochester Diocesan Society (one of the four organisations the Bishop has set on foot, and for which he has worked hard) has received £28,000 in the four years. The Bishop has consecrated eighteen new churches, and sanctioned the formation of sixteen new districts since his accession to the See; but he states that the diocese still seems to need 73 fresh places of worship—viz., 34 churches and 39 mission chapels. The total sum contributed through the offertory in the last year appears to have been about £175,000. The facts thus collected prove that the Bishop has a taste and gift for organisation; and we believe that, except the diocese of Lichfield (which for ten years had the experience of Bishop Selwyn), there is probably no better organised diocese in England than that of which Dr. Thorold is the ninety-eighth bishop."

Canon Liddon wrote about it to him.

CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD,
November 17, 1881.

MY DEAR LORD,—Once more I must thank you for a very kind letter, and for the copy of your Charge which accompanies it. Certainly no clergyman who has any responsibility in London can read such a Charge without very great and painful interest: the problem of how to bring such unwieldy masses of human beings within the scope of our Lord's redemption work always seems to me overwhelming. But if I may mention one point out of many which occur, I should like to thank your lordship for the efforts you are making to rescue St. Saviour's, Southwark, from its present circumstances, and hereafter to make it a central church (of some kind) for the South of London. In this enterprise I know you command the grateful sympathies of a wide circle of Churchmen outside your own diocese.—With my renewed thanks, I am, my dear Lord, yours very truly and respectfully,

H. P. LIDDON.

It will be well to add a few of the more striking passages from the Charge itself:

“Perhaps now you know me well enough to understand that the last thing I propose to myself is the winning of an unanimous assent to all I have to say. A man speaking to men, much more a Bishop to his brethren, owes *them* the respect of crediting them with candour, *himself* the duty of showing it. But I do hope to set you thinking; to give facts which deserve reflection, wants which demand effort, problems which must be faced not shirked, directions that claim respect. One great hope of our time is in the increased kindliness with which Churchmen of all schools face and debate critical controversies.”

Then, after a mass of statistics, and many suggestions for wider effort, he proceeds:

“Nor must we look coldly on Christian working-men to whom God has spoken, and who would pass on His message to their brethren, when, without inviting our co-operation, they still labour at our side. ‘A church is made of all sorts,’ and the Master uses many kinds of servants. Language which we could

not use, for it is foreign and even distasteful to us, may be the only vehicle of divine truth for those to whom they use it. Methods which to us seem dramatic or fanatical, but which attract and seize others, if God uses them, let not us condemn. Oh, I think we need to let the ocean of divine love flow into our small, chilly hearts, and wash out of them what hinders us from a free and vigorous though sober charity. We must learn better that all true Christians have much more in common than apart. We must be content to put aside, for a final settlement, when there will be ample leisure for them, difficulties that can wait till eternity dawns. The dilettante worker may fear to soil his hands through working without his gloves; not so he who is so much in earnest to get something done before death, that, if he cannot try the best way, he will take the second best. Those who, like myself, have all their lives been trying to overtake duties hopelessly beyond them, may be forgiven if they have acquired the habit of welcoming Christian effort anywhere, almost anyhow, if solid and true. Those who have preached in fetid alleys, or spoken of Christ in the steerage of an Atlantic steamer, or sung hymns with emigrants as the chill shadows fell on the darkening ocean, or stood up to speak to navvies, with the desperate conviction that speaker and hearers lived in two different worlds of language and idea, but that it was right to try, will best appreciate the eager attentiveness even in the most unlikely people, that puts our reluctance to quick shame; will encourage others, as well as stir themselves 'by all means to save some.'"

The next chapter is on "Counsels and Directions."

"A grave apprehension possesses me, that comparatively few of us expound with sufficient precision, or press with adequate seriousness, what baptism bestows, implies, and assures. Yet actually it lies at the very foundation of the Christian Covenant; and to water down its vital value as an effectual means of grace into a mere formal admission into Christ's visible body is to rob Christian parents of their irresistible claim on the Divine Fatherhood, and to sap the faith of prayer. Sometimes let the incumbent of the parish take the baptisms himself, instead of

always delegating them to his curates. A special week-day evening service will be found convenient. Let a marked tenderness to the little ones, a holy solemnity in the conducting of the service impress all present with the blessed reality of what is being asked and given. Then parents will no longer go away shocked by slovenliness or chilled by formalism, and the blessing that begins with the child may end in the home."

And further on :

"Especially discountenance the growing habit of deferring confirmation till they can receive it in their own church. Many slip through this delay who would otherwise have attained it. It is not quite fair on the bishop. What is far worse, it practically distrusts the grace of God. As to fitness and age, the Prayer Book apportions the responsibility between curate and bishop."

* * * * *

"Let me advise you to exercise this important discretion, and never to be content with mere mental fitness, unless there are signs of godly purpose and honest self-surrender. Rely on me for using mine. While I desire to give my clergy all *reasonable* liberty in the exercise of their responsibility, I intend for the future never to confirm children under twelve, unless special application has been made to me beforehand, and sanction obtained for their being present. For I am honestly uneasy at the increasing number of children of tender age presented for the rite. Quite appreciating the motives for presenting them early, and conscious that no cast-iron rule is free from difficulties, I still feel that capacity for grace is the one thing to consider, and that in the great majority of cases capacity depends on years."

* * * * *

"Aim at the conversion of the heart. Use eagerly, thankfully, trustfully, this blessed occasion of winning them to the Saviour. Look after them when the rite is over. If possible, use them for Christ. No part of our work so surely or so permanently repays us as this, if our diligence deserve it."

He then takes up the question of evening Communion,

which he declares to be the practice in 100 churches of the diocese; while in London as a whole the number of churches offering evening Communion had increased from 65 in 1869 to 267 in 1880.

"Is it un-Catholic and inconsistent with antiquity? The Blessed Lord Himself instituted it in the evening. For the three first centuries, until it became abused, it was certainly celebrated at this hour. But were this argument ten times stronger than it is, it is not worth a feather's weight in the face of the undoubted liberty of the English Church to decree rites and ceremonies for herself, as and when she thinks proper. Nay, I would eagerly fling all the traditions and decrees of the mediæval time into the Dead Sea sooner than rob one humble soul for which Christ died of the Blessed Sacrament of His Body. Is it inconsistent with that clearness and devoutness of spirit, which the recent partaking of food might be supposed to endanger? Precisely as much so as at a mid-day Communion. The poor have no experience of late dinners. Is it irreverent or slovenly? If it be, it is the clergyman's fault. I have never found it so. But is it *necessary*? From an experience of twenty-four years, emphatically I say *it is*; and while fully appreciating the important experience of those who think otherwise, I claim hearing and respect for my own."*

The next selected paragraphs are on Church Problems.

"Of course there *are* anxieties. There is a plain tendency to develop a new Eucharistic theory, differing not only from the teaching of our own formularies, but from anything that the Catholic Church has ever yet taught or known. No one desires any more public controversy on such a matter; but the awkward interval of liberty recently declared to exist between what a Church formally teaches, and cannot be said to forbid, counterpoises perhaps a good many of the alleged gains from prosecutions, and may have important consequences. If I doubt whether the practice of Auricular Confession is really on the increase in the Church generally, I believe it to be more

* In the Charge of 1885 he speaks in just the same tone.

eagerly pressed, and more diligently practised, by an advanced school among us every year. Though I am certain that they advise and practise it as a help to personal holiness, and that their motives for it are as sincere and lofty as they can be, I am equally sure that from the standpoint of the English Prayer Book they are wrong. Should it ever be found that confession is habitually recommended to young girls before their first communion, a good deal of trouble is at hand."

* * * * *

"Yet how much there is to be thankful for, if we will only look back to see how the Church has grown both in devotion and energy, in unity and self-government, in organisation and resources, during the last fifty years. The dignity and beauty of public worship, in which all schools alike (that one, perhaps, which least expected it) have made a prodigious advance; the clearing of the Church's decks, by legislation and other methods, of the lumber both material and moral, that embarrassed her action and checked her speed; the gradual disentanglement of her formulated theology from the unauthorised additions of divines; the augmented and intelligent reverence for the Word of God, singularly and beyond all expectation indicated during the present year by the interest taken in the Revised Version, and the almost incredible sale of it to all classes of the community; the manly and ungrudging welcome now given by all intelligent believers to physical research, as a handmaid in the Revelation of God, while accompanied, as it ought to be, with a healthy scepticism of scientific chimeras; the astonishing energy of the Church's school-work, which in ten years, that might so well have been years of impotent dismay, has more than doubled the accommodation in her elementary schools, and, unaided by the rates, has provided places for 1,164,293 children, while Board schools have provided places for only 1,082,614, so that at the present time (with the accommodation provided before 1870) our Church—still, you see, the nursing mother of the poor—educates nearly twice as many children as School Boards; the increase to the permanent endowments of the Church, including glebe houses and grants from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Bounty Board, by an amount of £54,000,000 sterling; the increase in the

number of separate benefices from 10,718 to 13,617; the expenditure of no less than £25,548,703 on 8871 new or restored churches since 1840; the eager zeal for the conversion of the indifferent and ungodly, with a profound faith in the grace of the Holy Ghost, as evinced in special home missions; the ever augmenting interest in missions to the heathen; last, but not least, the steady and indisputable and growing approximation of the various schools among us to each other, without compromise of principle or loss of honour; these are grounds of thankfulness for which the most cautious and humble may bless God. Hope is a duty as well as a privilege. It is also a reward. He who forgets to be thankful, may one day find himself with nothing to be thankful for. Cheerfulness and diligence usually go together. When a man is utterly out of heart with himself, and his parish, and the Church, and Almighty God, it may be a paralysis that he has earned."

It was a feature of Bishop Thorold's genius in active Church policy that from time to time he would sound the trumpet loud in the camp of his diocese, organised for the great spiritual war, and, rousing the whole of his forces at once, lead them to some achievement which would give to all a confidence of strength, and to each division a sense of larger unity. He had dwelt emphatically in his Charge on the need for many new churches, especially in the denser and poorer districts of South London. Its publication brought him the opportunity for which he asked. On Christmas Day 1881, Mr. Francis Peek, under the signature of "F." wrote a letter which the Bishop sent to the *Times*, containing this offer: "If within one year the Christian worshippers of South London and its suburbs will come forward and supply the funds for the building of nine churches, I will promise to build a tenth on any site selected by yourself and to hold about one thousand people." Another gentleman speedily offered £2000; the Bishop marked the rising tide and at once floated upon it his Ten Churches Fund. To any one who was acquainted with the poverty of South London, and measured the resources

of that meagre fringe of wealthy suburbs which Canterbury and Winchester had left to their poorer neighbour of Rochester, the demand for £50,000 to be raised by the diocese in addition to its regular contributions for the Diocesan Society, seemed daring and doomed to failure. But the Bishop understood the prestige of success; he knew the effect which such an addition to its parishes, gained at a single bound, would produce upon his clergy and laity. By a constant stream of begging letters poured through the post from Selsdon, by his inspiring oratory in churches on either side of the river, by his vigorous and sagacious speeches supported with well-timed articles in several newspapers, he guided the effort to a complete triumph, and was able in Advent 1883 to announce the completion or commencement of eleven churches, besides that promised by Mr. Peek, and to state that only between £7000 and £8000 was required to clear all liabilities.*

“So let us with stoutness of purpose and grateful trust in God and, if needful, one more effort of sacrifice, get this task out of hand and at once. Our quick success may stimulate effort elsewhere; this duty well done and cheerfully shall earn its reward in being the stepping-stone to another. With this instalment of church building completed, our more urgent needs will have been sufficiently met. Then, after a little rest, we will go to another task full of vital interest for our spiritual work in South London—the complete restoration of St. Saviour’s.”

The bright audacity of the last sentence is thoroughly characteristic of the man, for now he knew that his diocese relied upon his skill, his judgment, his tenacity of purpose; and were hopefully confident that when he had resolved he would achieve. But if the Bishop had always worn a bold

* £47,950, besides Mr. Peek's gift of a fully equipped church, was the actual sum accounted for in the final Ten Churches Report of December 31, 1887. Over and above this, £21,246 had been collected locally for building other churches in connection with this effort. In the ten churches themselves on Sunday evenings the congregations, in 1887, showed a total of 5000, and there were 1715 communicants.

face in public, and never flinched in his determined exertions, the diary shows what a trial this great plan had been to him when he was tired and overworked. On February the 25th, 1882, he writes: "My Ten Churches scheme still scares me, but something in 'Little Women'" (which he was now reading to his children) "gave me encouragement. Perhaps I must take more pains about it than I have taken yet." For taking pains Bishop Thorold was always remarkable. What did he mean by it in this case? He meant, first, that constant and urgent prayer in which he was accustomed to spend a large portion of his day. He meant also that he would persist till he had persuaded every parish in the diocese to take its part; had filled up every Sunday with engagements to preach in important churches in London where the promise of a sermon would secure him the collection; and had written carefully planned letters, asking for subscriptions, to every wealthy person who could be interested in the spiritual needs of the poorest part of the metropolis.

One danger for a time threatened the scheme; it was hard to reconcile the rival claims of the Diocesan Conference and the Diocesan Society to the management of the Fund, and he feared this might cause a serious division; "the heat" at a Conference meeting on May 25, 1882, "is ominous for success at any rate just now," he writes.

But the unity of purpose which emerged from "the heat" had more consequences than the success of the Ten Churches Fund. It exercised a very soothing influence on the ritual disputes. Bishop Thorold was now becoming convinced that the earnest ritualistic clergy had a greater purpose than to establish their influence over sentimental people. He found them his staunch allies in his far-reaching schemes, and oftentimes his best officers in the war against sin and vice and ignorance through the lowest quarters of his diocese. St. John's, Kennington, was one of the "isolated" churches. On August 23, 1883, the Rev. C. E. Brooke, who had succeeded Mr. Elsdale as vicar of St. John's, took over at

the Bishop's request the mission district of St. Michael's, Camberwell, a group of some of the most wicked streets in London. The Bishop obtained for the enlarged parish a grant of £120 a year towards an additional curate. A few letters from the correspondence will show in how cordial and frank a spirit the arrangement was made :

SELSDON PARK, *November 8, 1882.*

DEAR MR. JOINSON,—Mr. Brooke had better write to me his own proposals about taking over your mission district. Does he really contemplate the pastoral charge of the people of your district? For that must go with the mission chapel service. It is like him to undertake it, but I want to be clear as to his understanding what he takes. He would be the last man to wish to see the poor neglected.—Truly yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON PARK, *December 4, 1882.*

MY DEAR VICAR, —Now that you have recovered from the shock of your magnificent victory,* I will write one line about the St. Michael's mission. We have all greatly appreciated your magnificent proposal, which seems to amount to endowing the district. But I don't want to trespass on you so seriously as that, if it is possible to avoid it; and arrangements about St. George's have also to be well considered. Could you come here to dine and sleep some day as soon as possible? It is so much more satisfactory to talk over things than to write. It will be a *real* pleasure to me if we can arrange something to work well in all ways.—Ever truly yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

Rev. C. E. BROOKE.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *July 24, 1883.*

MY DEAR VICAR,—I am unexpectedly prevented from coming to you on Thursday for your prize-giving, which really disappoints me. But I will gladly give a Scripture prize in your boys' school, to be called the Bishop's Prize, as I do in the girls'; and if I can be of service to you with respect to a new development of your

* Mr. Brooke had just been elected to the London School Board with more votes than any candidate in the Metropolis.

middle-class system, which I think you are meditating, and which on public grounds has a great interest for me, let me know, and I will do for you what I can.—Sincerely yours,

Rev. C. E. BROOKE.

A. W. ROFFEN.

If the Bishop was to appoint Mr. Brooke to specially difficult mission work, he could not continue to “isolate” him. On March 15, 1885, he arranged for a confirmation in St. Michael’s Church, now under Mr. Brooke’s control. This apparent change of front he justified in his Charge of 1885 as follows :

“ In the attitude I have assumed towards Ritualism (I trust this is the last time I shall ever have to speak about it), my motive, purpose, and disposition have never changed. My motive (as I explained in p. 43 of my Pastoral of 1878) in not officiating in churches accepting an illegal ritual has been disciplinary ; for I felt I could not condone a violation of the law. My purpose was not so much to abolish existing irregularities (which in this diocese would have been simply impossible), but to prevent their increase. My wish has been to carry out this resolution with as little austerity and as much kindness as I could. I honestly think it has answered. It is quite clear to me that the religious bitterness which was simply blazing when I came to South London eight years ago is greatly mitigated. Certainly not a single proposal has been formally made to me to take proceedings under the Public Worship Act, while there has been a distinct check on the growth of unauthorised ritual. I have had several opportunities of observing a cheerful readiness to act on my advice, have seen nothing of an insolent defiance to authority. In the case of the church of the Transfiguration in Lewisham, and of the new mission chapel in St. John, Kennington (where the advanced ritual of the mother churches has not been introduced), I have gladly gone to my brethren, and either confirmed or preached for them. If this is inconsistency, it is based on a love of justice, and I shall welcome opportunities for repeating it. My own personal feeling about ritual is what it always was. I belong to the Flint Age. But, if I do not care

for it more, I think I fear it less, because a man's voice means much more than his garments, and his doctrine more than his ceremonial. Amid all the clang of turbulent discords and external strife, the Church's need of peace is greater than ever. The true wisdom is for us all, in honest and true charity, to try to understand each other, and to discover the proper instruments for the highest ends.

"Should I ever come to see that my attitude of isolation has done its work through helping to a better appreciation of the reasonableness of discipline, and that the Church can be better ruled and served by my abandoning it, be sure that I shall abandon it with the same sense of duty, and the same determination to stand on my own feet, which induced me in the first instance to assume it.

"My first aim must be to endeavour after that truest though not blatant Protestantism, which best justifies itself by keeping the English Church together. Your first duty may be to be wise enough to see, and strong enough to act on that famous sentence of Thomas Fuller—'Contented to enjoy their own conscience.'

"*'La bonté est le principe du tact, et le respect pour autrui la condition première du savoir vivre.'*—AMIEL."

It was in May, 1886, that he took the final step, and held a confirmation in St. John's Church itself.

"I told Brooke that I felt myself quite consistent in coming to confirm at St. John's; much had happened in eight years, and I felt that the Church had condoned ritual. But I did not want any fuss and wished to come quietly. . . . I am satisfied of the wisdom of no longer keeping aloof from these men."

The policy of isolation was at end. We must now proceed to describe the methods which by 1885 had made the disjointed diocese of Rochester one of the most active and energetic in England, and to examine how its unity reposed upon the universal trust and respect felt for its eloquent and courageous chief, now at the zenith of his vigour and success.

CHAPTER VIII

MACHINERY OF THE ROCHESTER DIOCESE.

The four Societies :—(1) The Diocesan Society : Letters to Mr. Grundy—South London difficulties—The College Missions—The villages—Salvation Army—Mr. Moody—Diocesan Missioner—Letters to Mr. Haslam ; (2) The Diocesan Board of Education ; (3) The Diocesan Temperance Society ; (4) The Lay Helpers' Association : The Diocesan Deaconesses—Letters to Mrs. Gilmore : Organisation complete.

THE Bishop often spoke of his four central Diocesan Societies as the Quadrilateral ; and if we accept the description, we shall be prepared to find that, as in the famous original, so here one fortress played by far the most conspicuous part. The Mantua of the Rochester diocese was the Diocesan Society. But it differed essentially from the great fortress of Italy in being an aggressive rather than a defensive institution. Till the last years of his episcopate Bishop Thorold always refused to allow this Society to undertake the maintenance of parochial clergy. It was intended to fashion new districts out of the overgrown parishes of metropolitan Kent and Surrey by planting a clergyman in some back street, building him a mission-room, then building him a church, finally completing the group with a parsonage house. Further, the Society sent out Biblewomen and Scripture-readers to break up the fallow ground in those portions of the huge undermanned parishes which their overdriven clergy had been

unable to visit. It was therefore essentially an instrument of aggression; and if at the close of the Bishop's reign there were few parishes in a state of neglect, it was mainly owing to his own vigorous onslaught on these densely populated regions, where misery and sin had held their triumphant reign. He was well seconded by the successive organising secretaries.

The appointment and character of the first of these officers have already been recorded. The Bishop had then addressed him in the following terms :

November 26, 1878.

DEAR MR. GRUNDY,—You will receive from me to-morrow evening, or on Thursday morning, the formal offer of perhaps the most important responsible post I could put into a young clergyman's hands, and on the efficient working of which depends the future of our Church's work in South London. It is a post created only yesterday afternoon, that of Clerical Organising Secretary to the Diocesan Society. I can hardly over-rate the importance of the work, and it will require energy, tact, and discretion in no ordinary degree. But I show my confidence in you by unreservedly placing it at your disposal, and I don't think you will disappoint my hopes.

The stipend is £450 a year, including all expenses, and the sooner you can begin the better.

The formal offer added :

Your duties will include the superintendence of the Diocesan Missionaries, Sunday and, if necessary, week-day preaching for the objects of the Society, and the important task of rooting the Society in the diocese by attending public meetings on its behalf, inviting (in co-operation with the clergy of the parish) personal and pecuniary aid towards its funds, and at once forming and consolidating the constituency of annual subscribers.

Other duties may hereafter occur to me, and as President I shall feel at liberty to name them as occasion serves; but I have probably indicated sufficiently the functions of our new officer to enable you to form a judgment as to the nature of the work that has to be done.

Mr. Grundy accepted, and the Bishop wrote :

I am very glad you elect to come. I should say that Croydon would be as central and accessible a place of residence as any. At least, I find it so, and then I should always have you near if I wanted to scold you.

In February, 1879, to the new secretary, who was by that time settled and at work, he wrote again :

I wish you both so much blessing in your new home. How well I remember coming as a curate twenty-five years ago to London ; deep waters have since rolled over me, but the goodness has infinitely overbalanced the affliction. I am full of hope about you. But "the little wife" must have her meek say when you are at express speed.

March 6, 1879.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—Tell Mrs. Grundy I had only two letters from you on Tuesday, and not one to-day, which is a great reaction. Never think you can trouble me about the work. Such trouble I expect and welcome. It is fussiness I dislike : of which I feel you too strong a man to be ever guilty.—Ever yours,

A. W. R.

Mr. Grundy was full of aggressive activity, and sometimes went too fast to please the parochial clergy ; the Bishop would at once hearten and counsel him.

December 16, 1879.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—I make no doubt that your wife has already given you abundant consolation about this little tap on the head ; it is the blesseddest function of a wife. But I must say, in confidence, I think —— has been a little hard on you. But he does not know you as well as I do, with the knowledge that only grows out of warm regard. God teaches us in manifold ways, and when He is most using us, most humbles us.—Yours, with affectionate regards,

A. W. ROFFEN.

February 13, 1880.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—With you I deprecate for the present a simultaneous Sunday. It will come sooner or later, but not yet.

At my twenty Church Workers' Meetings, concluded on Monday, I have well blown the trumpet of the Diocesan Society. Next winter I shall invade the Drawing-room, and in a more subtle way attack the power of the rich. God is blessing us; may we deserve it.—Ever yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

May 11, 1880.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—I believe you think that the only thing in the world I have to do is to write letters about the Diocesan Society. Perhaps you are right. Certainly I always do so at your bidding, though with an occasional growl.

The ship required very skilful steering yesterday. The President's dignity had to be protected against its even appearing that a grant for the mission chapel would be a personal defeat for him, while his authority had also to be maintained in the face of an egregious repudiation of it.*

Certainly no one can say that any undue influence was used to coerce the mind of the Council; and the only speaker whose tone was not happy was Mr. F——.

June 22, 1880.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—I think it inexpedient, when you write to rural deans or others on the Society's business, to correspond on post cards. Occasionally for a date, or a small detail they are admirable. But I very seldom use them, and recommend this practice to you. Moreover, I think that the arrangements for our garden parties, which are important, should be done in a less perfunctory way than by post-cards. As a rule, people when they are asked to give themselves a good deal of trouble expect that a little trouble should be taken with them.

Have you arranged anything about Mr. L.? Of course you have not written to him on a post-card. He would not like it, and it would be a want of respect.

* This refers to a building grant asked for by Mr. Elsdale, of St. John's, Kennington, and refused at the instance of the Bishop.

December 14, 1880.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—1. I hope you and the *placens uxor* and the cherub will come here as usual on New Year's Day for our little service and a good luncheon afterwards.

2. One thing is quite clear, that the little Elsdale difficulty in the spring did not do us one bit of harm. And a man's doing what he feels to be his duty never does, and never will do him harm, if he does it constantly, kindly, justly, and in the fear of God.

December 9, 1881.

DEAR SECRETARY,—We did famously at Lee on Sunday morning—nearly £150. Now I shall try to get in at Christ Church (Lee). Mr. Holbrooke (of Blackheath) wants me again, and I mean to go.

The work is opening and growing; but if you knew the terrible anxieties and cares I have, and that no one else knows of, you would feel what a counterpoise and hidden discipline God provides. I often think of the *blessed* rest of the grave.

July 27, 1883.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—I will think about what you say. But, quite honestly, much as I delight in preaching to children, I don't feel to succeed in it. It exhilarates me too much and rather upsets that balance of bright but composed quietness which ought to distinguish episcopal deliverances in whatever place. Perhaps if I came to sit at your feet for a time, I might learn to do better.

November 22, 1884.

MY DEAR GRUNDY,—Sometimes you send me three letters in one day, which is perhaps *sufficient*. Sometimes you don't write at all, which is insufficient when anything has been happening. Do tell me about the Cambridge meeting. I want to know more. Was there any enthusiasm—and is it likely to be kept up?

How I wish you had told me sooner about the Wellington College Mission. It is a pity. However, it is something that you have already moved. One lesson from the multiplying years is to learn that haste sometimes means unbelief and that God's heart is ruling.

March, 1885.

MY DEAR GRUNDY,—The ——— fort must be stormed. As, however, I have just been reading in the Sermon on the Mount, “Judge not and ye shall not be judged,” I restrain my pen.

Nothing could set more distinctly before the reader’s mind the intense interest which the Bishop showed by word and deed in the work of the Diocesan Society than these excerpts from the letters of seven years to its organising secretary. But the growth of the Society’s income had been disappointing. The Bishop had dreamed of £20,000 a year; he had not obtained £10,000. To his mind, full of the overwhelming needs of South London, the work advanced all too slowly.

An observant person walking through South, East, West, or North London is most forcibly impressed by the rapidity with which many newly built districts degenerate. The little streets, bright and cheery at first with their well-trimmed windows and their signs of comfort, become in a few years dingy and barely respectable; a few years more, and the houses are falling out of repair, and in every direction there are signs of indigence. Thus in numerous parishes, inhabited for some years, many of the clergy were losing heart as the tide of poverty surged outwards and they found the sources of parochial income on which they had been able to rely dried up on the departure of the well-to-do into the further suburbs. Churches once well-frequented and popular were denuded of worshippers, and the houses occupied by a class of people who had no church-going customs and needed to be drawn back to worship by those novel methods which could hardly be learned by middle-aged incumbents. Besides, in these districts want of worshippers and want of money interacted upon one another. Bright services require expenditure, and there was nothing to spend.

In other neighbourhoods miles of new streets were being swiftly erected, and there were no churches and no clergy to welcome and invite the new comers. The following letter illustrates Bishop Thorold’s anxieties :

SELSDON PARK, CROYDON,
August 1, 1882.

DEAR MR. CUBITT,—What moves me to be so pertinacious, assured of your indulgence, is the *delay*. It will be two or three years before we can suitably move about St. Saviour's restoration, for we have just been quietly raising £3000 for the Act and for paying off the debt on the nave, and I must give them a little rest till this is forgotten.

But the work of the living Church *cannot wait*, and ought not to. Two of these Battersea mission chapels have been at work for years, and the work wants pushing. Every year of delay indurates the spiritual indifference of the people, and makes openings for Nonconformist zeal, and gives the public-houses and Bradlaughism a great vantage-ground, and justifies Salvation Armyism. Do glance at the little paper I enclose. It will show you that our foundation work in Battersea needs building upon, and that the living Church needs a visible and permanent home.
—Ever most truly yours,
A. W. ROFFEN.

And again, these extracts from a stern rebuke to an unsuccessful missionary clergyman working under the Diocesan Society exhibit the eagerness of the man :

“The district is still a fallow field. Eleven years is long enough time for a man to show if he is in possession of the peculiar gifts required to start a new district. Dissent may soon be expected to come in and occupy the parish. The post must become harder and harder for a successor. Is it right, I ask, in the sight of God, whom you serve and who has committed these souls to your keeping, that you should go on occupying a place which plainly you are not qualified to fill, and thereby excluding some one who might with fresh insight and unquenched zeal take the work in hand and do it?”

“He who does not till the ground cumpers it. Presently, when it is too late to get it answered, the awful question may be put to you : Where is the flock that I gave thee, thy beautiful flock ? Before it is too late to get it answered, I, your Bishop, in all kindness, but from a deep sense of duty, put it to you now.”

But while he was severe to the indifferent and indolent clergy (happily few and far between), and sometimes impatient with those who had failed from lack of power rather than from want of love, nobody appreciated more highly the uncomplaining devotion of the large majority of the clergymen set to minister in back streets to those South Londoners "who seem," as he said, "to be left in a great and dark backwater with no one to care for their existence." And how characteristic is this passage, addressed in Lambeth Chapel to his fellow bishops, whom he is entreating to encourage and hearten their clergy in the dull routine of their lives :

"We, the Church's appointed rulers with rights and privileges and functions assigned to us by law, entrusted with patronage which means real power both for justice and kindness, and with public resources, which, but for the heavy calls on them, might be described as opulence, certainly are in striking contrast with the sometimes sordid poverty of many of our brethren, who, working as hard as we do, have so much less to cheer their monotony and to requite their sacrifices."

No one recognised more gratefully than he the work being done throughout his diocese both by clergy and laity : but in all directions he saw the necessity for stir and effort.

"My eye," he writes to Archdeacon Burney, "I might say both my eyes have long been on ——. I hope soon to do something more than gaze ; just now the web is a little ravelled, but it will be unravelled if we think and wait —two rare things."

"Can he preach ? Does he visit ? Would he be a pastor ?" are the three laconic questions put by the Bishop to the archdeacon about a clergyman recommended for a vacant parish which needed rousing. At another time his determination comes out to get at the true condition of things : "I am meditating a midnight walk among the London slums ; it won't be very respectable, I fear." Or he vents his indignant impatience at being powerless to improve where improvement

is most urgent : "Don't think of going near ——. He always reminds me of the Pope in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' gnashing his teeth and unable to bite. He has given vast and almost despicable trouble"; and again, "that parish is the very Slough of Despond"; and "he and his parish drive me to despair." Thus does the impetuous, eager man, impulsive to the extreme in his private utterances, chafing at incompetence or idleness, still recalling with delight his campaign in dark St. Giles', and longing to inspire his subordinates with his own fiery spirit, come before us on the pages of letters and of diary at the meridian of his vigour, battling for the souls of the millions committed to his charge, hindered everywhere by the lack of money and the sluggishness of men's minds.

Another source of invaluable help had, however, poured its refreshing streams over some of the desert parishes of South London. The Bishop of Bedford's* stirring summons had already aroused colleges and public schools to organise mission work in the East End. Now overtures were made to South London. "Deo gratias," writes the Bishop to Mr. Grundy, "but I can't act on hearsay. When the college formally proposes to me to institute a mission in my diocese I shall be only too glad to offer them bed and board." St. John's College, Cambridge, led the van in storming South London "fortresses" of sin and ignorance. On November 23, 1883, the Bishop was having an interview with their proposed missionary. "I liked him and think him good and earnest; but is he strong enough for the post, especially for attracting and advising young gowmsmen?" The next day he was staying at St. John's, preaching in the University Church, and in the evening addressing "a gathering of undergraduates and some dons concerned in the Walworth Mission. It seemed to interest them; and I begged them to ask questions. I quite think it did good and helps the start." Next day "some undergraduates loudly applauded" him at a temperance meeting in the Guildhall. The St. John's Mission was promptly

* Bishop Walsham How, now Bishop of Wakefield.

opened in a very neglected part of Walworth, under the devoted missionary Mr. Phillips. Its first home was a room. Its growth was rapid. In 1889 the Church of the Lady Margaret, with a vicarage and a fully equipped parish, had grown out of this small beginning.

On January 31, 1884, "I brought Le Bas, preacher at the Charterhouse, home with me. He hopes to help us with a Carthusian subsidy in South London. I am to propose two or three localities"; and on May 30 "I saw Le Bas, who thinks the Carthusian Mission will float. They have £400 a year promised. I hope they will get the right man." He was soon found in the person of the Rev. J. G. Curry; and the mission was started among the thieves and beggars of Tabard Street, Southwark.

On November 22, 1884, he writes: "There is a meeting of Wellington College men at Lambeth Palace to-day to consider about establishing a mission in London. I hope they will come to South London." By the end of the year they had chosen Walworth for their operations. Clare College, Pembroke, and Corpus Christi, Cambridge, followed suit. An undergraduate of the day, now Vicar of a great South London parish, describes how the fire was kindled;

"Those who were undergraduates at Cambridge, in the years from '83 to '87, or thereabouts, will remember the remarkable wave of interest in poorer London which passed over the University, with results which have lasted till now, and show no signs of decay. I speak of undergraduates, for the movement was distinctly an undergraduate one, to which fact its stability is probably owing. The 'dons' were no doubt sympathetic; but they followed, they did not lead, and in some cases followed slowly, and without much confidence. I think I am quite right in saying that the first impulse came from Toynbee Hall. That fired the train. But it was, to use the cant phrase, the psychological moment, and I daresay if it had not been Toynbee Hall anything else would have done equally well. But be that as it may, the direction which this impulse took was not towards

Toynbee Hall, nor to the setting up of similar houses elsewhere. It took one direction, and one only—that, namely, of distinctly church missions on parochial lines, and all of them to the poor parts of Bishop Thorold's diocese. It would be absurd to pretend that the very great needs of South London were not the main cause of this. But great needs only too often remain unnoticed and unknown, unless some striking and appropriate statement of them is made. And it was due in no small measure to the personality of Bishop Thorold, and to the way in which he appealed to undergraduates, that South London reaped the entire benefit of the movement; and that what might well have been a spasmodic and sentimental effervescence, came to be a genuine and lasting effort. There was no lack of competitors to reap such a harvest. Dr. Walsham How was still Bishop of Bedford, and every one knows what that means. Toynbee Hall had its eloquent and attractive advocates in large numbers. But Dr. Thorold, with South London behind him, and, be it added, the Rev. C. H. Grundy, then organising secretary to the R. D. S., as his lieutenant, swept the board.

“How did he do it? I confess that it is extremely difficult to say. A man less likely to attract Cambridge undergraduates is not readily to be imagined. He was an Oxford man to begin with—that was against him. He did not appeal to our sense of reverence for learning, or athletics. Neither had he any of that charm of manner, that winning grace of dignity and simplicity combined, which young men are so quick to love. In fact, to be quite frank, he had the very reverse. But instead of trying to explain, I will narrate. This is what he did at Pembroke, and this is how he appeared to us.

“We undergraduates there had determined to do something in the way of philanthropy. John's had started, so had Clare. Trinity was on the move. But we were not unanimous as to what we should do. Many were attracted by the breadth and culture of Toynbee Hall. Others felt that the Old Church was broader and more attractive, and a better-^{tried} instrument for raising men. We had debated sharply and keenly, and by a good majority decided for Church and South London. Subscriptions came in fairly well, the minority loyally joining in.

Yet those of us who had our fingers on the pulse of the movement knew it to be neither very steady nor very strong. In fact, we had reached the critical stage when sentiment and novelty pass away, and the anxious question has to be asked: 'What sort of calming down will come—will things quiet down into indifference or into steady conviction?' And we were in that condition when Bishop Thorold came to pay us a visit. Humanly speaking, everything depended upon him, what he said and the impression he made. He was to preach in the college chapel on Sunday morning, and those who knew how critical things were, and had the interest of the mission at heart, when the time for the sermon drew near, were anxious indeed. He was sitting by the Master at the west end, and he was to preach just inside the sanctuary gates, for there is no pulpit. Consequently he had to go the whole length of the chapel, and every eye was on him as he moved slowly to his place during the hymn. What a figure he made! He walked with the mincing step of the worst school of deportment. The impression of that walk is never to be forgotten. A figure more hopelessly out of key with its surroundings can hardly be conceived. The chapel is severe to absolute plainness. Its oak-panels are uncarved; its windows are innocent of any colour; its walls are without decoration. Two great pillars of rare and beautiful marble are its sole and very stately ornament. And when at length he took his stand between them, and waiting for the hymn to finish, preened his feathers, so to speak, he had jarred on every nerve one possessed, played every false note that could be played, and turned every anxiety into despair. If it had been a very ornate building, it might not have seemed so bad, but in that chapel it was intolerable. It did not seem possible that he could do any worse, yet he did. He gave out his text 'I am a debtor' four times, with nods of the head to this side and that side, and tricks of voice and manner, which, like his progress up the aisle, aimed so pretentiously at dignity and effect, that some smiled in derision, some in contempt, but no one in sympathy; no one was impressed. Then came the sermon. It lasted for over half an hour. But long before the end, before, indeed, he had spoken for ten minutes, he had us all in hand, the mission in train, and

ere he finished, he had done all that the warmest supporter of the movement could have hoped. Yet it was not, it is not even now, obvious where the quality that thus ended the crisis exactly lay. It was not a learned sermon, neither was it eloquent, nor was the Bishop's power his style then or ever. It was thoughtful, but we were all more or less accustomed to thought. Yet why aim at subtle analysis? This, at least, was clear, that he *cared*—cared for the diocese, cared for the neglected parishes, and, above all, cared that *we* should undertake the work because of the blessing that would accrue to us in and from it. We felt that he was the leader we wanted. We had aimed at philanthropy and we had found a philanthropist, in the proper literal sense of the word; and such philanthropists have a dominating quality, which speaks straight to every one who has not lost all freshness of ideal. Perhaps the sharp contrast between what he said and the way he said it; the fresh, simple freedom of the one, the elaborate studied mannerism of the other, only heightened the effect. But he got the effect; and, to many of us, the words 'I am a debtor' have an abiding width of meaning which has affected other things beside the college mission.

"The next day he spoke again at a meeting in the old library, with more freedom, naturally, and some of that odd humour of his. Then he passed from our ken. Soon the undergraduates who heard him all went down; but he had impressed them so deeply, that they in turn impressed it on their successors, that the maintenance of the mission is the duty of every one in residence. To subscribe to it has become as much a tradition as to subscribe to the Boat Club—a kind of thing which no self-respecting man may omit. Long may this tradition flourish. But it was Bishop Thorold who made it possible."

Soon after, Trinity College, Cambridge, took possession of one of the largest and poorest parishes, St. George's, Camberwell, which speedily became the rival of its neighbour, St. Paul's, Walworth, in missionary vigour and wide extension of spiritual work. He had heard of this project first when he was ill at Torquay in 1885. "The news about Trinity comes (not a temperance metaphor) like a bottle of port wine to a

weak man. I thank God, and take courage. Anything to help ——'s parish. It fills me with despair, he may live twenty years." *

The Bishop was on the alert lest the enthusiasm should become flat, and maintained its freshness by constant attention to the fountain head. In November, 1886, he is again at Cambridge, and

"went to a capital meeting of the supporters of the Pembroke Mission in the old Library. Several Dons were there. Sturges, the missionary, spoke for an hour in a downright, straightforward way with some humour and no unction. I addressed the meeting for ten minutes tolerably. The mission is a decided success, and the men like Sturges, thank God."

The next day he is at

"a nice lecture room in Clare, very fairly filled with young men, very enthusiastic, and believers in King (the missionary). A young clergyman who had been taking duty at the mission spoke very well. I addressed them for half an hour, which was quite long enough for them."

The day following,

"the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge (Dr. E. H. Perowne) called for me and we went to his house. Mr. Cecil Raikes, the Postmaster-General, was with him. We robed and went into the chapel, which was filled with young men in their surplices—a touching sight. I preached, was well heard and rather enjoyed it."

The same evening he was at St. John's.

"The chapel was crammed, a very inspiring sight. I preached and got on fairly. Then at 9.30 we went into a lecture-room which was comfortably filled with an enthusiastic audience—Mayor, Rudd, and others there; I think also Mr. McAllister. Canon Whitaker spoke very nicely, then Francis (one of the missionaries).

* This does not refer to St. George's, Camberwell.

who was capital and made an excellent impression, then Palmer, and I closed with half an hour's talk. We pressed the building of the church. Altogether this has been a blessed and instructive day."

This was Sunday. On Monday he was at his usual work in London.

In January, 1887, he was at Trinity College.

"I am in the little room called Camera Magistri, where Whewell died. He asked to be brought to the window to take one more look at the College. At nine we had the meeting in the Hall. About 80 undergraduates there out of 640. The Master made an admirable introductory speech, then an undergraduate, then Norman Campbell (the missionary), a little frightened and wooden at first, but he soon thawed and ended very impressively. Then I came and felt I had not much time, but I said all I wanted in a compressed form.

"Butler's kindness has been something wonderful."

Next day he preached in the Trinity Chapel, and was hopeful about Caius College starting a mission. Constant visits to each of the missions, and frequent invitations bringing the mission clergy to Selsdon, kept alive the spiritual fervour of the workers.

In his Charge of 1885 he expresses his "great expectations" from this new method of attack upon poverty, ignorance, and sin.

"It will bring about happy and personal contact between the bright side of life and the shadowed, between the buoyant gladness of the young men who from time to time will come down to visit the missions, and the opaque dull lives of countless toilers who from one year to another never gaze on the verdure of summer-time, nor feel the spray of the tossing sea. It means to those who have never yet been called to bear the burdens, or bow under the sorrows of actual life an opportunity of measuring the chasm that divides the extremes of English society into two alien worlds, and of bridging it over with simple kindness. One

of the happiest signs of times which need something to make one cheerful about them is the moral and social revolution that is secretly transforming many of the young gentlemen of the upper class in the appreciation of their personal responsibilities for the millions.

“Sociableness is the breakwater of Revolution. In most cases our young friends will get more than they give, and in a commonwealth regenerated by truth, elevated by example, softened by kindness, surprised by justice, a new England may presently be born, as lofty as the England of Elizabeth, as virtuous as the England of Cromwell, as prosperous as the England of Walpole. ‘We are saved by hope.’”

None of this organisation had any direct bearing upon the parochial life of the country districts. Later on, in Winchester diocese, the spiritual progress of the villages became a very favourite subject of study, and he formed many plans for their welfare. While he was Bishop of Rochester he was constantly in the villages for confirmations and other functions, and was most desirous to encourage and help the clergy, though the diocesan equipment was chiefly for the town parishes. In his Charge of 1881 he wrote:

“On my brethren, the country clergy, the monotonousness of whose duties must sometimes dishearten them, as the illiterateness of their hearers may tempt them to think that pains and learning are thrown away, I would impress this—that no work needs more skill, shall receive more blessing than theirs, if done faithfully. Their Master watches them, though they seem forgotten by men. Passing the other day through a remote country district, I observed a field of vegetable seeds ripening for the market. It seemed a parable. A country pastor should grow seed as well as sow it, not only for his own flock but for others, by thoughtful preaching, diligent study, and holy life. A stone that is fit for the wall is never left in the road. It is hard to get rid of disappointments which you recall every day, and of vexations that meet you when you go out at your gate. A London clergyman, when some unusual anxiety troubles him

(there are of course other consolations) can put on his hat and walk down Oxford Street. When he comes home the trouble is still there, but it looks different. There is no Oxford Street in the Hundred of Hoo."

During these years, two great efforts outside the Church to stir the spiritual life of London had evoked his sympathy; and he had taken some pains to study their usefulness. On June 15, 1882,

"we went to a Hall in Camberwell for a Salvation Army meeting. About 500 were there, many quite roughs; young girls and lads, not too modest. The addressees were just talking, one woman—it did not seem at all strange that she should speak—spoke simply and naturally, and evidently felt the devil a very real and personal foe. The singing was excited and meant to be. There was no attempt at making people reverent or quiet. They were talking and laughing all round. On the whole there was much less eccentricity than I had expected. Indeed it was almost dull. The quality of the people struck me most."

And he visited the Oxford Street Salvation Army Barracks on June 27, 1882.

"The place was full, the people of a different social class to that at Camberwell, but the meeting was more edifying and devotional. A youth on the platform who took part was really intelligent and earnest; perhaps a little self-confident."

On July 15 he discussed with his lay preachers and readers, in the light of this experience,

"the work of the Church in relation to the carrying out of the purposes and objects of the Salvation Army by methods and instruments of her own. Ransford* was dead against the Army; most of the laymen were for it on the whole. There was a good discussion."

In February, 1884, Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in

* Vicar of St. Jude's, Brixton.

England; and he attended one of their meetings at New Cross on the 18th.

“The Hall holds 5200 and was packed. In front all were working men of the right sort. I shook hands with both Moody and Sankey. Moody asked me to pray, but I did not feel inclined. The singing was delightful. His address on copying Christ had a rough power in it, but it did not impress me as being one of his best.” “On the 24th Moody came to breakfast at Selsdon. We all thought him thoroughly honest and free from cant and most practical. He cannot abide the Salvation Army. I took him round the gardens, which pleased him.”

But neither of these two movements was likely to prove of value to Church work in South London. They were too exciting in their effects, for the edification of a steadfast Christian life; and their leaders held aloof from any practical alliance with the Church. Something, however, could be done by missions in parish churches and mission rooms. These the Bishop steadfastly encouraged. In Advent 1882 he himself undertook such a mission at St. John's, Horselydown, in Southwark. And in 1885 he proceeded to organise this form of work on a larger and more regular plan by appointing a diocesan missionary who was to live near Selsdon and pay visits to such parishes as the Bishop should himself indicate. The Bishop defended the system of missions in his Charge of 1885 as follows:

“Not for one moment would I deny, or even extenuate, the actual inconveniences, and the possible hindrances that may result from evangelistic services undertaken lightly, done rashly, repeated unwisely, followed up negligently. They do interfere with the regular parochial system; they do unsettle some people permanently; they do make others discontented with the Church's quiet and sober ways. Some who are stirred grow colder than ever afterwards; some who have a fervour of conversion scandalize the Church and wound their own souls by presently falling away. But some of these results do not so much

matter in the light of what compensates for them ; others are in the nature of things, and we must be prepared for them, unless we never mean to make any special efforts for Christ. Some indicate an actual gain, others are incidental to all activities and ventures of the Church's enthusiasm. In truth, it is the law of all mission work, whoever conducts it, whether within or without the Church, that the first excitement must evaporate ; it is not therefore of necessity wasted or insincere. Also observe that if the usual result of such work should be found to be, as I confess I have almost always found it, rather a quickening and deepening of the spiritual life of godly people than the calling in in large numbers of people outside the Church's reach into the enjoyment of her ordinances and the confession of her Lord—all it means is, that this is the wise way in which it pleases God to bless and own and deepen her work. The clergy of South London are stirring to mission work. Who would daunt them ? who would not rather cheer their hearts and strengthen their hands ? Overmuch fastidiousness paralyses us in the end for any real effort. We wait ; we think ; we weigh. The opportunities pass and life is gone."

A letter to Mr. Cubitt explains how he raised the funds for the missionary's salary.

SELSDON PARK, CROYDON,

December 16, 1885.

DEAR MR. CUBITT,—St. George's, Camberwell, is about to be vacated, and I see no reason for asking for a renewal of the Curate Grant made out of the Fund in your hands under the present exceptional circumstances, especially as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have granted an endowment of £200 a year out of the Common Fund.

I am about to try to start a diocesan missionary, such as is now employed in the dioceses of Canterbury, Durham and Lichfield. His function will be (entirely under my direction) to take missions, visit difficult parishes, preach, lecture, advise and sympathise, where his services are welcome, and to do a very important work in stirring up the sleepy, encouraging the desponding, and strengthening the weak.

But he must be paid. I am raising from a few wealthy friends in the diocese, (I should have said "am trying to raise") the needful salary of £400 a year. Little enough. I should have liked to make it £450, to provide a house. Do you think that Sir W. Farquhar and yourself would give me the £50 a year, which is lapsing, towards this really practical and admirable object? I have found the man, and only want the money.—
Most truly yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

P.S.—I do not know what the income of the Fund is still in your hands.

The following letter on the same subject brings out the business side of his keen nature, and shows that he had hoped to found a canonry for the missionary:

SELSDON PARK, CROYDON,
January 4, 1886.

DEAR MR. CUBITT,—As it will take some little time to draw up a scheme for an endowed canonry, might it not be well out of the accrued dividends to buy £200 more Brazilian stock to make it up to £3000—which will produce an income of £150 a year? This, I apprehend, will be placed at my disposal to go towards the maintenance of the diocesan missionary, until the canonry is formed and endowed under a scheme sanctioned by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

When I have a reply from you to this effect, I can at once proceed with the important business in hand.—Ever yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Rt. Hon. G. CUBITT, M.P.

P.S.—I think that the Brazilian dividends are payable January and July. So a dividend should be due now.

Pray accept my sincere and hearty good wishes for the New Year. I am to sail for Mexico on January 14.

A few letters to the Rev. J. H. Haslam, who was appointed diocesan missionary, will show his duties and his relations with the Bishop.

BISHOP'S LODGE, JAMAICA,
March 5, 1886.

DEAR MR. HASLAM,—My prayers have been continually offered up for you ever since I left England, that a great blessing may rest on the work you have undertaken for us, and that you may have a cheering and hearty welcome from the diocese. Before I left home I sent to be set up in type for the *Chronicle* (as the best kind of formal introduction of you and explanation of your proposed work that I could think of) the letter you wrote to me at my request, setting forth the spirit and motive in which you are coming to us, and also a letter from myself—a copy of which there was not then time privately to send you—in acknowledgment of your letter, and also to let the diocese clearly see what is and what is not the nature of the new function you have undertaken. I think that together they will do good, and make your way ready before you. They may appear in the April *Chronicle*. That will depend on the editor. What I have suggested, in the way of your writing to me from time to time about your work, is entirely at your own discretion, of course. But my interest in your work as it begins and grows will be very great.

I hope to be at home before Easter. We must try to meet as soon as possible.—Ever most truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON PARK, May 19, 1888.

MY DEAR HASLAM,—I was dead beat that day, really felt afraid of coming. But my heart was with you. I sent you a telegram the first thing in the morning to prepare you for my not coming. Of course we will have a good talk over the coming work. I sometimes think you go in rather for quantity than quality, and that your list of services should be more flexible than it is from the standpoint of the great variety of parishes. What two great localities can be more different than Bermondsey and Kenley? Yet your programmes are not so very different. Have a good holiday; it is all gain to the work in the end. Let me know when you want to come.—Ever affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

LONDON, *August 1, 1888.*

MY DEAR HASLAM,—By all means take the extra week. I think it conscientious of you to ask for it. The Kennington and Cliffe missions interest me much. I am not clear about the time proposed for the revisit to Christ Church, Purley. It seems a little long; you know best. The additional week at Strood also seems enough. I always like to hear of your going to Gravesend. If you can strengthen Mr. Rae all round by your mission to his church and people, you will do excellent service. If I go to Folkestone next week, while my young landlady is at Selston for her honeymoon, I may get a peep of you at Dover. The Lord be with you, night and day.—Ever affectionately,

A. W. ROFFEN.

One more will remind the clergy of the little spicy notes they used to get:

SELSTON, *October 30, 1889.*

MY DEAR HASLAM,—I think you are old enough now to have your head. Do as you like, only let me know.—Affectionately,

A. W. ROFFEN.

The second fortress of his Quadrilateral was the Rochester Diocesan Board of Education. To this side of diocesan work the Bishop always devoted a very large proportion of his time. He was disappointed that the smallness of the Board's income grievously curtailed its influence.

In the country districts the maintenance of Church schools was comparatively easy since, under the terror of the evergrowing burden of the school rate in Board school districts, the better-informed inhabitants gladly helped the clergy to keep out a School Board. But in London the strain on the Church was severe. Hemmed in by Board schools, which were equipped lavishly at the cost of the ratepayer, the Voluntary schools were fighting a most difficult and disheartening battle. Still it was evident that the parishes in which the Church had the strongest hold over the people were exactly those where the schools had been maintained at any cost.

The severity of the conflict made the battle one in which every one fought for himself. Struggling to exist, each parish had hardly time or breath to give succour to its neighbours. Thus it came about that the Education Board could do little but sympathise, counsel, and examine. It supplied diocesan inspectors of religion, and, by the Bishop's thoughtful prevision, an organising master whose function was to help the managers in raising their schools to the highest attainable standard of efficiency. The contest, though exhausting, had not been unsuccessful. Between 1881 and 1885, 3976 school places had been provided by the Church within the diocese; and only 579 (at Woolwich) surrendered to the Board. "In no department of our diocesan work," said the Bishop, "do I take a keener interest than in our education work." If only he could get the necessary money, he would help the struggling schools and increase the schools for the middle classes.

"Our schools are part of our pastoral work, almost the best part of it. There, at least, we are sure of a welcome—there we can till and sow with the seed that endureth to everlasting life. There no one shuts the door in our face, or can gag our lips in delivering the Church's message. Surely any effort is worth making to retain our hold upon the schools."

To the experienced pastor it was clear that to surround the young with a religious atmosphere, to make them feel themselves from their earliest years a part of the great Church of God, on weekdays as well as on Sundays, was the surest method of binding them to Jesus Christ.

The Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was the third fortress of his Quadrilateral. It was becoming, as the years went on, more and more an aggressive institution, aiming at the rescue of drunkards by the spread of total abstinence—a piece of asceticism which the Bishop himself practised to the astonishment of some Roman monks, who assured him, when he visited their convent, that "this went beyond the strictest rule of the strictest order." The society

was established on the dual basis; but the year 1885 saw the moderate section shrink to 2611 members, while the abstaining section had grown to 10,547. The police court missionaries were doing an excellent work with arrested drunkards, and were well supported by the parochial societies. The movement was so full of life, that its leaders required cautioning.

“The only apprehension of thoughtful people will be that there may be a little danger of passionate and crude legislation, too much in advance of public opinion, and roughly inconsistent with the legitimate freedom of individuals. In which case we may lose the persevering efforts of fifty years by the rashness of a single night.”

In this society, also, finance was a constant anxiety. The note following will show the Bishop's determination to keep the committee from over-spending :

SELSDON PARK, *December 13, 1887.*

MY DEAR GENERAL,—As long as I have you about the place, and keeping that keen eye of yours on things, I am content. I must have one faithful watchdog, who can growl as well as smile.—Ever yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

General ERSKINE.

The fourth fortress, the Lay Helpers' Association, somehow failed to exercise the effect expected from it in the warfare of his diocese. Few of the more zealous laymen were desirous of the Bishop's licence: few of the more vigorous incumbents cared to obtain an episcopal commission for their lay workers; they preferred that these should depend immediately on themselves. The meetings of workers were, however, still very much appreciated; and in all parts of the diocese the Bishop was sure of an enthusiastic audience, which hung on his lips as he uttered his pointed phrases of experienced advice, exhortation, reproof, and encouragement. The Association itself was of little importance.

But there were now other institutions which had begun to play at least as important a part as some of the societies. Foremost of these was the Diocesan Conference, a body to which the younger incumbents eagerly valued the honour of election; and in which the laity gratefully felt they could make their voices heard. Every two years this body assembled for a two days' session, while in the alternate year one day's meeting was found to be sufficient. It was before this representative assembly that the Bishop usually brought the larger diocesan schemes which he was evolving. The Ten Churches Fund, the Deaconess Institution, and the restoration of St. Saviour's among other plans first became known to the diocese in conference assembled. There the Bishop could feel its pulse and learn its wishes.

To the diocesan organisation, the establishment of the Deaconess House was the last stone which he was allowed to add. It belongs to this period, since the scheme was prepared and ready in 1884. Now such an institution has two needs if it is to prosper; a devout and capable woman *within*, who can rule and be loved, and an inspiring religious teacher *without* to give it life. The teacher was found by the Rochester deaconesses in Bishop Thorold. The devout and capable woman Bishop Thorold thought he had discovered in Miss Martin, who died suddenly at Selsdon August 31, 1885. He writes of her :

"The hope of this work gilded the last months of her life with a buoyant though serene happiness. Our conviction must be that there has been a Divine purpose for us too in this delay; our faith that there is some one else of whom God knows, quietly waiting to be summoned."

The "some one else" proved to be the present Head Deaconess, Mrs. Gilmore, to whom women's work in the Rochester diocese owes so large a debt. She is good enough to tell her own story :

"Rather more than nine years ago, one hot August afternoon,

I left my busy ward at Guy's Hospital to pay my first visit to Selsdon. I was very tired when I was shown into the beautiful library, and the little spare figure came to greet me; and though we had never seen each other before, my weary state was soon discovered by his quick eye. 'How tired you are! Come into the garden.' Then for half an hour his one thought seemed to be how to refresh me, by tea, pleasant talk, and the peaceful beauty of the scene before us. Just before we were going in to dress for dinner, he spoke a few words of what I knew was very close to his heart, and was sorely troubling mine, viz., his great desire to find a Head Deaconess for the diocese.

"He was a perfect host, and I was at home with him even at that visit, and he aroused in me a keen desire to help the overworked clergy, and the dense population in South London. But after studying two other Deaconess Houses, I felt that it would be impossible for me to do the work as I ought to do it, and I wrote and refused it. He replied :

SELSDON, *October 23, 1886.*

DEAR MRS. GILMORE,—I have taken a few days to think over your answer. Those two good women have swept across your path like an avalanche, but perhaps a little reflection may sweep away some of the snowdrift. Not that I would push or move you one hair's-breadth out of the way of God's will; that is always best; it comes out quite clear at last.

What I think I wish you could have done is this. Not to have been too much moved by what you heard from them, though it indeed deserves most careful weighing; but to have given me one more opportunity, which of course is still open to you, should you wish for it, of conferring together as to the possibility of some compromise between two conflicting duties being arrived at. Three things are plain, and of great moment.

1. Miss —, who thoroughly knows you, thinks you eminently fit for the work.

2. I have distinctly called you to it, not hastily nor without reflection.

3. Your own heart has been singularly drawn to it.

I don't think that these plain yet guiding facts should be finally pulverised by the talk of two women.

My wish is, that you could have come to start us. . . .

The gaps of your life would be filled with recreative, attractive, and even noble duties. One who is not strong enough to continue the superintendence of a ward in a hospital might well take charge of a work where variety would be recreation, and responsibility give a constant dignity to life.

At any rate, if you feel able to offer yourself under these conditions, and for a limited time, the council would at least have the opportunity of weighing your offer. Their decision would be the voice of God. You would not feel that you were timidly or faithlessly drawing back from a great duty, to which three voices (one that of your own heart) had summoned you, and wishing the abandonment of perhaps your true vocation in life.—
Most truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

“I wrote and asked for a short time longer—one week—to think it all over again, when my answer, whichever way it was, must be final. He consented, though his letter said, ‘I have been humbly and patiently waiting for your answer for more than ten weeks. We must not let the winter slip away without doing something. I pray God you may be guided to come.’ His prayers were answered. I had been waiting for my call; it came clearly and distinctly at the end of the time. I wrote to him, one short line as brief as one of his own characteristic little notes, and had this in answer.

November 2, 1886.

DEAR MRS. GILMORE,—Your letter has made me very happy. Only this morning I asked God in prayer that His will might be done, and that I might accept it when made plain. You shall hear from me again shortly.—Most truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

“From that day until he ceased to be our diocesan, I had his most fatherly care. I spent much of that winter at Selsdon, and in going to all the Deaconess Houses already at work, returning after each visit, and telling him my experience. I seem to see him now, with the bright welcome, and then it would be ‘Now talk.’ And he would listen often for an hour or more without

one word ; but nothing was ever forgotten, as I soon learnt to know. At Christmas came this letter :

December 22, 1886.

DEAR MRS. GILMORE,—One word of Christmas benediction and New Year's blessing.

A new chapter in your life is opening. May it lead you into the fuller presence of the King, and make you abler and more willing to wash the feet of those whom He loves, whom He identifies with Himself, though He is Lord of Glory.

It makes me very thankful to know that you are feeling your unfitness more and more. This shows that Christ is speaking to you and showing you Himself in contrast with yourself. But it was after the prophet had seen the Vision of the Divine Glory, and confessed his sinfulness, that the angel came and touched his lips with a coal from the altar. Then the voice said, Who will go for us ? and the prophet answered, Here am I, send me. He will go before us to find a place wherein we may dwell. But first He claims our hearts as His true home.—Truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

“There were difficulties as to getting a house for the future Deaconess Institution, and the work did not really begin until April 16, 1887. On that day he set me apart in the chapel of the Home in Clapham Park, his first Deaconess.

“For some time the work progressed slowly, but in the third year our Home grew full of good women of the right sort ; and he rejoiced with me and for the Institution, which was so dear to his own heart that he told me he prayed for it daily, adding, ‘ I pray for you, with my own children, twice a day.’

“In looking back over those nearly four years of work with him, it seems to me the great gift he had of inspiring others to work was that he perfectly trusted them. He gave broad lines to work on ; he told you what he wanted ; he made you feel your responsibility to him, and to God ; he showed you the dignity and beauty of your office, and then he left you to do it, without fuss or fidget ; but you knew he watched and cared, and would uphold you loyally, or quietly and lovingly tell you where you were wrong.

"The lines upon which the Deaconesses were to work in the diocese were to be the lines, as far as we know them, of the primitive Church. Very firmly he said to me, 'A quasi-sisterhood it shall not be.' Detail he left to the warden, as he had left to me all detail of the practical training. The Deaconesses when they were sent out were to be co-ordinate with the Deacons, to be licensed to their own parish, to work solely under their incumbents without interference on my part, and any matter about them after ordination was to be referred to the Bishop. They were to live in their own lodgings, receive their own stipends, and to be left free to grow and develop. The system has worked thoroughly well. The last thing he said to me about our work was 'Your Home is unique ; keep it so.'"

With the establishment of the Diocesan Deaconesses, the organisation of the diocese may be looked upon as complete. In 1889 one of the questions addressed to the incumbents before the Visitation asked whether any further organisation could be suggested. A pathetic appeal was made by one clergyman in reply : "Spare us, my Lord, spare *us* and spare *yourself*." Indeed, the Bishop's time was more than fully occupied. He made it a point to keep his hand on the machine by attending every committee meeting of his chief societies. Knowing each detail of the business, he could always as chairman guide the course of deliberations ; and his mastery of the diocesan system made him master of the diocese.

"No one, not even you, oddly enough," he writes to a friend in 1881—and it would have been true about each year up to 1885—"has a notion how my time is filled up now ; not a single night at home all next week till Saturday, and every morning and afternoon the same."

Here is his advice given to others, which explains how he did his own work :

"Not to waste time, and also to learn, without making life fretful for ourselves and intolerable to others, how to husband and use its tiniest fragments ; to recognise and seize opportunities,

which are the critical moments of usefulness, and which bear the labouring ship on the crest of the wave ; to have a deep and growing appreciation of the vast results of the quickly passing moments on the coming eternity, as if each act and word was a seed-germ of incalculable importance for the great spaces in front ; to have tenacity without stubbornness, concentration without one-sidedness, self-knowledge without egotism ; here is the secret of getting done, before we go, part at least of the task we started with, when our serious life began ; here, too, is the keeping hold of that continuity of life and purpose, which makes even the humblest career a kind of epic with the angels in Heaven."*

* "The Gospel of Christ," p. 228.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL INTERCOURSE

Prayer with an old Clergyman—A young Clergyman's death-bed—Sternness to evil—Promotion for Mr. Jackson and Mr. Grundy—Patronage—Failure in Conversation—Guests at Selsdon—Mrs. Burrows' description of Selsdon—Letters to Friends—Spiritual Advice and Letters—Friendship for his Servants—The Bishop of St. David's and Dr. Welldon on Bishop Thorold—Bishop Thorold on himself.

In a devotional address, in 1889, Bishop Thorold related an incident, evidently of his own experience, which illustrates how diligently he strengthened the organisation of his diocese by quiet personal dealings with the clergy and laity under his supervision.

“A bishop known to me once invited a clergyman a good deal older than himself to kneel down in prayer after a lengthy conversation of some importance. The clergyman at first was strangely moved. He said afterwards that he had never in all his life before (and he was nearly seventy years of age) been invited by his bishop to pray with him. He assented, and the impression of that prayer has never passed away.”

From an immense storehouse of letters and incidents some picture of these personal interviews and personal communications with all sorts and conditions of men and women can be composed with sufficient distinctness.

“Thank you,” he writes, one day, “for telling me about the ——s (a clergyman and his wife). Kindly cash the enclosed,

and put a ten-pound Bank of England note in the enclosed envelope, and post it."

The benefactor's name leaked out, as such names will, to the increased thankfulness of the recipients, but to the Bishop's real distress.

Here is another pathetic passage :

"While speaking to Dean Lake, I had a note put in my hand. Would I go and see —, in Piccadilly, dying of scarlet fever? Of course I went instantly, and met — at the door, who told me how much softened and humbled he had been lately, and that only a month ago he was quite well, and taking duty at All Saints'. I went into his room, and found his mother there. He looked flushed, was quite sensible and grateful to me for going; said he wanted me to know (I think I had pressed it on him some time before) that he had asked God to show him himself, let it cost what it might, and God had answered him. He said he was quite happy. I repeated the 23rd Psalm. He said sometimes Christ seemed absolutely close to him, and then unspeakably awful thoughts came to him, such as he could not ever have conceived himself. What was he to think of them? I said they are the fiery darts of Satan. Cast them on Jesus. Renounce them as your own. The thought gave him peace. I prayed and blessed him. He held my hand in his all the time. It was a wonderful rally. His heart is so affected that he cannot recover, and they did not think he could have survived the night."

He died the next day.

No one could be more tender when tenderness was needed; no one could show more chilling sternness when he felt severity necessary.

"Mr. A. called. After the letter I received this morning I felt I could not see him, and wrote to tell him so. He wrote to say he withdrew it. I told him he might come again in half an hour, and I would let him know. I saw him; but when he came I did not rise, nor did I shake hands, but asked him to sit down. He talked in unctuous language which was very dis-

tasteful. I told him I did not wish to see him, for speaking would only give him additional pain, which I should be sorry for. After all that had passed, and the affidavit he had sent, I could not but receive with supreme distrust all he said. It seemed to surprise him that I knew of it. He tried to excuse himself by a bad memory, but I instantly checked him, telling him he only made things worse. Then I quietly said he must not take duty to-morrow. It seemed to pull him up, and he was frightened. He acquiesced. He begged hard for mercy, and wept much. I said we must consider the Church and his parish; if it was possible to combine these considerations with kindness to him we should be glad. He left. I am not impressed with the sincerity of his penitence. As I told him, he had confessed only when he was found out."

Those who knew the Bishop well will notice how exactly each tone and movement were regulated according to his familiar methods in both of these incidents; and again this study, sometimes overdone but very valuable, of little accessories comes out prettily in the two following stories from his diary.

On March 20, 1881: "I gave Mrs. Jackson the letter for her husband with the offer of Frindsbury, to be given him by his baby." It was pleasantly planned. Mr. Jackson had long been a curate in the diocese, and just then he and his wife were rejoicing over a new-born baby after many years of married life.

On April 16, 1887: "I offered Grundy St. Peter's, Deptford" (the most valuable living which had yet fallen to his gift). "His little girl was to give him the letter at tea this evening. There will be excitement in that little home to-night."

It was a real anxiety to him that he had so few pieces of patronage, as he considered the due use of them a most valuable instrument for the encouragement of his younger clergy; and he was troubled that so many of the livings of which he could dispose were poorer than curacies. He

obtained large additions to the patronage of the See during his episcopate at Rochester. In the choice of men for promotion he took a great deal of pains, and was generally very judicious in his selection, especially when he had a post to give which required exceptional gifts; then he rarely erred. "I reserve my special men," he said, "for special functions." At other times he was too apt to be swayed by his theological predilections; and sometimes he would set a man to discharge duties in a large and difficult parish where much was required besides piety, and yet be content to justify his choice against critics with the defence, "he is a good man, and a good man will always do well." Generally, if the decision lay between a High Churchman and a Low Churchman, the benefit of the doubt went to the latter. And his friends were occasionally pained to notice that he was accessible to the recommendations of high birth and powerful connections, and now and again to see him swayed by flattery. These surprising signs of unexpected weakness appear to account for several unfortunate appointments.

About his use of patronage he writes to a friend:

"How I wish I had been at that Southwark meeting of curates. If there is one thing on which I can look my curates in the face, it is on my patronage. Out of twenty-three livings which I have had to give away, one has been given to a chaplain, three to other incumbents, one to a bishop formerly a hard working incumbent in the diocese, and the other eighteen to curates working in the diocese. This is not a bad account of patronage. I have not a very distinct recollection of C. Is he a graduate? and can he preach? Keep your own counsel, but I have a vulture's eye on A. He has such a strong good face. How would it do for me to convene a meeting of licensed curates alone in the three archdeaconries, and hear them on some of the questions of the day?"

It will be remembered that he had selected Selsdon as his residence on the distinct ground that it would give him

special opportunities of quiet social intercourse with his clergy. Therefore he was constantly inviting to his home the chief ecclesiastics of his diocese and others whom he desired to encourage, to stimulate, to warn, and to understand. Men of every school and every character met under his roof. He himself arranged the places at the dinner-table, and studiously chose and placed the books in each visitor's bedroom to suit their tastes or sometimes to excite their curiosity. He did not shine in ordinary conversation; and he often broke down subjects of small talk with some epigram which was too painfully shaped to allow reply. But if there was anything definite to be discussed, no one could be more interested and alert than he. In a sense he was a good host, for he took boundless pains to render a visit agreeable to his guests. But many persons he failed to put at their ease. Poor health made conversation an effort to him unless he was really aroused. He liked to tell and to listen to stories; many of them he records in his diary. He was also passionately fond of two American games—logomachy and the erratic spinner—which, after his health grew weaker, became prominent features of the Selsdon evenings, and saved him the trouble of conversation, not always to the satisfaction of his guests.

In September, 1886, the diary is full of visitors, and a few entries will give some idea of life there. One day we get a guest who astounds the Bishop by “underrating Westcott, whom he considers to be the dupe of Hort,” but “he expressed much interest in my Charge.” Another talks to him of “Victor Hugo, who is one of her friends.” An evangelical peer complains that the Bishop of London has not answered his recommendation of two clergymen for the vacant incumbency of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Dr. Welldon comes fresh from Harrow, full of Dr. Butler's good work there, and impressing upon the Bishop the need of certain improvements at Dulwich; and Mr. Gilkes with his plans to develop that great school. The Legges are there from Lewisham, “delightful as ever.” One guest “is silent and rather dull, and

does not strike me as having much brains." Thither, too, comes the new Chancellor, Mr. Lewis Dibdin, "so transparent, modest, large-hearted, and very good." New incumbents arrive to be inspected and advised, and with each of them he spends some time in prayer. Every guest is thought over and summed up in a few words of the diary. "The month of hospitality is over; I am glad to have had it, and only wish it had been more profitable in spiritual things." But evidently he preferred work to home life, and quiet to society.

Mrs. Burrows, the wife of the late Canon Burrows, of Rochester, who became a very close friend of the Bishop, describes the hospitality of Selsdon as follows :

"When Mr. Thorold became Bishop of Rochester, of course we watched with interest the line he took avowedly, at first, of leaving High Churchmen out in the cold. It was therefore with some surprise that his very cordial letter on my husband's appointment to a canonry at Rochester, inviting us to come very soon to Selsdon to stay with him, was received. We went on November 22, 1881, for two days. It was a new revelation to me of the Bishop's character, and everything I saw afterwards in our more intimate intercourse was in harmony with it. A certain air of rule pervaded the house; in your bedroom was a notice of the exact hour and place at which you were to present yourself at different times of the day; and in every detail of the household arrangements you recognised the master's hand. At the same time nothing could exceed the kindness and thoughtfulness of his hospitality; and all theological exclusiveness was gone.

"The next morning, and always when I stayed at Selsdon, the Bishop retired to his study to work for some hours; after which he came and devoted himself to the entertainment of his guests till lunch. In the afternoon there was always something appropriately planned for their pleasure. His children were then young, and I thought he was a little proud of their obedience, as they took their places one on each side of him at breakfast and other meals, ate what he gave them, and disappeared like clockwork at the appointed hour. He showed us his green-

houses and flowers with keen pleasure, and both, I believe, continually furnished him with gifts for friends, and especially for the sick and suffering. The Bishop took my husband and me for a long stroll in the grounds by ourselves, and talked to us of Rochester, and his wishes and plans; asking me particularly to try and improve the condition of the surplices. The second evening some High Church clergy dined there, amongst whom, I think, was the persecuted incumbent of Hatcham. He also talked with my husband about the Ordinations, most kindly listening to all he urged in favour of their being held in the Cathedral at Rochester at least once in the year, and very frankly explaining the difficulties which had hitherto prevented his doing so.

“I do not think any one could be with the Bishop at all intimately without learning to love and trust him. His first formal manner of entering a room, and his somewhat patronising greeting might a little put you off; but as you talked with him and still more as you worked with him, you felt his power, his wonderful gift of organisation, his tender sympathy, and the intense reality of his piety. There was a great deal of humour and quaintness in what he said, and he had the power of putting himself in the circumstances of others; not to lose himself in sympathy but to give them the help of other eyes and fresher judgments.”

Bishop Thorold enjoyed a great reputation as a letter writer. In Convocation, shortly after his death, Bishop Creighton of Peterborough spoke of his epistolary style with enthusiasm. The numerous letters reproduced will enable the reader to judge how far this praise was deserved. He made it his rule to answer a great number of his letters himself; and he answered them with promptitude. On the most infinitesimal sheets of paper, specially prepared for the purpose, we used to receive the most infinitesimal notes, sometimes a rebuke, sometimes an answer to a question, sometimes a line of sympathy or of congratulation. He was convinced that his clergy preferred one line from him to four pages from a secretary.

"Every subaltern likes to feel," he said, "that his general's eye is upon him." "A bishop little knows the satisfaction he gives by answering letters as frequently and as promptly as he can."*

Short notes and full letters were usually alive with epigram. Here are specimens from his correspondence with intimate friends.

A letter to the Archbishop of York and another to Mr. Legge illustrate his constant thoughtfulness about his children:

SELSDON PARK, *January 20, 1882.*

DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I must send one line of grateful and affectionate acknowledgment of all your and Mrs. Thomson's kindness to me and my little ones. Your presence always invigorates me, though I confess it always also humbles me. The chapel hymns soothe me in a way I can hardly say; and then Mrs. Thomson's conversation, rippling with gleams of the highest intelligence and humour and terrible though apparently innocent interrogatories, is an experience I never get anywhere else, or am likely to get. The opulence of your home society delights me to contemplate for your sake. Be sure whenever you think I want it, to advise me about my little ones; you have a mother's heart as well as a father's. Since they lost their mother, my affection for them has grown into a sort of passion. But I am not clear that it implies a corresponding growth of capacity and wisdom.—Ever your affectionate friend,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON PARK, *September 7 1883.*

DEAREST LEGGE,—So charmed to get your letter. I got home last night from a week in Switzerland. The best part of it all was the sight of my boy, doing so well, and vastly helped in all ways by his foreign sojourn. On Tuesday I start—the day begins at five, and I go right through from here to Liverpool—for the passionate Atlantic. I have done a few difficult things, and no doubt failed in most of them. Speaking in the House of Lords on second reading of Deceased Wife, when the House yelled for

* "The Yoke of Christ," p. 151.

dinner like the lions in the Zoo, was the hardest so far. But I a little shrink—as a modest man ought to do—from the ordeal of speaking to the House of Bishops, and the House of Representatives at the Episcopal Convention in October. Honestly, I do wish I could speak as well as you. You can debate, I can only make “a few remarks.”—Ever your affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

With no one did he keep up a more constant flow of correspondence than with Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, whom he had known intimately years before he became a Bishop.

SELSDON PARK, *January 3, 1882.*

DEAREST BOYD,—Your full book, full of matter and life, reached me yesterday. I am so grateful for it; already I have read some of it. I have always one of your books by me in the drawing-room. I take it up when I am dull, and it is like talking to you. Sometimes Alexander has heard me exclaim with delight: “So like him,” and I have had to explain. Also your paper in *Good Words* I read through on Sunday night. Oh, how I feel it through and through. My big troubles come thrice a year. I had one the other day, just before Xmas. It touched me down, as Helps would say. It was a new sort of trouble; my experience is widening, also I do think my cleaving to the Will of God.—Ever affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON, *November 5, 1883.*

MY DEAR BOYD,—Thank you so much for telling me about your birthday; at fifty-eight we have still some of our road before us, but we don't know how much, and it shortens so rapidly. What I feel about my own work is this. (1) To do it with more cheerful and detailed diligence than ever. Our last work ought to be in some respects our best. (2) To be constantly on my guard against deterioration of aim, and effort and ideal. There is a tendency as one grows older to avoid difficult duties, and to do easy and cheap ones, and to live on the past. This is fatal and will soon bring about “fatty degeneration” of all tissues. May God bless and use you more and more.—Ever affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON, *June 13, 1884.*

DEAREST BOYD,—Algar, Do, Bub, Fraulein and a frolicsome person now in his sixtieth year, are presently going up in the cool of the day, to London, to hear Corney Grain. But I *must* write and thank you for your kind letter, only wishing that I could quite say “yes” to all that your affection conceives of me. But this year I have had many perplexities, and am not at all sure that I *have* acted wisely. But the thoughts and hopes of a friend are very precious. Yesterday and to-day have been perfect summer days; we have had our first grapes, and first out-of-door strawberries. Last week’s rain has amazingly improved the hay, and nearly doubled the crops. I wonder who is preaching your Fast Day sermon. Think of me on Sunday; I am going to preach at Kew, in the church enlarged and renovated. H.R.H. is to be there, but not at the Cottage where we were three years ago. I have had my ordination on Wednesday; thirty-nine candidates. All went off well.—Most affectionately, A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON, *June 10, 1886.*

DEAREST BOYD,—I was glad to hear of your safe arrival. No, I saw nothing of you, but I felt you were getting rest and vigour. That was the way in which my friendship got its satisfaction. Some previous years I have been nearly as busy, but at first when Anglican work was quite fresh to you, you used to go about with me, so that we were practically together all day; now, like a wise man, you rest and are thankful. When one has once seen a confirmation, one has seen all. I have now confirmed over 8000, and they still go on. But to-morrow ends the six weeks’ rush, and I shall have turned the corner. I did not have an opportunity of saying to you that my recent tour has only more convinced me of how profoundly grateful you ought to be to God for using you through your religious books, as He is using you, over all the world. Just because they do not aim at too lofty an ideal, they make homely and daily religion practicable for the million. You might be a dean or a bishop, and yet not have a tithe of the grateful hearts to welcome you into the everlasting habitations which you will have now. The Voice passes away, but the Book remains, and is passed on.

To-morrow I have a long day at Chatham—three functions, from 7.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M. But in the variety of work there is an interest which is almost as good as repose.—Most affect.,

A. W. ROFFEN.

ATHENÆUM CLUB. Address: 19 PORTLAND PLACE,
January 19, 1887.

DEAREST BOYD,—We have come up to London *en famille*, driving right through with the children and Fraülein. I was deposited here to be out of the way in the scrimmage usually occurring when a household takes possession; the children, dog, and kitten, &c., rather preferring the scrimmage than otherwise. Sunday I had a long day at Blackheath, and came home to preach my third sermon (nothing for you), and between nine and ten I listened to you in your new book. How well you know Selsdon, and how the verdure and blossom of May there have become part of the structure of your mind. Looking out on the white weary snow we have had now for a month, I seemed to feel it was impossible that lilac could ever be in blossom, or the apple trees pink, or the chestnuts crowned. Only let us wait a little, and *nous verrons*. I think I shall like my little sojourn in town. It will be a great social change for us, and save both me and my horses some weary drudging up those hills which lately have been Alpine with a vengeance. Next week I have two little episcopal dinners. There is a meeting of our college next week. Peterborough and Durham, and Lichfield and St. Albans, and the Dean of Windsor, are coming. But my chief end is to dine my South London clergy, who will like a little entertainment, and be pleased by the compliment. Were you ever subpœnaed? I was, almost for the first time in my life, on Monday night at nine o'clock in my own drawing-room by an inferior youth from London. Was I not magnanimous? I actually gave him some supper. It heaped into a snowdrift all my engagements next day, as I had to be at the Law Courts the first thing next morning. The end was that the trial was put off, and I saw the Law Courts for nothing. On Saturday next I go to Trinity Lodge to stay with the Master, and preach in Chapel next day. How is Miss Aggie and Mrs. Boyd?—Ever your affectionate and discursive friend,

A. W. R.

BISHOP THORPE, YORK,

October 10, 1887.

DEAREST BOYD,—Glamis Castle is the one place in Scotland I wish to see, and I shall never see it. Your letters always help to make one happy—no mean function in a friend. Liddon's view about Episcopacy is very curious, but I go with Lightfoot. We English Bishops have to show the difference between Prelacy and Episcopacy, which is real and sometimes forgotten. I have been at the Swansea Congress, and am here on my way to Auckland Castle, where I spend Sunday. Then to Halifax, and then home for the winter's work. Your anecdote about the Dean banishing a ghost with his collecting book is simply delicious. My Archbishop, whom I have come here all this way to see, has been summoned to London for what I fear is his sister's deathbed. How full the world is of sorrow. I have a good subject for Sunday. The friendship of the *Living Christ*: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The text *may* mean Apostolic succession. It must mean the blessed Saviour's presence. Dear Boyd, may you and I deserve more of it.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

The next letter shows one of the gracious little acts of kindness which he delighted in doing.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was so very sorry to hear about the robbery of the plate chest. My first thought when I read it was what a delightful opportunity for his friends to show their friendship by replacing it. Let me replace my sugar basin.—Yours affectionately,

A. W. R.

The following refers to the New Testament divided into lessons and bound up with the Psalms, which Mr. Pelham, Rector of Lambeth, had prepared for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge:

101 EATON SQUARE,

December 26, 1889.

DEAREST PELHAM,—I do so value your gift. It lives with me in my inside coat pocket, and again and again it will be my cordial from the Water of the River of Life. I was preaching at

St. Pancras' yesterday morning—a large congregation. The sacrarium is beautifully done. Very few of the people I knew by sight. Twenty years yesterday since I preached my first Christmas sermon there. May I send your dear Ruth a collecting card for St. Saviour's? The young are so delightfully audacious, and she is her mother's child.—Ever your truly affectionate

A. W. ROFFEN.

The next description of the Bishop at Selston is from a lady who had been helped and guided by him in religious difficulties. It is followed by a few letters of comfort and spiritual advice both to men and women.

“I do not think he was an easy person to talk to, as he frequently said nothing after some piece of confidence was made to him; but he was so gentle and considerate that it was impossible to understand the awe that many people felt towards him. He would place a nervous person in a chair with its back to the light, and talk quietly till one was at ease, advise, listen, and pray before parting. In cases of illness he was full of sympathy; his eyes would grow dim with tears; but he always used hopeful cheering words to brace, not wound. He once said to a sick friend who was complaining: ‘Oh, what a disappointment you are to God,’ and the rebuke was deserved. I can only mention a few instances of his thought for others: flowers despatched to sick or poor people; clergy assisted to take holidays; an old woman confirmed by him, writing to ask for his picture, receiving an instant reply in his own hand.

It used to surprise and interest me to notice how he combined all these small deeds of love with his immense correspondence, diocesan work, and his household arrangements. I once said so, when we were alone; he made no reply, but presently answered: ‘If I get through anything, and some things have been done at the right time, it is from constant prayer.’ That he lived in the Presence of God no one could doubt who tried to understand his life, and it was this which gave him such intense hopefulness. He never despaired, because God was with him, and though he went through unspeakable sorrow and disappointment, he never murmured. The Bishop lived in cheerful

loving submission to the Father's Will; he wished to live, he longed to work, but he knew the summons might come at any moment; and he watched for it, though he thought and planned for others to the last. Only the life to come will bring to light what his example and teaching did for those who were brought under his influence."

SELSDON PARK, *May 7, 1881.*

MY DEAR, VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It has been quite impossible for me lately to get up to you, and with eight confirmations next week and two public meetings, I fear I must not promise myself this happiness just yet. But I want to send you one line of sympathy, to assure you that I do not forget you, and to give you a text to be a pillow for your soul. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He who changes not, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, watches over you with tender interest, and has His own purpose about your sanctification now, and your glory presently. Rest in Him. Your will, your life, your heart to-day, even the peace of your spirit, let all be laid at His footstool, with the prayer: "Thy will be done." Let this be your sacrifice, all you can, all He desires; and He will help you, O so calmly and so safely; and you shall see Him, even before the shimmer of the dawning glory gleams on your opening eyes. The King in His beauty, and the saints reflecting it; in a little while we shall both know what it means. Till He comes, let us try to trust about it, and when He comes we shall not be ashamed.—Ever your affectionate friend, A. W. ROFFEN.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,

October 2, 1881.

MY DEAR —,—How can I spend an hour of a quiet Sunday afternoon better than by writing to you? Our voyage was the average one. No equinoctical gales, glimpses of the sun few. Much ocean swell, a little moon; off the bank of Newfoundland keen cold, fog just at last. But I enjoyed it, and I got several books done. . . . This morning we had a delightful meditation from Mr. Phillips Brooks on Holy Communion; in the afternoon he is to preach. He is one of my triad of living preachers, the

other two being Spurgeon and the Dean of St. Paul's. . . . Now, *how are you?* This is what I do often think of. Twice a day I remember you before my God. I wish you to get well, for our sakes. Do I for your own? Oh, when we think what it means to see Jesus, with no sense of sin or fear of falling, or thought of death, or fear of parting, "to depart and be with Christ is far better." You are making, dear friend, a brave fight for life. Well, this is disciplining you and those who watch you. But it cannot alter the dear purpose of God, any more than an infant's tiny finger could have tied Samson down when the Philistines were upon him. When the clock strikes—who knows *when* it will strike?—the Voice will whisper so soft, so sweet, ever so welcome to your tired spirit: "Arise, my love, my fair one and come away." Then *you* will be satisfied; and we, who will not be long behind you, will have the blessed hope of meeting again.—Your affectionate friend and brother, A. W. ROFFEN.

The next letters belong to a later period of his life, when his health had broken down; but they are so cognate to the present theme, the power and variety of his personal intercourse, that they find here their natural place.

19 PORTLAND PLACE,

February 16, 1887.

DEAR MRS. ———,—We are not to forget that we have sinned; but we are also to remember that we have cast our sins on Him who bore them in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness. "Who is he that condemneth?" asks St. Paul. It is Christ that died, yea, rather who is risen again, who maketh intercession for us. Often and often the tempter brings our sins to our remembrance to hinder and daunt and chill us. Then we must remember the power of the precious blood, and not dishonour our Lord by doubting His power to save. Penitent we should always be, but penitence is consistent with the perfect peace of him who trusts and rests in God. Sin may not be always *felt* intolerable, it may always be confessed to be. Do you ever desire or expect the time to come when you will love God as He deserves to be loved?

A measured and circumspect love is not what we owe Him. The angels and saints in heaven may be impatient of their love, which must always seem less than it ought to be. An obedient life is one long prayer. It may be part of your discipline to have less of the act or joy of prayer than you desire. But the will is everything. "Lord, thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." "Feed my lambs."—Ever sincerely yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON PARK,

October 24, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just returned from my visitation at Rochester, and your letter shall have a quick reply. You are quite right in your estimate of the trial of being laid by. I have not only tasted this cup, but have drunk of it deeply and often. Moreover, I never know when it may not come to me again. But it is a trial of faith more precious than of gold which perisheth; it is a trial common to man; it is a trial which more than anything tests the reality of self-surrender to God, and mortifies the "ego" in the soul. What your Lord wants of you now is not your service, but your will. St. Paul must have keenly experienced this during the two years' imprisonment between Casarea and Rome. It taught him to say what perhaps nothing else could have taught him. "I have learned both how to be abased and how to abound. I can do all things through (in) Christ which strengtheneth me." There is no greater mistake than to suppose that there is any sanctifying element inherent in sickness. I know better. Poor Job knew better. As a matter of fact, it tyrannizes over the spirit, through the weakness of the mortal flesh, and leaves scars that long remain. Do not have morbid fancies about "seemeth to have," but treat them as temptations of the devil. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Let that be your challenge to the murmurings and disputings of a wounded heart. Treat God as a father, and be yourself a childlike child. Tell Him everything, but with an obedient heart. He knows best and He loves you.—Ever your sincere friend and pastor,

A. W. ROFFEN.

SELSDON, *July 8, 1889.*

MY DEAR GRUNDY,—It is a great loss—"as one that mourneth for his mother." You will feel it is a kind of landmark in your years, as well as a new link with the mystery of the invisible. Your love for her will now have a new tenderness and gratitude, and prayer may still unite you ; yours that of praise that she has conquered, and that the last foe is under her feet. These voices do us good, in deepening as well as softening, and death gives such a strange dignity. I suppose it is the resurrection that softens the curse into a blessing.

I hope you will have a good long holiday, and rest your brain. You are not old enough to take advice ; but I sometimes feel uneasy about your brain work. Like every one else, you can learn only from experience. Do not let it be sudden or sharp. My affectionate regards to your wife and love to the children. -
Ever your affectionate

A. W. ROFFEN.

Few men showed such sympathy or attention to the comforts and the interests of their servants as Bishop Thorold. He had some catastrophes in his household in early days at Selsdon ; but he gradually surrounded himself with a group of trustworthy and affectionate men and women. In September, 1886, his gigantic and awe-inspiring butler, Wiles, was obliged to leave him for family reasons.

"His going is a real trial to me. A page of my life is now turned down. It is the loss of a true and valued friend. Wiles left at 8. I was too troubled to say much. All day long I have suffered real pain as from the loss of a friend. It hardly seems possible that he can be gone."

The next day he wrote to him :

SELSDON, *September 10, 1886.*

WILES,—It is a comfort to me to write to you. I could not say good-bye, as I wished. My heart was too full. You have been more than a servant to me ; a friend, almost a sort of son. You have nursed me in sickness, travelled thousands of miles at my side, spared me anxiety and care, trained one to take your

place, and of course I miss you, and have pain in my heart. It is the penalty of being useful to be missed. Not that I grudge you to your uncle and aunt. They have the first claim on you, they are your flesh and blood. Clearly you are in the path of duty in going to them and I reproach myself for ever having wished to hinder you. But they can hardly care for you more than I do; they cannot know what you have been to me in this home, ever since I first entered it. To be in the path of duty is to be in the way of peace. God will bless you; but for a while you will miss your old life; you will want occupation. If you think there are any books I can lend you that you would like to read, let me know. You are still in the prime of your years. You must not degenerate into a garden cabbage. Perhaps your relations will spare you now and then for a little visit to us. The change will do you good. It is raining here to-day, and I have given up going to Mr. Samuel Morley's funeral. The letter you wished for I have enclosed. In a few days' time you will write and say how you are getting on. May God bless you and help you to be a comfort to your uncle and aunt in spiritual as well as temporal things. This is a world of change, and we have no continuing city here; but there is a city which hath foundations. May we walk in the road there, and help others to find it, and meet in it at last.—Your sincere friend,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Would you like a set of logomachy cards to teach your uncle and aunt the game?

The Bishop continued to correspond with his quondam butler, and a few years after officiated at his wedding.

THE DEANERY, SOUTHAMPTON,

March 11, 1891.

WILES,—We are much interested to hear of your approaching marriage, and greatly hope that it will be for the happiness of both of you. If Monday the 20th of April suited you, and both of you liked it, I think I could spare an hour for marrying you. I expect it will be a very happy arrangement for you both.—Truly yours,

A. WINTON.

The affection was thoroughly reciprocated ; seldom did a public man have more attached servants, or receive from them such real assistance and sympathy.

In his diocese he was always desirous to get into friendly intercourse with all conditions of men, sometimes more desirous than successful. One July Sunday, coming to preach at Bletchingly a little before the time,

“I saw a little knot of men standing near the church, and thought it would seem civil if I spoke to them. So I said to the best dressed ! ‘How are you getting on with your hay?’ He answered gruffly : ‘We don’t get our hay in on Sundays.’ I replied : ‘Of course, I did not suppose that and I merely wished to hope you were getting on well with it.’ ‘It is getting on as well as it can.’ Then Mrs. Fox Chawner came up, and I went into the church.”

Among the bishops, Dr. Thorold’s earliest friend was Dr. Basil Jones, Bishop of St. David’s, who had been his colleague as examining chaplain at Gloucester and at York.

The Bishop of St. David’s writes :

That which most impressed me about him from first to last was his deep personal piety and his rare power of sympathy, and next to these perhaps his unwearied activity, coupled with a singular power of making full use of his time, for he seemed to me never to waste any. Accordingly he was a remarkably well-read without being exactly a learned man. Not that he did not know how *desipere in loco*, since he was always very good company and a charming host. Then he was a man of very independent thought. He worked out his own conclusions, and maintained his own views, without respect to the traditions of any theological school. And at the same time his religious sympathies were very wide and, strict Churchman as he was, embraced all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Let me add that he had a refined and fastidious taste, exhibiting itself outwardly in many lesser points of detail, coupled with a considerable sense of humour, which gave an air of quaintness to certain passages in his published writings.

The next estimate of the Bishop is from Dr. Welldon, the Head Master of Harrow, and will explain itself.

If I am to give my reminiscences of Bishop Thorold, they must be sincere. I could not speak of him as perfect, nor would he have wished anybody so to speak of him. But to one who reflects what human nature is, the recognition of faults or failings in a friend is not, I think, a bar to great and true affection, and I loved the Bishop so well that I do not fear being misunderstood if I say that his character, strong as it was, was not without some evident limitations.

He did not seem to me a very clever man; certainly he was not a profound theologian. He did not, I think, know Hebrew at all, and he did not know Greek well. He was not a patristic scholar. He was familiar with many modern theological writings, especially books of sermons, which he read almost every day; but though I often talked to him upon religion and religious difficulties, I do not think he ever referred to Augustine or Origen, or to Thomas Aquinas, or even among writers of his own Church to Berkeley or Butler. Nor was he a great authority upon the relation of science and faith, though he took a keen interest in the controversies affecting it.

Again it would be wrong to say that Bishop Thorold was a man with whom it was always easy to get on familiarly. His manner often did injustice to his heart. Many people were conscious of a sort of episcopal haze rising between him and themselves. There was a certain want of *abandon* in him; he did not readily—as it were—give himself free play. It was seldom, and only in the company of his best friends, that conversation with him was of the easy and beautiful kind when there is no need to think what one says, or to whom one is speaking, but heart answers to heart in the fulness of mutual trust.

Bishop Thorold was always “given to hospitality;” and if he was a little stiff or prim as a host, he was most kindly. The shrewd sense of humour which showed itself so often in his public addresses, was not wanting to his private life. He liked telling stories even at his own expense. One such story occurs to me now, and it is, I think, characteristic of

his good humour. He would tell how, on one occasion, he preached a sermon in a rural parish of the diocese of Rochester, and he noticed among the congregation in the morning a wealthy layman, who had been a generous contributor to his diocesan funds; after the service he drove on to a neighbouring village, where he preached the same sermon in the afternoon, and to his dismay upon entering the pulpit he saw the same wealthy layman in the church. When the service was over, he met him at tea in the vicarage, and was beginning to apologize for having preached the same sermon twice, when it dawned upon him that the wealthy layman, having been asleep at one of the services or both, had not recognized the identity of the discourse.

I seem to discern in Bishop Thorold four special points of character as having given him what I may almost call a unique strength. The first was his remarkable common sense. It was difficult to know him without feeling that he was a man who would not make a great mistake. He knew human nature, and, as a Christian, though he knew it well, he had the grace to love it. But he read character quickly and surely. He had, if I may so say, a keen eye for humbug. He had the gift which rulers have—of knowing instinctively who are the men who may be trusted, and who will stand firm in the hour of difficulty, and who will do good work when others are talking about doing it. It was this shrewd common sense which gave him his influence among the laity of his diocese and of the Church; I should say he was a bishop not less appreciated by laymen than by clergymen, and that has always appeared to me to be a great episcopal merit. It would be difficult to find a better representative of the Church of England, in some of the best qualities which have marked her history—wisdom, quietness, moderation, and the power of reconciling what is best in religion with what is best in the common world of men.

Another admirable quality of the Bishop was his business-like power. It was the more striking as his health was never good, and often in the years when I knew him was very delicate. Perhaps he trusted even too much to his own power of getting through work, and did not avail himself of all the help that might have been his. The diocese of Rochester is, in my

opinion, the most difficult of English dioceses. It is practically three dioceses in one, containing, as it does, not only some one-and-a-half millions of the poorest of the London poor, but large suburban districts, such as Dulwich, Norwood, Sydenham, Balham, Tooting, &c., from which the male population is chiefly absent except on Sundays and in the evenings of week days, and country parishes, which can only be reached by a long drive. At one time during my residence in South London, Bishop Thorold was, if I mistake not, administering this great diocese without an assistant bishop, without a domestic chaplain, and without a secretary. The work was too much for him; it would have been too much for a stronger man. Yet even then a letter addressed to him was sure of its answer; and the answer, though it was a model of brevity, was written in his own beautiful handwriting; nor was the business of the diocese in arrear.

There is yet another point which always struck me in Bishop Thorold, and it was the immense power which he gained in administering his diocese from his intimate knowledge of parochial life. He taught me that a bishop who has not been the clergyman of a great parish loses his chief chance of sympathy with his clergy.

No one could know Bishop Thorold and not realise in him the special charm, the special power, of personal holiness. This is sacred ground, but I may not avoid it. There is in holiness an attraction which transcends religious differences, and it was his. It was not his intellectual but his spiritual sympathy that made him the friend of so many men in so many Christian bodies. It gave a consecrated value to his writings upon the religious life. It made him loved and admired by those who were not at one with him. But, above all others, the priests and deacons whom he ordained can never forget what the influence of his holiness was. On the eve of my ordination to the priesthood, when I was staying with him, he came nearly at midnight into my bedroom, and talked with me, and prayed in words that made me love him for ever. His prayers, like his life, were adorned with the grace of his own personal sanctity. For he lived all his life in that high region where, whatever is small or mean or worldly, cannot live; his life was spent, like

the Apostle St. Paul's, ἐν Χριστῷ, and to the sight of Christ, as I humbly believe, he has now passed.

Such was Bishop Thorold, and to have known him for twelve years, and known him intimately, is one of the chief and precious blessings of my life.

There can be no more fitting termination to this chapter of reminiscences than his own estimate of his own position, described in a letter to the newly appointed chancellor of his diocese, when the period of his most successful work had just passed by.

August 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. DIBDIN,— . . . Though, as you perhaps know, I am an old-fashioned Evangelical, I have intellectual tentacles which enable, and, indeed, compel me to appreciate both the ideas and the methods of other schools. I have never been a partisan, nor have I been wont to blow trumpets on the platform. The dream of my life is to make it plain to all that an Evangelical Churchman can love culture, practise justice, discern differences, and respect goodness anywhere and everywhere; and that a good man may preach the Gospel with wide-mindedness, be orthodox, and yet be in harmony with his time. . . .—Sincerely yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

CHAPTER X

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING

Bishop Thorold as a Spiritual Teacher—Confirmations—Incidents—Importance of Confirmation—A Confirmation Address—Incidents—Quiet Days for Clergy and Clergymen's Wives—A Quiet Day Address—Ordinations—Rules about Candidates—Ember Days—Reminiscences—An Ember Address—Extracts from Addresses and Advice to Candidates—Importance of Ordination work.

It is a peril of modern times, that amid the multifarious duties which are crowded into a bishop's life he should cease to be a powerful spiritual force. Again and again it has been noticed that bishops who had been conspicuous spiritual teachers, while they were parish priests, have lost their brightness of touch and their insight into the souls of men, and, after a few years of episcopal life, produce sermons which lack effect and interest, because they are not spoken from the heart. It was certainly one proof of Bishop Thorold's fitness for his great position, that he remained throughout his episcopate the strongest spiritual teacher in the diocese. No one doubted that the most valuable "Quiet Days" would be those which he conducted. Every clergyman had to hide his disappointment if some brother bishop replaced the diocesan in the confirmation chair. The ordination days worked deep and permanent impressions upon the minds of his younger clergy. And beyond the diocese a very considerable constituency of readers looked for the appearance of a new devotional work by the author of "The Presence of Christ."

Constant as he was at committees of his societies, fertile in plans and in expedients, ready to speak at any gathering of importance through his diocese, everything gave way before the supreme necessity of spiritual meditation, of devotional thought, and of study in those books of popular theology and popular scepticism which he felt important for his principal work, the spiritual edification of his vast flock. "Be a teacher," he would say to his clergy, at their institution, "see your people are fed."

The widest opportunity for such instruction lay in the episcopal duty of confirmation, so long allowed to be a mere form, but brought into its true place in the Church system some time before the episcopate of Bishop Thorold. In this connection, we may quote a passage from the diary :

"The aged Master of Jesus' was speaking much this morning about Bishop Turton, whose chaplain he was. He remembers being confirmed in Grantham Church with 7000 or 8000 candidates, and it was a scene of indescribable confusion, oranges being sold in the church, and the public houses being ready for them before they came out."

How strikingly this contrasts with Bishop Thorold's own great confirmations in Newington parish church, where "the rector's arrangements were admirable." On March 14, 1880, "I went to Newington for a confirmation, the largest I have ever had, not far short of 600. It was a very impressive sight, and the young people were particularly well-behaved. It took exactly $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours"—no slight strain on the Bishop, and perhaps even more on the candidates. But the reverent behaviour of those who came for confirmation was mainly derived from the impressive earnestness of the Bishop himself. The moment he entered the church, the congregation were compelled to feel his presence. There might be a certain seeking for dramatic effect in the attitude, the treatment of cap and gloves and handkerchief, which hurt those most who loved him most; but all felt that he had come on a great

errand, having God's commission, convinced that the Holy Ghost would give him words to help his people and would bestow a blessing on the soul of each one who knelt for it in faith. He noticed everything. Nothing annoyed him more than any bustle or movement or opening of doors which might distract the candidates, or any want of perfect arrangement in details which might worry them. Each face was searched and scanned by those keen eyes.

"On February 21, 1884, I was at St. James', Camberwell, for a confirmation which I really enjoyed. I was tired, with a bad cold, but God was with me. Two of the girls, well dressed, seemed to me to be resisting the truth, which made me more earnest." And on April 4, 1884, at Mortlake, "when I began, a sort of power seemed to come on me and helped me through. Was any one praying for me? I think God gave me a little dropping of the Pentecostal shower."

These are but specimens of constant notices about confirmations, which show the immense value he set upon this portion of his work. He wrote to his successor :

"Confirmations have steadily increased both in number and quality, though every third year there is an apparent falling off. We never confirm less than 11,000. In the past year the proportion of males to females has sensibly increased. I now give only one address and confirm two at a time. I sit."

An increase in confirmation candidates was well known to be one of the marks which the Bishop looked for as a proof of devotional growth in a parish. He spoke sternly when he thought there was neglect.

SELSDON, *July 3, 1886.*

DEAR MR. ----,—Your curate presented to me on Sunday last one candidate for confirmation from St. Michael's parish ; last year there were three. The population is hard on 6000, and I know how many services there are of a popular kind, which if properly followed up by pastoral visitation on the part of a diligent clergyman, should result in bringing up not a few for

the public confession of Christ, and for receiving a spiritual blessing. I wrote on Monday to Mr. —, kindly but firmly, expressing my disappointment, and reminding him that as I consider myself held responsible to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the due discharge of his duty, through my counter-signing his certificate for stipend, I feel especially bound to see that his duty is discharged with at least reasonable diligence. Perhaps he is away, but he has taken no sort of notice of my letter. Will you take an opportunity of seeing him, and also ask to read my letter to him? I have two or three confirmations in South London before the end of the year, and there is ample time for him to find and duly prepare some more candidates for one or other of these. I am sure that I shall have your ready assistance in impressing on him the importance of increased diligence in this matter.—Faithfully yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

A confirmation address, taken down by a shorthand writer on an important occasion, will give some idea of the means by which the great effect was produced. But how can we reconstruct before eyes which never saw him that pathetic figure, always worn and ascetic, seemingly so wearied till the theme of Christ's love moved him; till he was carried away in describing Christ's intense desire for the one gift which the listeners had to give Him; till the demand in the Master's name of each human heart present roused him to a fire which glowed in word and gesture? Some sentences were so stern, some so tender; at times the church rang with the speaker's earnestness, then the most solemn silence ended in the softest of appeals. Certainly, he was a master-player on the spiritual chords. The day of the address which follows was Tuesday, May 25, 1886; the place was the church of St. John the Divine, Kennington, which till then had been "isolated."

Disciples of Jesus Christ—you have come here to-day to get strength from God. Confirmation means strengthening. We all need strength, I need strength, your parents need strength, the world needs it. I see that most of you are on the threshold of your life, and are just about to go forth to bear your burdens, to

earn your bread, to keep your faith and to win your crown. You are in special need of strength. I will tell you why. You have not learned, as we who are older have, the wickedness and sinfulness of your nature. Your soul needs strength, strength of conscience. When the still small voice speaks to you, listen to it, that you may learn to get that strength of heart, that you may love the Lord your God with all your heart and soul. God says to each one of you : ' I love thee.' He says to each one of you : ' Give me thine heart.' Will you give your heart to God, who has given His heart to you ? I think it is so blessed, so easy to give your heart to Him now. There are two wonderful things in this world ; each is wonderful, yet one is more wonderful than the other. One is, that the great God calls you, and stoops to you. But the more wonderful thing is that God should come to man, and ask man to love Him, and live for Him, and that man should refuse to do so.

Now in this beautiful and solemn confirmation service there are two parts. There is the part in which you have to do with God, and there is the part in which God has to do with you. The part in which, so to speak, you have to do with God is the modern, the Anglican part, added at the last revision of the Prayer Book, and you are here to-night before all of us, to do this, to renew your baptismal covenant, and to make your baptismal confession, made for you when you were baptized in your infancy, when you were brought and placed in the arms of the Good Shepherd, and those who, as we say, stood for you, promised on your part these three things : That you are to believe all the articles of the Christian faith ; that you are to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh ; and this covenant you come to-night to take on yourselves.

And then, you also come here to-night to make your baptismal profession. There are some people who laugh at confirmation ; they do not know the wonderful and practical blessings that come through it. Your coming here to-night means this : " I know the difference between a real and a nominal Christian. I want to be a real Christian, I will try to be one ; I know I cannot be one in my own strength, and I come here to ask God

to help me. I will not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ Crucified, and to fight manfully under His banner against sin, the world and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end.' Out of this church you go back to your home, to your friends, your difficulties, temptations, and sorrow, and your joys, singing the new song. The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid? That is what you have to do with God.

Then there is what God has to do with you. The second part of the confirmation is the primitive, Apostolical, Catholic part, that part which comes to us from the Apostles, of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles. You have come here to receive the promise of the Father, that gift which the Lord, when He ascended up on high, poured down, and still pours down on men, the gift of the Holy Ghost—that Holy Ghost, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy. And the blessed gift of God is given in the laying on of hands, when I say that prayer which will be said over every one of you presently.

You are going to receive the Holy Ghost, that you may have the gift of perseverance, that your good fruit may not fail, and that you may increase in that Holy Spirit more and more, until you come to the everlasting Kingdom. I cannot find words to tell you the blessing of what God has given to us, who loved us so much that He has sent His only Son to die for us.

Before I confirm you, I have some two or three things to speak to you about. The first is this:—Be sober, be vigilant; God only helps those who help themselves. If you put your hand in the fire, it will be burnt. If you go with bad companions, they will hurt you; and if you read bad books, they will poison you. Read your Bible; in His Holy Word God speaks to your soul, and if you would increase in God's Holy Spirit more and more, it must be as Josiah tells us, by drawing waters out of the wells of Salvation. You must use the grace that God has put in your hands, living in the presence of God.

Then come to the Holy Communion. In that blessed Sacrament of His body and Blood, He gives to His faithful ones Himself. Come happily and reverently. Come regularly; come, if neces-

sary alone, for you will never be a Christian unless you are ready to stand alone. Every time you come, He will give Himself to be your heavenly spiritual food, and He will save your soul. Notice three words in the prayer I have got to say over each one of you. I will tell you what they are, "Defend, O Lord, *this Thy child.*" "This Thy child." You are going to the Father who loves you, not because your hearts are touched, but because you are His children, and He bids you come. Come, and you shall be blest.

*"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."*

His own note on this confirmation is:

"I went to Brooke's church in Vassall Road. A new and important departure, but my conscience was at ease. I felt quite self-possessed and perfectly happy. It was a fine sight, 189 candidates, so very reverent. The congregation was immensely attentive."

The Bishop's great success in confirmation addresses came largely from his own long parochial experience. He assumed that the candidates had been properly prepared by the parochial clergy; but he knew there were certain words which, spoken to them by their bishop and spoken in the striking fashion of which he was a master, would sink into many hearts to bear fruit in after-life. It happened again and again that he met in his travels in Australia or America men and women who had been confirmed by him years before, and who still recollected what he had said to them. In his opinion and practice confirmation was the first and strongest bond between the Bishop and his people. Then they realised that the Church was not complete without the apostolic rulers whom the Lord Jesus Christ had bequeathed to direct her life. Then, in the presence of their Bishop, of their own friends and companions, and of a great congregation, they solemnly made their

choice to serve God and to be diligent in prayer, in work, and in communion.

A little incident at a confirmation, on June 25, 1886, in Camden Church, Camberwell, still treasured in the memory of the person to whom it happened, defines the effect he often produced :

“After the service was concluded the Bishop, followed by the priests and deacons, proceeded down the side aisle ; about half-way he stopped and, placing his hand on my head, looked at me with a kindly smile and said, “You shall be confirmed one day, my child !’ From that time I tried to understand more about the rite of confirmation and was very eager to receive it when the time came.”

To the confirmations, through which he instructed the worshippers present almost as carefully as the candidates themselves, he had now added a definite system of

“*Quiet Days*, which are increasingly felt to be a great help. I nominate a certain number of clergymen to undertake the duty, and usually take three or four myself every year. It knits bishop to clergy in a close and holy way. Once a year at Rochester Cathedral I have a quiet day for clergymen’s wives, and this has been much valued. No work, however, gives me more anxiety than this. A perfunctory or jejune discharge of the duty is more than a loss and more than a blunder. But there is ample reward for it.”

These Quiet Days were held in central churches for the clergy of two or three rural deaneries. On February 17, 1880, he writes :

“I went to Clapham for my devotional gathering of the clergy with not a little anxiety about it on my mind, which I ought to have. But my head didn’t feel up to its work, though I had taken abundant care to prepare. About ninety-eight clergy came to the Communion Service. I got fairly on with my first address. God I felt was with me, but I did not enjoy it. About the same number were present at the three o’clock service. I saw all my good

men. Those who perhaps most needed the help kept away. My second address was well listened to, but I got fagged at the close." Two days later, at Beddington, "we had between sixty and seventy clergy at Holy Communion. They listened well to the address, but I was far too tired to enjoy it. Many were there whom I wished to see. At the second service I was not quite so tired, and I did so cast myself on God. He helped me. I am too weary to be happy about it. But God will forgive and bless."

At St. Mark's, Surbiton, on March 3, 1882, the first address was on personal holiness. He impressed upon his hearers the need to have

"right and clear views of the Gospel. Eternal Life is a gift. Faith is the condition of peace, not works. Holiness is the result of Faith. Christ is the gift, the revelation and the measure of the Father's love. He dwells in us and we in Him. The Holy Ghost, who is also the gift of God, is the continual Sustainer and Giver of our spiritual life. He helps us to partake of the divine nature.

"We require a continuous repentance of sin and resistance to sin. But we shall never adequately repent till we are in heaven, and the bitterness of it will be gone then, because we shall see Jesus and have a sinless heart. We must suffer no act of sin to remain on the conscience, and no habit of sin in the life. Forgiveness is a condition of life, not an occasional act.

He urged "regular use of the means of grace ; a real earnest and steadfast purpose after holiness, as something distinct from mere salvation ; the continued remembrance of our position and privileges in Christ our Head ; continual contemplation of Christ as our Life ; continued mortification of self, and the constant thought of Heaven and all that it means and promises."

The second address was on personal usefulness, and its effect in aiding the cultivation of holiness.

But even more striking, because so much more unusual, were his Quiet Days for the wives of his clergy. "A few days ago," he writes to a friend, "I took a Quiet Day in my

cathedral for clergymen's wives. Oh how grateful they were ! Few people want more spiritual help and get less."

The lady who first proposed the plan sends the following account of its origin and development :

" I had been thinking for some time what a help a Quiet Day would be to those who, like myself, were working in South London parishes, and constantly grieving over the difficulty of retaining the sense of the presence of God amidst the ceaseless occupations of life. But it was no easy task to find a suitable clergyman—one who would give practical loving advice, as to the clashing of secular and spiritual duties. Still I felt certain, that an interval for quiet meditation upon our responsibilities would benefit us, and send us back to our homes refreshed and more than ever desirous of attaining to the ideal proposed in the ordination service, when the priest promises to make his family ensamples to the flock of Christ.

" Just at this time, I heard the Bishop preach, and was so much struck by his sermon, that I resolved (after consulting my dear husband) to write and ask, if he could see his way to giving a Quiet Day to the wives of his clergy.

" I was a little afraid that he would think me 'forward,' or lest old memories would make it too painful for him to agree to my request. But his reply came at once. 'There is nothing I should like better. Long before my consecration, such an idea as you have suggested, had occurred to me. It will recall the past through a tender mist of years, but to help all of you will give me infinite happiness. The thing will be for you all to come here ; I could take in fifty. . . .' He sent me the names of several ladies he advised my consulting, and proposed our communicating with him, later in the year. Our deliberations took some time, and it was not till eight months later (March, 1884), that the first Quiet Day took place. It was held at Selsdon Park, and the addresses were given in the private chapel. My husband and I went over there some time in the previous November, and nothing could surpass the interest the Bishop took in the arrangements, or the patience with which he listened to any statements I ventured to make as to the special difficulties of our calling.

"I am quite sure that those who heard the Bishop's addresses on the day, will agree with me that he had grasped the subject in a wonderful manner, and that the deep tenderness and sympathy of his nature were revealed very clearly. Starting with the words 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,' he at once raised our hearts to the Saviour 'who knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.' In the second address, he touched with the greatest delicacy and wisdom upon our various duties as mothers, wives, towards servants, and the parish. He spoke much of prayer for our husbands and our own need of *discretion*."

Here is one from the many descriptions of these days in the diary. He was staying at Rochester with the Archdeacon on October 20, 1886:

"I gave my first address at half past seven in the Lady Chapel. Between forty and fifty ladies were present. I rather enjoyed it. The Archdeacon read some collects for me. We had one hymn."

The address was on the text

"'Where art thou?' You remember who first put this question, and when and where? I want you to feel it put to you to-night by God speaking through me, and I want you to ask the Holy Spirit of God to enable you to answer it. We have come together that we may have a blessing, but the amount of the blessing must always depend on the capacity for receiving it. To feel our infinite need—to cast that need on God in the wrestling of earnest prayer and to trust Him with absolute faith, here is the sense of blessing. But at the root of all lies self-knowledge.

"I. *Where art thou in thy conscience?* Conscience is the meeting place between God and the soul. Ask thyself about sin, about penitence, about efforts to overcome, about assurance. '*Is it peace?*'

"II. *Where art thou in thy will?* The will means the life. As we will, so are we, so do we. Examine the discretion of thy will, the purpose of thy life, the proof of thy faithfulness, the measure

of thy patience. “Not my will but Thine be done.” Is it leaving all to follow Him?

“III. *Where art thou in the matter of thy understanding?* Joy, power, usefulness, holiness depend on our perception and appropriation of Divine Truth. Consider the way of acceptance with God, by faith, by conscious and personal union with Christ, by holiness, the sign and means and substance of salvation, by the means of grace, the channels of the Life of God.

“IV. *Where art thou in the surrender of thy heart?* God claims the heart. Dost thou love Him? Remember devotion as shown in prayer; sacrifice as manifested in life; testimony as proved by service ‘Lovest thou me?’

“See thy sin but behold thy Saviour.

“Weigh thy duty and claim thy grace.

“Sit at His feet as Mary did and be filled with all his fulness.

“Yield thy heart and He will be thy great reward.”

No more than the headings can be supplied. But who that has heard the Bishop cannot clothe these phrases with life—eye, hand, figure, all pointing the words, and supporting the persuasiveness of the voice, and the eagerness of the delivery? For others, at least the thoughts still remain as they were expressed out of his heart to those he felt himself commissioned to counsel.

On the next day, October 21,

“I went to Holy Communion and celebrated, and gave an address. All the canons were there. At 11.0 I went to the Cathedral again and gave another address. Afterwards I saw Mrs. — who told me that all her religious life had been changed by reading three years ago the chapter on forgiveness in the ‘Gospel of Christ.’ My last address at 3.0 was about half an hour.”

The subject of the addresses on the 21st was:

“‘That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.’ The blessedness of the subject inspires me, as its profoundness baffles me. Our concluding lessons shall be: (1) the greatness of the

Christian dignity, 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God.' How we should respect ourselves and each other in thought, word and dealing! (2) The depth of the Christian peace, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' (3) The sense of the Christian's influence, 'There went virtue out of Him and healed them all.' (4) The abundance of the Christian joy; He loves me and talks to me and supplies my need. He will never repulse me."

Every provision was made to secure opportunities to "the Quietists," as they liked to style themselves, for private devotion. The Bishop's hospitality on such occasions was always unbounded when the meeting was held at Selsdon. A present of roses to each lady on her departure was only a completing touch to the constant signs of thoughtfulness which proved how diligently every detail of the occasion had been planned by the host and conductor.

Not unfrequently this system of Quiet Days was extended still further by holding a day of retreat in important churches for the earnest Church people of the district. But the greatest effort of all was reserved for the Ordinations.

"Twice in the year, as a rule, I have ordinations, believing them to be more impressive and vital when there are many met together. The men help each other as well as the Bishop and his chaplains. The examination has usually taken place two or three weeks before the ordination; and the ordinands who are gathered for devotion and instruction (he is writing in 1890) at Rochester for the Advent Ordination, and heretofore at Selsdon for that at Trinity, which I have held in some suburban church, come free from all anxiety about passing. I have entertained nearly 700 at Selsdon. The diocese is certainly a popular one with young men, partly to be accounted for by the School and College Missions. I have always claimed a degree, and with the exception of King's College and Highbury do not ordain from Theological Colleges those who are not graduates. A bursary fund has been subscribed in the Wimbledon deanery, amounting to £50 a year, so as to assist in the University education of pro-

mising candidates for Holy Orders. Several young men have been helped by it to take a University degree. Archdeacon Cheetham has maintained a high standard, and I think it ought to be claimed. In the evenings I have always given the addresses myself. After tea we have had conversations in the drawing-room on parochial and other practical subjects. At other parts of the day my chaplains and others address them."

The Bishop was very particular about the examinations. He liked to look over the papers of questions before they were printed. He had a very rigid system of marking; the marks were entered in a large register, to which he always turned when considering the preferment of any clergyman whom he had ordained himself. Now and again his chaplains advised changes in the books set, but he would seldom listen, always firmly maintaining his old favourites in the list of subjects. Once he writes:

SELSDON PARK, *February 5, 1885.*

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It is an old grudge of yours against Waterland's book. The judicious Currey pressed it on me. I *quite* go with you in thinking it erroneous to say that it is the *Glorified* Body that is united to us in the Eucharist. I hold it to be the *Crucified* Body. But is this reason enough for giving the book up?

"Vogan" (do you know it?) is perhaps the best book on the subject; but it is large, and it would ruin the men to have to buy it.—Ever affectionately,

A. W. ROFFEN.

The next is to a candidate.

SELSDON PARK, *April 18, 1888.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have seen your letter to my chaplain in which you say, 'it is my intention to be ordained priest at Trinity.' Probably you mean, it is my *desire*. On looking back at the result of your examination (there is no such word in the English language as "exam") for deacon's orders, I observe that you were not only at the bottom of the list, but a good deal below any of the 26 examined with you; and that, on account of that, I felt it better to defer your next examination for 18 months. If you feel you are thoroughly prepared, you can come up. But I

cannot promise to make it easier for you than for any one else, or a second time to give you ordination with such poor marks.—
Sincerely yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

The next is to a new examining chaplain.

SELSDON.

MY DEAR —,—I wish you to be one of the staff of my examining chaplains. The only fault I have to find with you is that you are not enough of a Don. Those young men ought to be only too thankful to hear your words of ripe and cultured wisdom. “If any man speak, let him speak as the oracle of God.” I should be only too thankful to sit at your feet and look up into your face, and listen to you for an hour at a time. God bless you.—Ever affectionately,
A. W. ROFFEN.

Owing to the exhausting character of his work in the Ember days, which made him unfit for any exertion in the evening, the Bishop has not left behind him full descriptions of his methods at this season. The memory of the hundreds of candidates who stayed with him at Selsdon can supply the blank. It would not be too much to say that to many of those who had the inestimable advantage of receiving their final preparation for the solemn responsibility of orders from Bishop Thorold, the Ember days proved at once a revelation and an inspiration; a revelation of their own hearts and of the sacred character of the office for which they presented themselves; an inspiration which sent them to their parishes eager to train souls for Christ, earnest to point men to their Saviour, widened, deepened, heightened in spiritual character, and full of a great ambition to lead holy lives and to do good, walking in their Master's steps.

Towards evening the candidates assembled at Selsdon Park, and were welcomed by the Bishop in the hall. The meals at these gatherings were rather stiff. The man who was to read the Gospel and the man who was first in the examination among the priest-candidates were chosen to sit next the host, a place of honour but hardly a place of pleasure,

for he had very little to say, and generally confined himself to short scrappy remarks and inquiries about mutual acquaintances. His mind must have been much preoccupied with the subjects on which he proposed to address us. His power of speech was shown in business or in instruction; but he seldom talked well about trifles, though he could always talk brightly on spiritual things, and now and again launched out on some such theme to the great edification and interest of those near him.

The evening was spent partly in conversation over some practical questions of parochial life, partly in prayer with a devotional address by the Bishop. Bishop Thorold stood to speak behind the Communion rail of his little chapel. There was an eagerness in his face, which showed his sense of the importance of the occasion, and a recollectedness which reminded all his listeners that he had just risen from his knees, and had been praying for them at the foot of the Cross. The man with his little worrying affectations, which sometimes shut out the loving heart from those for whose affection he craved, was soon lost in the Bishop and Pastor who came from Christ to speak to Christ's young ambassadors. His words seemed to glow with divine fire. With what searching thoughts he showed to us our insufficiency, our sinfulness, the weakness which, if we went in self-confidence, would hinder us from helping other souls, the injury we might do if we were not sincere to the progress of the kingdom of Christ. Many men, as they listened, wondered if they could venture still to ask for the awful grace of orders, whether it would not be better to declare their insufficiency, and to seek for some lowlier career. Those who came with unworthy motives now and again went back, thanking the Bishop that he had arrested them in time. Not so those who had really prayed for and truly desired the divine service. For the Bishop showed them, as he proceeded, how the heart could be purged of all its dross and rendered meet for the Master's use. He told us how the divine Saviour remembered that we were but dust, and knew

whereof we were made, and how the sense of insufficiency was the best proof that, realising our own weakness, we should find support in His strength. He cheered us and encouraged us with the thoughts of the divine Love and the divine Power, and reminded us that we went out, not for our own glory, but for the glory of God, who assuredly would not fail us.

But here a summary of some of his addresses still preserved may be more helpful than mere memories of long ago. At one ordination his first subject was "The Call":

"There are many calls in Holy Scripture—Abraham, Moses, Gideon, David, Isaiah, Amos, Matthew, Saul—not least, Mary to be the Mother of the Christ" (each of these was described and illustrated in a few brief words). "You are called, some of you for the first time, some of you for the second. Shall I say, Blessed are you not seeing on to the end? I pause. Here six months ago, I ordained, after examination and with full promise, a young man to the ministry of the Church; and he has since fallen from his office and work through yielding to strong drink, and at this moment is on the ocean, to recover his place, I trust, in a far land. Take care, 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

"I. Who makes this call?

"Jesus the Head of the Church, the Lord of Lords, the Captain of our Salvation, our Master. He says, 'Rise up and follow me.' Think how solemn, how honourable, how authoritative, how blessed from such lips such a call must be."

At each adjective the Bishop became more impressive, his eye searched each face, his hand emphasised his point with a stroke upon the rail before him, till "the call" sounded home into each heart. Then came a change of voice, attitude, and style, as instruction followed exhortation, very calm now and more rapid.

"II. How is this call made?

"It is made inwardly by the Holy Ghost, speaking to you and moving you. He appeals to the judgment, and presents to you as your duty that you must consider the call, and weigh it, and

finally assent to it. He stirs the will to yield itself up to the voice of God. He strikes the conscience, which listens and answers and confesses 'woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.' He fires the heart, till it is all aflame with passionate devotion and 'the love of Christ constraineth' you.

"And the call comes to you outwardly. Friends counsel it. They tell you it is a life to which you are suited, and in which you will do good. A concurrence of opportunities shapes the way for you to enter it. You begin to find that circumstances open your duty plainly and decisively. And all this is further confirmed when a clergyman whom you trust and honour invites you and gives you a title, and the bishop, whose office it is, accepts you as suitable and solemnly ordains you."

Each side of the outward call was explained in detail and set out carefully in its proper place.

"III. Now what does the call involve?"

"It involves the dedication of the life; the absolute relinquishment of all which conflicts with or impairs the full discharge of your duties; the surrender of earthly joys and prospects, if Christ bids you surrender them; and you promise to take your place in the forefront of the battle if danger comes. You must live a spotless and holy life in fellowship with God, and you must give an account on the last day, of the souls committed to you."

In this division the Bishop spoke passionately and decisively, insisting on the necessity of a real self-sacrifice, forcing it straight home upon each listening heart, describing the life of the parish clergyman, which he knew so well, with all its troubles and perils. Then he became encouraging, the tones of his voice grew softer, for he was thinking of Christ and looking into Christ's face.

"IV. But what does the call ensure?"

"All needful grace and provision; the sympathy of Christ and His promise; labour, not in vain; personal holiness deepened and perfected; a growing blessedness of heart in exact proportion to the nature and measure of the sacrifice; the unspeakable benediction of God"

How well in his lonely life he knew that benediction ! Work for Christ was his greatest joy. And now there was another change ; the tone of confidence altered to a tone of exhortation. It was these dramatic variations which compelled attention and enthralled the interest. We hardly breathed till each period was completed.

“ V. What are you to do with it ?

“ Before it is too late, before the decisive step is taken, ponder seriously, do not act rashly. ‘ No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.’

“ Approach it humbly. You ask to be an ambassador for Christ. Your work will be to arouse and to train souls. ‘ Who is sufficient for these things ?’

“ Accept it devoutly. The atmosphere of prayer and adoration should saturate your whole spirit as you draw near to minister in holy things.

“ Fulfil it diligently. There must be no dallying. ‘ I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day.’ ‘ The night cometh,’ then ‘ no man can work.’

“ And now I have a question to put for you which needs to be answered. How can I be sure that I am called ? Well, you must consider. What are your motives ? Think them over well. No one ought to be quite sure. But the work itself will soon test you ; and how you do it will prove if God has ordained you for it.

“ And I have a recollection to be enforced. You will answer at the ordination that you think yourselves duly called ‘ according to the order of this Church of England.’ If you cannot loyally and dutifully and with good conscience accept the ministry and articles of your Church, leave it alone. There is yet time.

“ And I have a possibility to be indicated.

“ Your ministry at first may have disappointments, embarrassments, difficulties. The only discovery you make may be that of your own sinfulness and ignorance ; the only lesson you learn that of humbling yourself in the dust before God. Well, don’t murmur, but see in this God’s purpose of eventually using and

blessing you. He empties that He may fill, and disables that He may use.

“But I have an encouragement to be welcomed.

“We have been all young once, and ignorant, and inexperienced. Well, I remember my own ordination nearly thirty years ago, my own difficulties when I returned to my solitary work. But cleave to God, and He will cleave to you. ‘Fear thou not, for I am with thee.’”

In the early years of his episcopate the Bishop often added to the three evening addresses of the Ember days, two shorter ones at Holy Communion in the early morning, and finished with a few words of encouragement at early morning prayer on the Ordination day. Most of the time was employed in arousing and educating the spiritual life, and of this the summary of the address just given is an excellent instance. The addresses are full of strong polished sayings. “Live by method, it will make life twice as long”; “Understand men, bear with them, allow for them, love them and conquer them by love”; “Study carefully, God does want your knowledge and does not want your ignorance”; “Your usefulness will depend very much on your character”; “The modern clergyman is sometimes too busy to pray, he suffers, but also the Church”; “The sure test of love is not emotion but obedience”; “Recognise the vital importance of doctrinal teaching”; “Do you really understand what goodness means? be good whatever you are not”; “Nothing rewards like love”; “A preacher who is not a pastor draws his bow at a venture”; “Avoid so far as possible the directly controversial method, and let the truth fight its own battle in its own way”; “He who never makes leisure for solitude will soon lose God.”

Some of his phrases gained their value because after a painful elaboration beforehand, he was able to produce them in his address suddenly and as if “*impromptu*.” Others depended entirely on the expression; for instance, who that knew the Bishop can fail to recall his face, the motion of his hand, the impressive turn from side to side of the chapel, the voice falling

almost to a whisper, as he said such words as these: "To *save*, to *save*, to *save*; to carry out your Saviour's work of saving; this is what you have to do." Or again this: "Be young. There is an attractiveness in youth, if it is natural, modest and diligent"; and "How often young preachers take hard texts, not from conceit, but because they do not know them to be hard"; "To hear a bright, happy young man, who has had no sorrow greater than being beaten at cricket, discourse on the blessing of sorrow, seems a little out of place—to those who have had much of it." There is pathos here as well humour. Again: "Be young, but think how you need the grace of God, and remember it is all for *you*." How direct was that "*you*," sent as a message to each of the candidates who sat before him listening so eagerly.

Many of his addresses were entirely on practical pastoral duties. "Personal visitation in their homes must be done with the healthy as with others: and on a regular plan and method." "Do not let any opportunity of domestic interest pass without using it for notice or congratulations." "Visit persons who have got into trouble," and "ignorant people who want special private instruction." "To take interest in the children is to win the parents." "Don't commit the mistake of supposing they respect you more for omitting the one subject it is your business to open. They miss it, remark upon it, and you lose influence." "Prepare your heart before you leave home by prayer, and by considering the cases you propose to visit."

He insisted to his candidates often on the value of extemporaneous preaching, "necessary," he said, "if you would win the poor and conciliate the respect of the middle class." Such sermons must "not be learnt by heart," and must be "carefully prepared." Then they will be "fresh, natural, vigorous, flexible, and impressive," if the preacher attains the gifts of language and style. "Begin in a schoolroom with the children." "Get your mind saturated with Holy Scripture." But he always advised that at least one sermon a week should

be *written*, especially by young preachers. "There is an odd contrast between us and the French; they read in the tribune and speak in the pulpit; we speak in the tribune and read in the pulpit." In a sermon he held the chief aims should be (1) definiteness; (2) order; (3) lucidity; (4) proportion; (5) compactness; (6) attractiveness. "The first thing is to be listened to. Don't be dull. A dull angel would have no attraction." "The secret of eloquence is very simple; knowledge and earnestness." "Deliver your sermon as heartily, tenderly, solemnly, powerfully as you can." "And when you have done your sermon go to God with it and for it and leave it with Him."

Much more remains, treasures new and old, in the mines of the notebooks from which these sentences and instructions have been extracted; but enough has been written to show the general character of the Bishop's ordination addresses. Other men of power and repute, generally some three or four, came to help him by speaking on subjects which he had selected; but the Bishop's was the supreme influence through the Ember season. It was his hall mark that was set upon the candidates. They went out into his diocese, for the most part stamped as his disciples; and conscious of a real personal tie to their chief, a tie which he himself never failed to recognise.

For there still remains one point of the Ember days unnoticed, the private interview with the Bishop in his study. It was an anxious moment; but then, he had an errand to his young visitor, an errand from his Master; and that quarter of an hour was full of wise advice in practical things, and deep spiritual counsel, and was always completed by prayer. It must have been an exhausting season, often two addresses delivered in the day, and some three hours spent in earnest religious discourse with individuals, for each of whom the Bishop felt a most real personal responsibility. But he had his reward in the influence he gained and in the effect he produced.

Here is his own opinion of the value of this work :

“The great hope of the English Church in the near future lies in the devotion and character of the young men now offering themselves for orders. And, how at such times as the quiet interval immediately before ordination which we older men knew nothing of, when all anxiety about examination is over, and the young hearts are free and open for the voice of God, words of benignant counsel, acts of graceful kindness, gentle cautions as to faults or shortcomings, earnest private prayer, soul with soul, sink into the young hearts and abide there and bring forth fruit for the years to come ! The respect and affection of the younger clergy for their spiritual fathers are indispensable to the safety of the Church. At times like these they come near to us and learn to know us and even love us. Perhaps no good works can hereafter follow us into Paradise so precious as these young hearts, touched, inspired, and won.”

CHAPTER XI

POLITICAL ACTIVITY; WRITINGS; JOURNEYS IN AMERICA :

1882-84

Archbishop Tait—Archbishop Benson—Political Ambitions—House of Lords—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—Criminal Law Amendment Bill—Ecclesiastical Commission and Church Property—Housing of the Working Classes—Duties of Bishops in the Lords—Convocation—Year's Work for 1884—Literary Work—"The Gospel of Christ"—"The Yoke of Christ"—American Travel—Temperance Tour in 1882—Centenary Visit of 1883—The Convention—Speech at the Convention—Visit to Bishop Whipple in 1884, and to Bishop Tuttle and others—General Results.

THE description of Bishop Thorold's work given in the preceding chapters will have displayed his far-reaching activity and his spiritual diligence which was stirring the Rochester diocese from end to end, and bringing together the too often divergent units of the parochial system. But in the years which were there described, he had extended his interests into two fresh provinces of public life. He had entered into a quite intimate intercourse with the sister Church in America. And he had attempted to play a part in some of the large social and moral questions of the day, which were then being discussed in the House of Lords, where he took his seat in 1883.

During the summer of 1882 it had become evident that Archbishop Tait's life was nearing its close. The great Arch-

bishop at Addington had exercised a very marked influence over his near neighbour in Selsdon Park ; for Bishop Thorold had always regarded his former diocesan both with affection and with awe. On August 21 he was summoned to the Addington sick room.

“ I met Dr. Carpenter, who thought him, if anything, better ; a water-bed had given him ease, and he had slept. After a slight delay in the dressing-room, and a charming short talk downstairs with Agnes, I went into the Archbishop’s room. It was a solemn time. He did not look stricken with death, but his breathing was difficult, his voice so faint and indistinct that often I could not catch it ; his mind as well as memory occasionally lost themselves. At once I gave him some roses from the children, feeling he would know what it meant. I had previously desired of God that whatever He wished to be said should be ; but I avoided at such a time originating any private matters of my own. He thanked me for coming, said he did not expect to get better, and did not wish to. I said : ‘ My times are in Thy hands ; ’ and reminded him how many loved him and were praying for him. This much affected him. I alluded to the Jerusalem Bishopric, from which he hastily passed on, quite concurring in what I said about the importance of maintaining it. Then he spoke of the want of real religion in the Church, the melancholy insistence on forms and ceremonies, and the great importance of uniting with all who truly served and loved God, adding that circumstances had made him especially in sympathy with other Christian communities ; no doubt he meant his own Presbyterian connection. He spoke with great sorrow of a recent sermon of Liddon’s about religion being henceforth quite separated from the State, and referred with satisfaction to a paper he had written when he first came home, at the request of Grove, in Macmillan’s or Mozley’s *Reminiscences*. Then, not without emotion, he said he particularly wished to thank me for many quiet lessons he had learnt from me, and for which he was grateful. He said good-bye, being exhausted. I gave him a text (feeling it out of place to offer prayer), ‘ The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.’ I kissed

his hand and left the room, not expecting to see him again in this world."

On October 25, after an important visit to America, he was at Addington again.

"I walked to Addington with the children, and saw his Grace, still in bed, but his eye and voice showing great restoration of strength. He talked a good deal, first wishing to nominate me a Governor of Dulwich College, and then about the Jerusalem Bishopric. He asked me to pray with him. He was much moved when I told him of the sympathy of the American bishops, and of the good done over there by 'Catherine and Crauford Tait.'"

But the recovery was of short duration. On December 3 the Archbishop died.

"Dr. Carpenter told me that he heard the Archbishop say 'the gates of Beulah are open,' and he is sure he saw something; after that he never complained again; simply wished to go, and wondered why he was not allowed."

"We sang that night in the Selsdon Chapel the three hymns read to him yesterday: 'Abide with me,' 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' and 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul.' Some day may they be read to me."

A ripened appreciation of the Archbishop's career is to be found in his Charge of 1885; formed, it will be evident, with no profound knowledge of Church history.

"Archbishop Tait, by his firm and sagacious government, restored the Primacy of all England to a dignity and influence it had not enjoyed since Tillotson was at Lambeth, and with his Primacy, the great Church he ruled."

After the funeral at Addington, Bishop Thorold was full of natural anxiety to know who would take up the heavy responsibility of the succession. On December 21 it is his own intimate friend who has been chosen. "Truro is to be Primate."

SELSDON PARK, *December 23, 1882.*

DEAREST BOYD,—Benson is quite the best appointment that could have been made. He is strong, large-hearted, very learned, with a grand ideal of his office, and withal young. He and I are dear and close friends, which makes it all the more agreeable to me personally. It was all along known that a Cambridge man would go; the two last Archbishops were Oxford men. Moreover, a man with a wife (and she happens in this case to be a very clever one) was important. In this respect Lightfoot was less well qualified. Every kind wish for the season to you and yours.—Ever your truly affectionate friend, A. W. ROFFEN.

The Bishop took part in the grand ceremonial of Archbishop Benson's enthronement at Canterbury on March 20, and describes in his diary the luncheon which followed.

“The Dean (Payne Smith) in a very impressive speech, full of point and dignity, proposed the Archbishop's health. I was watching him, and saw how he was gulping down strong emotion. He conquered it, and in a speech of half an hour, carefully prepared, and with notes before him, spoke with impressive and telling power; no rush of eloquence, nothing approaching rhetoric; no joking, no egotism, no shirking thorny places, no effusiveness; but with dignity, and the gravity of a heart set on pleasing God, and with choice and rich language. He rivetted us. His allusions to the late Archbishop were beautiful. He said the last time he was in this library was when Archbishop Tait was enthroned in 1869; his words then were prophetic. He went on to speak of the Church being free; she must be free, but she must not seek temporal power; of Lambeth being opposite Westminster; and that, as Mr. Green observed, in old days the Archbishop represented the people to the Nobles and the Crown, and might have to do so again. He touched on Purity as one object of our efforts at this time, and thought Temperance not the only battle to be fought. This seemed to give great satisfaction. He had no alarm about the results of free thought and inquiry, and had a cheerful hope about the future. He deeply felt his responsibility; he knew he must make mistakes, and then he said with touching humility he

hoped he should be forgiven for them, for he should not make them wilfully. He asked our prayers, reminded us of the practice of the Church of Alexandria, when the dead hand of St. Mark was placed in that of the new Patriarch; and how it was said to a new Pope: 'Non videbis annos Petri.' He thanked the Dean and Chapter for all their admirable arrangements, and sat down, having conquered us. I said to Mrs. Benson: 'Are you satisfied? you are hard to satisfy.' She said: 'Yes, I am.' I said: 'You ought to be.' Then he came away, talking gaily and delightfully with every one."

"At evensong the Archbishop preached a short sermon, the point of which was the Continuity of the Life of the Church, through her union with the Risen Christ. His voice was distinct and strong; it commanded the Cathedral. He did not seem at all tired to-night. A new chapter in Church History has begun. I ought not to omit one striking feature, the Archbishop's improvised benediction after the enthronement, as on his return he stood on the steps of the choir leading down to the nave, and blessed the people there. We could distinctly hear his voice as we waited in the choir behind him. It was very impressive. The enthronement has taught, stirred, and humbled me much. What one ought to learn from the new Archbishop is strenuous diligence, immense kindness, and courage."

The death of the statesman Archbishop and the position foreshadowed by his successor had fired Bishop Thorold with a desire to help in the solution of the social problems, which were forced on his attention at every visit to the poorer districts of his huge diocese. For some weeks after his accession to the House of Lords in 1883 he kept silence, but as early as April 12 he discerned an opportune moment for a first utterance. It was on a matter connected with his much-loved Church Missionary Society.

"I thought over my proposed speech, so as to have it ready in case it was wanted. The House was rather full, and I saw Lord Alcester introduced to take the oath and his seat. Such a curious and almost grotesque sight. The Duke of Somerset made his

speech about the murder of a ransomed slave girl at Onitsa, by persons in the employ of C. M. S., which was very nasty and spiteful, and not so able as I had expected. 'Is this your Christianity?' was the sting of it. Lord Cairns got up, and in a very masterly way answered him, showing that it was a missionary of the C. M. S. who gave the information to the Government, and that Bishop Crowther had acted on the information he received. He once hit the Duke very hard. Lord Chichester followed very well, but he was indistinct; the Archbishop, who was rather nervous, wound up the debate with a few strong sentences about the precautions C. M. S. had taken against their agents owning slaves, and by the steamer on the river. He was very well received; the total impression on the House of the debate seemed good. Lord Derby, who was interrogated, spoke coldly but fairly. Lord Aberdeen came after me as I was going away, and spoke very kindly. I was ready to speak had I been wanted, but feeling that the ground had been quite covered, it seemed best to be silent."

On May 8 he proposed to speak on the Sunday question, but

"there was no room for me had I wished it. It was my first division, and rather exciting. One thing I have learned, which is, that if you want to speak you must get up as soon as you can, and not wait for other people. Promptness is everything. But few of the peers listen."

On June 5, the Bishop of Carlisle (Harvey Goodwin)

"introduced his Cathedral Bill, clearly and ably, not always with perfect taste. Then the Bishop of Peterborough (Magee), who had warned me that he was going to say a great deal I should not like, rose, and for nearly an hour (I did not hear the close) delivered a tremendous philippic against everybody all round for their behaviour to the Church, Gladstone being specially aimed at, because he had called Dissenters the backbone of the Liberal party. Lords Northbrook, Granville, and Kimberley were there, hardly knowing what to do. The Bishop was sometimes intensely bitter when he spoke of the *piety* of the Dissenters.

Now and then he was witty, but the total effect of the speech was not pleasant to a thin House. He tore the Bill to bits, and thought it much better to have no legislation at all than to send it down to the House of Commons to be treated with contempt and injustice. I am not sure that the speech will not do good in some ways, but it was full of audacious imprudences, and made one feel what a tremendous evil logic may be if it is not used with charity and good sense. How the late Archbishop would have sprung to his feet, and trounced him for such a speech. I saw Davidson, and shook hands with him."

At last an opportunity came, in the debate on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on June 11, when Lord Cairns had invited him to say a few sentences.

"Lord Dalhousie opened with an agreeable but inconclusive speech, and made a good deal of reference to our Bench. Then Lord Cairns moved an amendment in a very powerful and incisive speech. But he did not refer to me as he had proposed to do; perhaps he was expecting an answer to his letter. Then Lord Bramwell made a coarse and amusing speech, in which he truly said that he was ignorant of theology. Then rose the Archbishop, who spoke earnestly, and made one or two hits; but his speech fell rather flat, and his voice is monotonous. But he was brave and Christian. Then Lord Carrington made a rambling attack on the Bishop of Peterborough's speech of last year; and I rose, but Lord Coleridge rose also, and I gave way to him. He spoke in smooth, fluent, classical language. Then I got up, and the House was very impatient to divide; but I held my ground, feeling that I must break the ice and begin, so I spoke on the one point of its not being a class grievance with the poor. I did not make a fool of myself, and improved as I went on. Then we divided; 174—167, seven majority for the Bill. There was a good deal of cheering.

"I should think that a maiden speech was seldom spoken in a more crowded house, and my Ordination had much tried me."

On June 22, in the House of Lords,
 "Lord Shaftesbury asked me about the third reading of the

Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill being opposed. I said I was against it. Lord Salisbury came across, and spoke very courteously and kindly about it. I told him I thought it imprudent. He felt that good fighting might be wise, and that the Bishops must not lose their influence with the country. I said I should not vote for the third reading, but should consider about voting against it. Also I saw Lord Cairns, most kind about my amendments to the Criminal Law Amendment Act. He was against some ; but, after at first demurring, he seemed to concur with my suggestions about flogging. Lord Fitzgerald most good-naturedly went into the library, and framed me the exact words to put in."

The Criminal Law Amendment Bill was a matter on which he felt strongly the duty of the bishops to assert themselves as leaders of public opinion. When morality was at stake they were surely the fitting champions of the weak ; and for his part he was determined to defend the children. He brought forward the first of his amendments on June 25, to empower the judges to inflict corporal punishment on an offender ; and pointed out the deterrent effect of flogging upon the garroters some years earlier. The crime now to be dealt with he considered far more deserving of severity than to " knock a man down and steal his watch." He said confidently that such severity in legislation would be cordially welcomed by the working classes.

But " evidently the Government had resolved not to accept it. Lord Dalhousie said rather feebly that he might permit flogging in the case of boys. This brought up Lord Salisbury, who spoke of my powerful speech ; Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Bramwell, Lord Stanhope, and the Bishop of London, all in favour of my amendment. Lord Dalhousie at once gave way, and said he was very glad to be beaten. About 8.30 I moved my second amendment to alter the age for girls to be sent to industrial schools from sixteen to eighteen. This I understood to be accepted, and I am to bring it up upon the Report."

He was very indignant that the indifference or timidity of

the Government allowed the Bill to be stifled in the House of Commons. It was partly through his representations that it was reintroduced in the session of 1884, and passed through the House of Lords. Again he was the advocate of severity.

“On May 15 I introduced my flogging amendment, and had the House with me, but Lord Nelson and Lord Cairns deprecated its being passed, and, as the Archbishop desired it, I withdrew it, not without regret. Lord Camperdown was very anxious I should not withdraw it, and Lord Fitzgerald said that if I had persevered I should have carried it. I voted for Lord Shaftesbury’s amendment to make solicitation of women by men a penal offence ; and we carried it. His speech entirely convinced me.”

The bishops attended in full force during the whole discussion and carried many important amendments. Bishop Thorold was well satisfied with the part they had played ; and was startled when the Bishop of Peterborough in a conversation of July 16 criticised the general conduct of the bishops in the House of Lords. “If the bishops mean to go into politics,” he said, “they must do it altogether and not now and then.”

On August 2, 1883, Bishop Thorold “spoke on the question of the public houses which belonged to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.” The motives for the speech were a letter from Canon Basil Wilberforce, denouncing the practice of the Commission with regard to public houses on their estates, and an extract from “a lively newspaper, called the *Sword and Trowel*.” The chief charge was that the Bishop of London, when driving from London House to Fulham Palace, passed at least a hundred public houses built on ecclesiastical property. But on examination the number was reduced to two. The Bishop further explained that the great majority of the public houses on ecclesiastical estates had been built with long building leases and that the Commission had no power over them, and derived from them no income. As the leases fell in, they had considered each case, and had in the last two

years suppressed nine licences out of twenty-one which had come into their hands. Suppression was now their fixed policy. He also stated that while they owned sixteen new building estates in the metropolis, containing 4500 houses, on nine of these there were no public houses and on the other ten there were only twenty-four; for the Commissioners did not consider themselves justified in attempting to enforce total prohibition while the law permitted the liquor traffic.

Evidently in the matter of public houses the Commissioners had acted well; but the discovery made to him by his clergy that some of the worst streets in London were ecclesiastical property stung him to the quick. He promptly proceeded to visit and inspect those which were in his own diocese.

“December 10.—I walked with Berkeley of All Hallows’, Southwark, through a variety of horrible slums out of Union Street, all belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, quite as bad as anything in St. Giles’. All should come down. They are a disgrace to any landowner, but a woeful scandal to the Church. Several of the people who met us recognised Berkeley pleasantly. He told me about the horrible profligacy of the children. Then we visited the Mission House where the Clewer Sisters live. I saw seven of them. I had some helpful talk with them, and then prayed with them. They were pleased.”

Here was work to his hand, and work which specially concerned him; and he found that his natural allies would be the staff of clergy and sisters attached to one of the “isolated” churches. Such an experience was sure to hasten the change which was imminent in his relations to the Ritualists. As usual, the Bishop acted with promptitude.

“December 13. I brought forward at the Ecclesiastical Commission my motion for a special Committee to consider the dwellings on the ‘Winchester Estate’ (in Southwark); and everybody agreed to it. Mr. Goschen was indignant with the Board surveyor for not having made a report about them.”

The Committee set to work at once, and decided to rebuild;

and the commendable diligence shown by the Commissioners of late years in improving their property and in providing suitable and commodious dwellings for the working-people of all classes, with very little regard to their profits as landlords, is largely due to the intervention of Bishop Thorold; while it has been mainly brought about by the skilful administration of their secretary, Mr. Porter, whose co-operation and personal friendship the Bishop highly valued. On the Commission it was remarked that the Bishop of Rochester always knew what he wanted, and held with determination to his purpose, but would weigh adverse criticism calmly and allow it to modify his opinions.

On the Houses question, Bishop Thorold writes in his Charge of 1885:

“There are certain principles and methods of action (by some of us recognised long ago, by the public at large regarded as an important discovery) which lie at the very root of a permanent elevation of the people. The dwelling lies at the foundation of health, self-respect, and virtue. If a man makes the house, the house makes the man. There is no need to remind you what the domestic circumstances of the labouring class are in many districts of South London. I thought St. Giles’s had taught me a good deal, about which an old man once said to a little girl, ‘If you want to be sure there is no God, you have only to look round you in St. Giles’s.’ But I am not sure if I did not think All Hallows’, Southwark, worse, when Mr. Berkeley took me round it just two years ago. No efforts we clergy can make, whether in church or school, can be of more than infinitesimal value so long as whole families herd together like swine in a sty, and the very rudiments of decency are impossible. Lord Salisbury’s recent Bill aimed at two tremendous evils—the bad drainage and overcrowding. The unfortunate excision of the clause which made landlords responsible for the sanitary condition of unfurnished houses, vitally impaired the Bill. It was not Lord Salisbury’s fault.”

His interest in the housing of the working classes was now

widely recognised. He had spoken at length on the subject in the House of Lords, and on January 17, 1884,

“Mr. Goschen told me that the Prince of Wales proposed to form a small committee of six to confer with him on the subject of dwellings for the poor. It was suggested that I should be one of them. Would I? I said ‘Yes,’ anxiously thinking about the Confirmations. We had a good meeting of the Select Committee on our Southwark house property; my idea of our rebuilding our own houses was received with a good deal of favour. A deputation attended from Southwark on the subject of not turning out the poor unless other accommodation were provided. They spoke with great propriety and force. The so-called Bishop of South London was there; a respectable, good man, I thought. His name was Murphy.”

About the same time he was at Bishopthorpe, taking counsel with his former chief, Archbishop Thomson.

“He thinks the time full of danger, both from the increasing influence of the Ritualists, and the effect of scientific culture on the laity. If disestablishment is to come, it had best come now. I told him my impression that the Ritualists had won recognition, and he did not dissent from it. With Archbishop Tait, he is clear that it was checked by the Public Worship Regulation Act.”

On July 16, 1884, he had another conversation with Bishop Magee about the duties of bishops in the House of Lords.

“He means to vote against the Franchise Bill, both because he considers the Lords right on principle, and then because, being a member of the House, he thinks he ought to support it; and that it had better be destroyed by its own action than be crushed by want of trueness to itself. He thinks it would be a great mistake for all the bishops to vote on one side; and that the late vote did not conciliate the Dissenters, who say the bishops voted to save their places; while it grievously irritated the Conservatives. He told me also what was very interesting about the

Northampton working men, and the conversion of some of the Bradlaughites to Christianity. One confessed it was at the mission, and it was by hearing the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

There was an old cobbler who used to say his prayers before a picture of Bradlaugh, whom he followed. The clergyman visiting him observed that, but wisely took no notice, and went on teaching him. The last night of the mission the old man came to him and said: 'I've done for him, sir, I have smashed him now.' 'What do you mean?' 'Oh, I have taken the picture down, and put it on the top of the fire, and broken it all up!' Many of these men are advanced High Churchmen, and as great Radicals as ever. The Bishop thinks, with respect to legislation on the Courts' Commission, that whatever is to be done should first pass both Houses of Convocation; that if possible Gladstone should introduce it into the Commons, and pass it through himself; anyhow, that if it is first passed in the Lords he should take charge of it, and be responsible for passing it through the Commons; otherwise that it had better not be passed at all."

But Bishop Thorold evinced no real aptitude for the *rôle* of a reform leader in the House of Lords. "Some bishops," he said, in 1889, "are called to be statesmen as well as ecclesiastics; they speak in the senate, and the senate listens to them with more or less satisfaction." Evidently he had discovered that he was not one of this small class. Bishop Magee's words produced a marked effect upon him. It was impossible for the bishops to throw themselves into the general hurly-burly of politics in the House of Lords; but, in common with the mass of the clergy and of the ecclesiastically-minded laity, Bishop Thorold had fancied it was possible for the Episcopal Bench, while keeping steadily aloof from all political combinations, to place a decisive weight in the scale when some large social question which concerned the welfare of the poor was being debated. Now he began to doubt whether on such terms the bishops could form the necessary alliances, or whether Bishop Magee had not truly

gauged the temper of the House in deciding that they must enter upon all questions or none.

Besides his work in the House of Lords, the Bishop of Rochester was now taking more share in the discussions of the Upper House of Convocation; but he formed no high estimate of his influence there. He writes on February 15, 1884:

"I have found on reflection these among other advantages from Convocation—(1) The wholesome discovery of my inferiority to my brethren, and of my want of information and thought-out independent opinions on many Church matters of importance. (2) That useful speaking there needs practice, and a style peculiar to the place and audience. (3) That it is my own fault if I do not greatly profit by it. (4) That if I am but of little service now, especially in the presence of many of my seniors, some day, please God, I may be. (5) That if I cannot help in all subjects I may in some. (6) That no man is able or expected to excel in everything."

At the Athenæum and elsewhere he was constantly in contact with men of mark; more, perhaps, in 1883 and 1884 than at any time in his life.

"*April 17, 1883.*—I saw Matthew Arnold at the Club. He asked me to read his paper on Isaiah. I asked him, if he had a chance, to leave out in his *S. Paul and Protestantism* that illustration of God by Lord Shaftesbury. He took it so nicely, almost thanked me, and said Lord Derby had once advised him 'never answer, never apologise.' " On May 29 "he told me that he is leaving out that objectionable passage in a new edition."

"*July 5, 1883.*—I saw Huxley at the Club. He had been to Spottiswoode's funeral at the Abbey, and he said that the only prayer he could not follow in the Litany was that to be delivered from sudden death."

But society was not his line: "No one is more of a recluse than I am." Nor had he any strong taste for the highways or byways of politics. After his second session he seldom

attended the House of Lords. None the less, the atmosphere had widened his sympathies. On July 18, 1884, he was at Keble College, Oxford, and

“I felt that I ought to conform to the custom of the chapel, and celebrate in the eastward position (the first time in this country I have done so), but it embarrassed me.”

It will be in the recollection of the reader that these years just described formed the period of his greatest diocesan activity, and that external duties had in no way diminished his success as an administrator and spiritual teacher. A few statistical figures will establish this. The year 1884 he himself described as “the year in which all of our work was at flood tide.” In it he received 9076 letters and wrote 6258; he preached 107 sermons, after which £2554 was collected by offertories; he held 81 confirmations, and confirmed 11,123 persons; he attended 79 committees and 37 public meetings; he delivered 199 addresses; consecrated 8 churches and 4 cemeteries and churchyards; opened 6 churches after restoration; ordained 44 candidates to the priesthood and 44 to the diaconate; and met 394 persons in special interviews.* And the whole routine of the diocese he carried on single-handed without suffragan and without domestic secretary or chaplain.

But with all these avocations, which would have more than overtaxed the strength of an ordinary man, the Bishop had now betaken himself again to literary work. “One,” he writes in the preface of “The Gospel of Christ,” “whose office invests him with the noble care of three hundred churches, may be pardoned for wishing to console, even to instruct

* Compare this with 1879, an early year and full of activity, when he wrote 4529 letters, preached 89 sermons, confirmed 7211 persons, attended 46 committees and 40 public meetings, gave 152 addresses, consecrated 4 churches and 2 churchyards, opened 3 restored churches, and ordained 29 to the priesthood, and 21 to the diaconate, and gave 474 interviews. Except in the last item the addition to work is enormous and proves the growth of diocesan life.

with his pen the thousands he can never reach with his lips." "The Gospel of Christ," published in 1881; "The Claim of Christ on the Young," published in 1882, with a preface dated from Denver City, U.S.A.; and "The Yoke of Christ," published in 1883, were produced in this period.

On receiving a copy of "The Gospel of Christ," Archbishop Tait wrote to him in surprise and with some alarm:

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
December 30, 1881.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I thank you heartily for the present of your book. I am amazed at the energy which enabled you to write it on the Atlantic, after all the work of your visitation. I hope you remember that the brain cannot safely do without rest. Thank God I am getting better, though slowly. All best New Year's greetings to you and your boy and girls.—Ever yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

The Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

The Bishop considered this his best book; it contains more thought but less consolation than some of his other devotional writings. In consequence, it was less popular. But in it the Bishop's intellectual powers are seen at their strongest; he approaches with unusual fearlessness several difficult religious problems. A passage in it is pathetically prophetic:

"One other reason for discipline I have kept to the last, for there is a good deal to say about it, and it is a blessed Gospel for us all. Many of us feel that we can never be trusted long with happiness. There are souls which are soon heated and hardened by sunshine. The clouds after the rain, even the shaking of the sudden storm must come to cool, to stir, to soften. Well, let God choose!"

Here is the story of the book's origin, and his own criticism on it to Mr. Grundy:

January 30, 1882.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—Thank you for your fresh and quite "filial" comments on my little bantling. It is unequal. I put

it together on the Atlantic, and have never had that condition of mind or leisure time suitable for the proper recasting and fitting up of it. But I want to make it better before it is stereotyped, for which the publisher is now pressing.

A man's style is himself. I am aware of the deep pit on the edge of which my pen runs; but I cannot emasculate my words merely to please technical and old-world scholars. Why should not the strong and free people of the great Republic add words to our tongue as they want them, and we use them as we like them? Why should our vocabulary—a vocabulary of a hundred millions of the most intelligent and civilised people on the earth—be hemmed and cramped in by the icebergs of dictionary people, &c.? At the same time I see the danger, and will remember what you say about *ness*. The Bishop of Truro's wife—one of the keenest and cleverest women I know—delights in the book, and the Bishop tells me she hardly ever likes a devotional book. This a little reassures me. The critic in the *Church of England Pulpit* evidently is ignorant of Godet (the only writer to whom Professor Westcott confesses himself indebted for help in his commentary on St. John) or he would not have fallen foul of my suggestion about the motive for the feet washing. I prefer the curious unfriendliness of the criticism to being patted on the back and called excellent.—Ever yours, A. W. ROFFEN.

The subjects chosen in "The Yoke of Christ" suited his style—incisive, penetrating, and alive with much quiet humour—better than the themes of the earlier book. In popularity it ranks next to his first devotional work; * it has reached a thirteenth edition, and is now being republished in "parts." It deals with practical matters of life—marriage, illness, friends, letter writing, money, &c.—and is full of clever sentences which arrest the attention and often please the taste. He dedicated it to friends in America. He was well satisfied with its reception.

SELSDON PARK, January 5, 1884.

DEAREST BOYD,—I thank you much for your important criticism on "Marriage." It is discriminating, and yet appreciative. I

* See p. 50.

felt it to be delicate ground, but tried to pick my way, and to be useful to those who would not read it if it was too solid prose. If any phrase or sentence strikes you as infelicitous be sure to tell me, and it shall go out. Tait, I quite think, would have shaken his head. But I feel that I have my own rôle and niche as a bishop, and I must stand on my own feet.—Most affectionately,

A. W. ROFFEN.

But we have not yet exhausted the occupations of his holidays. Bishop Thorold often said, and certainly felt, that he had no vocation for great matters of ecclesiastical statesmanship, and that his place was essentially in his diocese and as a spiritual teacher. But in one province of far-reaching concern to the Church at large, he came to take a most conspicuous part, and no English bishop of his time has formed so many and such intimate ties with the Church in America. He had visited the United States first in quest of health, expecting that the voyage would prove a tonic, and that in the fresh atmosphere and amid the novel spectacles he could rest and recruit himself; and on several journeys he had paid little attention to the life and organisation of the Church. But gradually the people of the United States, so generous and so impulsive, so expressive and so candid in their admiration for a distinguished personality, so willing to appreciate an Englishman of importance, so open and simple-hearted in their conversation about themselves, had captivated his imagination and aroused his interest. He found that he was already known and valued for his books by many in the huge continent. Some had found in them the practical religion for which they were in search in their busy, anxious lives; others had recognised and welcomed the genuine sincerity of his faith. “*The Presence of Christ*” had been largely sold in New York and other towns. Its author had only to make himself known, and he would find a welcome.

With several of the American bishops he was already acquainted through the Lambeth Conference of 1877, and he had been struck by their breadth of view, their eloquence, and

their devotion to duty. An American clergyman he placed unhesitatingly in his trio of the greatest living preachers in the English tongue, Mr. Phillips Brooks of Boston. Admiration on either side soon gave him American friends; he began to inquire into American institutions; he became strongly interested in the American Church; he professed his willingness, his eagerness to be of use to her leaders in their difficult task of recalling the great people to the faith of their forefathers. He began to believe that the form of Episcopacy which had flourished and grown so strong in the English-speaking race was destined to forge links which would hold the various branches of that race together, and make them the dominant force in the world. What the Orthodox Church was to the Slavs, that the Anglican Church might become to the English of Britain, America, and Australia.

It would be impossible to give a detailed account of Bishop Thorold's many visits to the American Continent. Therefore we will concentrate our attention on those holidays which he spent in America at the zenith of his courage and energy in 1882, 1883, and 1884.

In 1882 he had promised to undertake a tour as a temperance advocate into the Western States, in the company of Mr. Robert Graham, the Secretary of the Church Temperance Society. He reached New York on September 19, and was joined by his fellow-speaker. One incident of his stay in the city we cannot pass over.

*“September 21.—*I went to call on dear old Bishop Smith, the presiding bishop of the American Church. He did not look a day older than last year, and was evidently pleased to see me. He said, ‘I am waiting on the edge of the bank, for any moment the Master may call for me.’ I said, ‘You do not expect me to pity you for that.’ He added ‘I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep unto that day that which I have committed unto Him.’ He went on to speak of his consecration fifty years ago with three other bishops, and that the event is to be commemorated this year, October 30. I said, ‘You must

take care to live till then.' He smiled, with an evident sense of humour. Indeed he seemed rather more cheerful than last year. I told him of the Archbishop.* He said that all the bishops in the House of Bishops now preach the same doctrine. Is it so? Also of the Bishop of Kansas, who has done so much for the organisation of the Church in his diocese, and never received an episcopal income more than would pay poststamps and stationery. I told him I should not repeat it on my side of the water, it might be dangerous. Again he was tickled. I feared to tire him, so received his benediction, kissed his hand, and departed."

The Bishop wrote his own impressions of the tour in *Church Bells*.

"A journey of nearly 11,000 miles, with sermons and meetings occupying the intervals of travel, if it tempts loquacity, perhaps in a measure excuses it. Two observations may be pardoned in conclusion: One on the general question of the vital importance of honest, sober, downright, reasonable temperance work, both as a moral force and an evangelistic agency, when done on the true lines of the pure Gospel and inspired by the spirit of God. The other shall be about the mighty country I have been permitted once more to visit, and the Apostolic Church I have been privileged, though so slightly, to serve. America is still being born. Her natural resources are simply infinite. The shrewdness, cheerfulness, ingenuity, and vigour of her citizens are only to be equalled by their tenderheartedness, and their love of home and children. There is a deep religious instinct in the spirit of the American citizen; all the more need that it should be wisely guided, healthily fed, and suitably used. The Episcopal Church, like our own at home, is eminently conservative. Placed in the midst of eddies and currents, of eccentric and sometimes hysterical religion, even in the judgment of those outside her, she owes it to herself and her Lord to be calm and sober, slow to change, holding fast the faithful word and the sound tradition. But if she is to be a nursing mother of the nation, she must not sacrifice usefulness to dignity, and should she deliberately prefer a career of lettered ease to the rougher missionary work in the camp and the

* See pp. 224-5.

suburb, others will fill her place, and her glory will be departed. Her numbers are small, her influence is great, and becoming greater. In one diocese, almost as large as all England, the Bishop assured me with thankfulness that his communicants amounted to 2000; in another, of the same size, the confirmees this year were 500. How easy it is to see and to say what she needs! In spite of what may be said to the contrary, she needs endowments; and she is getting them. She needs more living sympathy between the East and the West, the Atlantic seaboard and the prairies. She needs more constant intercommunion than can be afforded by a Convention at Boston or New York every three years. Possibly she needs, for the consolidation of her spiritual life and organisation, the creation of the office of Metropolitan. For the assistance of the bishops, and for the pushing of frontier work, she might do well to revive the ancient order of Arch-deacon. May the wealthy laity readily offer of their abundance to her stirred and enthusiastic life, and soon her country will rise up and bless her."

The visit of 1883 was of special interest. The hundred years had nearly been completed since Bishop Seabury was consecrated by the Scottish bishops to govern the fast-vanishing Episcopal Church of the United States. The mean jealousy of the Whig Ministries of the eighteenth century, the enfeebled vitality of the Church, the strange hesitation whether it was possible for an Anglican bishop to exist outside the British Isles had long starved English Christianity in the plantations and colonies of North America. Bishop Seabury, his fellow-bishops, and his successors, set themselves to make up the lost headway. They had been wonderfully successful. And now the English Bishop of Rochester came from the bishops in England to their well-loved brethren in the United States, bearing an official letter of congratulation on their work for Christ. He landed on September 28 at Baltimore.

"*September 28.*—Baltimore.—Dr. Williams told me that the law forbids the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday; and that public opinion is against the repeal of it on Scriptural

grounds. Public houses are also closed on Sundays altogether. There is only one Unitarian chapel here. The Episcopal Church is strong. . . . Everything I hear and see confirms my impression of the progress and opportunities of the Episcopal Church. The only check is the public apprehension of Ritualism."

"*Sunday, September 30th.*—Richmond.—In the afternoon I preached to the children in Trinity Church; many parents there; I enjoyed it amazingly. Afterwards many of them came to shake hands, and some to be kissed. One of the Judges came into the vestry to thank me. At night I preached to a coloured congregation at St. Philip's. They were most attentive to the sermon, which was plain and searching. But two things disappointed me. The singing was not at all congregational, nor, as I thought, characteristic; we have the 'Church's one Foundation' at home. They were very plainly dressed; and there were too many white people. But I am glad I went. Twice to-day I have been thanked for 'The Presence of Christ,' one of my friends being a Congregational minister; also for my commentary on the Epistles. (S.P.C.K.) especially that on St. John. Thank God."

He described in *Church Bells* the Convention of the Episcopal Church at Philadelphia:

"At half-past three on the morning of October 3, I reached the hospitable and refined residence of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and soon after ten found myself among a busy throng of Churchmen in the vestibule of Christchurch, the oldest church in the city, associated with Penn, where Washington was wont to worship, and a former rector of which, Dr. White, was the first American bishop who was consecrated by English hands and prayers. It was a very impressive spectacle when between sixty and seventy bishops, headed by Bishop Lee of Delaware and the Anglican Bishop of Rochester, the messenger of the congratulations of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the senior Bishop, walked up the aisles of the crowded building to take their places at the Holy Table. The body of the church was filled with members of the Convention, and the galleries with other Church people, many of them ladies. The service, simple but most im-

pressive, was distinguished by the heartiness of the responses and the volume of the sacred song. Bishop Smith, now in the fifty-second year of his episcopate, standing over the remains of Bishop White, pronounced the absolution with great force and solemnity, and Bishop Clark of Rhode Island preached a vigorous and interesting sermon, distinguished as much by masculine thought as literary skill, on the past history of the Church and her present magnificent duty.

“These Conventions are held triennially, and are of increasing importance. This one was exceptionally interesting from the circumstance of next year being the centenary of Bishop Seabury’s consecration in Scotland as first Bishop of Connecticut. They are chiefly held at the great cities on the Eastern seaboard, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, from the necessity of providing abundant accommodation for the numerous visitors, also from the need of liberal local subvention to the great expense. This year towards this object over 15,000 dollars were contributed by the Churchmen of Philadelphia, in addition to the private dispensing of much charming hospitality. Each diocese elects eight delegates, four laymen and four clergymen, to the House of Deputies, which sits apart, and appoints its own chairman, usually a clergyman. The House of Bishops sits by itself in a convenient room close by, with separate desks, each accommodating two bishops. There are two secretaries, as perfect men of business as could be found.

“On the next day, the Convention held its first meeting in Holy Trinity Church, an impressive and commodious building, of which Mr. Phillips Brooks was rector before he went to Boston. The House of Deputies occupy the body of the church, and their places are assigned to them by wands inscribed with the name of the diocese on the top. It smote amazingly the imagination of a visitor from our little island to see side by side Florida and Vermont, Pennsylvania and California, Iowa and Louisiana, Missouri and Massachusetts. Also it inflamed the heart with a passionate sense of the nobleness of the Church’s mission in that vast area, and the unspeakable blessedness of her work in proclaiming Christ to a mighty nation that is yet being born. The next day both Houses met as a Board of Missions, to receive the oral

reports of the bishops of the missionary dioceses. A more dignified or instructive method of commencing the deliberative functions of a Church which is nothing if she is not missionary can hardly be conceived. It made an English clergyman wonder, with a wonder not without an element of sad envy in it, if his own beloved and Apostolic Communion, herself not so very behind in her beneficent and successful missions, will ever see the day when both her Convocations and both her great missionary societies will be privileged to meet in brotherly, devout, and grateful conclave, to hear from the lips of her own missionaries what God is doing by them among the Gentiles, and then, as the Apostles of old, to give Him unfeigned thanks and adoration. One who stood on the platform and looked down on the massive heads and earnest faces before him was not ashamed to feel a thrill of intense emotion run through all his soul. Bishops and Presbyters and laymen all sat together. The Episcopal Church in America though numerically inferior to others of the great religious bodies (did not she start with all the sympathies of a young and exasperated people against her, for her fancied arrogance and her historical associations with a long line of kings?) has no cause to blush either for her present position among men of culture and piety, or for the laymen who are numbered in her Communion. Robert Winthrop, George W. Childs, Thomas A. Hendricks, and Hamilton Fish are deservedly foremost names among the living citizens and statesmen of the United States; and all were present at the first day of the meeting of the Board of Missions. The Bishop of Rochester had twice to address this somewhat imposing, though most indulgent, assembly; first, on his being formally introduced to the House of Deputies as a visitor, and then on presenting the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the presiding Bishop. It was a marked and significant token of respect, both to the English Church and the English people, when the entire assembly rose and remained standing while Bishop Lee (an admirable chairman) read in clear and impressive tones, and with much dignity, his Grace's letter."

In his speech Bishop Thorold told the assembled representatives of the affection felt for the Church by the late Primate,

Archbishop Tait, and the present Primate, Archbishop Benson.

"I have tried to persuade some of the famous episcopal orators, Bishop Magee of Peterborough, Archbishop Thomson of York, and others to visit America, but somehow the sons of that old Britannia, who is said to rule the waves, her episcopal sons at all events, seem afraid of the water."

He described his own missionary diocese, and called upon his hearers to make the Church the Church of the people. Then he urged an extension of lay work.

"In the future, when this country has become the greatest empire in the world, and the English race are the moral masters of the world, this lay work will bear fruit." He concluded with a fervent appeal for support to the Temperance Organisation. "The dear old Church has made some mistakes. Who has not? I do not think highly of the man who has never made mistakes. They who have not the courage to risk a mistake seldom succeed. But all the mistakes the Church has ever made will be forgiven ten times over if success attend her invasion of the domain of intemperance." . . . "I see great probabilities and responsibilities in your future, but God will be with you. Magnificent duties confront you, but I believe in the triumphs of faith. May God help you more and more as with the religious enthusiasm of a young and generous people you stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart in your indefatigable efforts to effect the evangelisation of the masses."

The last words in his diary before he left Philadelphia are these :

"Oct. 9.—*Finis coronat opus*. How good God has been to me in giving me all these opportunities, and in enabling me in some way to use them. One of the clergy present told me that he had been in St. Pancras' Church when I preached my last sermon to the children there before my consecration."

In August 1884 he undertook a temperance tour still further west. At Buffalo he stayed with Bishop Cleveland

Cox : "The charm of the drive was the good bishop's conversation, he is so cultivated and nimble-minded." With another bishop, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, he "had a delightful talk on the intermediate state and the possibilities of divine discipline there." But the greatest delight was to reach Faribault and to find himself under the roof of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, whom he had met at the Convention in 1883 :

"His thoughtful, sad face," he then wrote, "instantly reminded me of the Bishop of Lincoln. The Indians would die for him. He lives for them."

Here the diary tells its own tale :

"*Aug. 21.*—Faribault.—All day long I have been listening with mingled edification, delight, and self-humbling to Bishop Whipple's conversation. To hear him talk is worth coming twice the journey. 'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus' is constantly coming to my mind about him. His stories about the Indians and his winter drives in the snow, and his favourite horse, and his journey in mid-winter to Baltimore for a meeting about his mission, when a great freshet came on just at the hour of the meeting, and only eleven persons were there, but one a Quaker, another a wealthy lady, both of whom largely helped him afterwards, have been most interesting."

"*Aug. 23.*—Mr. Thomas (a clergyman of Minnesota) told me a great deal about the Bishop, with whom he has been for twenty years. He said how hard a struggle it was just at first, when he was a stranger with no rich friends, and there was no money, and the Civil War was going on. His own salary was 400 dollars (not always paid); the expenses of the mission were met by small contributions dribbling in by letters, and he was almost in despair. In fact, he went one day to the Bishop to say he must resign. The Bishop was busy writing letters, and for some time took no notice of him. At last he said abruptly, 'Let us pray.' They knelt down, and he prayed for twenty minutes. Mr. Thomas got up and went away without saying anything, for he felt he could not leave such a man. From that day the tide turned. Within a week a gentleman from Boston called, and gave 500 dollars.

His daughters have since been munificent benefactors, giving 30,000 dollars to St. Mary's School, having lent them as much more to finish it, and also having endowed a professorship. Certainly to be with Bishop Whipple is a kind of inspiration."

"*Aug. 26.*—The road at first ran through wood, and afterwards over a rolling prairie, standing thick with corn. It was interesting, not romantic. Presently we came to the Indian Reservation of thirty-six square miles of fertile land. We met a sister of mercy galloping to her school. Bishop Whipple was full of delightful anecdote. We got to the Settlement of White Earth, with its pretty white houses and stone church; drove to Mr. Gilfillan's house, recently built; found Indian chiefs with remarkable faces there waiting for us. We went to church and had morning service. Then the Bishop and I addressed them through an interpreter. It is difficult to speak in this way, especially as I soon become conscious of the excessive dilution of my words. Mr. Johnson, the native clergyman, officiated. Then came a confirmation of seven or eight young people, and Holy Communion. The Bishop administered. The people came up of their own accord to give their offerings. Some of the faces were most striking. Some old women seemed quite burdened with the weight of melancholy years. The Indians listen with apparent apathy, rather like the House of Lords."

Leaving Bishop Whipple he travelled west to stay with Bishop Tuttle at Salt Lake City:

"*Sept. 1.*—We went round the new Mormon Tabernacle, of solid granite, very massively built out of the tithes of the people. It is yet only one-third finished. Then into the tabernacle now in use, tortoise shape, and capable of holding 7000 people. There are pillars to support the galleries, and festoons of dead flowers suspended from the roof to facilitate the transmission of sound. The seats of the people are open, and of wood, rising towards the back of the building. There are three tiers of dignity for the Mormon authorities, covered with crimson velvet. On the table in front were flagons for water, and plates for bread for their Communion service every Sunday afternoon. They say they are too poor to afford wine. The baptisms are perfectly regular,

being performed with water in the name of the Trinity. The roof is covered with shingle. On one side of this is another building used in winter, on the other a building where marriages are performed, but secretly, and no evidence is ever given about them, so that justice is baffled. We passed the great co-operative store, which does a great deal of business, and Brigham Young's houses, near which was pointed out Mr. Taylor, a very important and able ruler in the body. I declined to be introduced to him. Then to the hospital, which treats 800 cases a year. It is in connection with the church. We went through the wards, and I liked all I saw. Mr. Murray, the Governor of the Territory, called. He is a fine looking, respectable man. At five we went in a carriage to the station, and then, with a large party of Church people, in a special train to the Lake, crossing the Jordan, which flows into the Lake, reminding me of the Ouse. There is a bathing station here, and almost all the company, gentlemen and ladies, bathed in the sea, in which, from the quantity of salt, it is quite impossible to sink. It was a picturesque and novel sight. I was much pressed to bathe, and fear I was thought disrespectful to the Lake in firmly declining to do so. Introduced to a multitude of people, who were very kind. Had tea and slight food under a sort of improvised roof on picnic tables. Then to a little cottage occupied by Governor Murray, where I was introduced to some more people. Bright moon: came back at 9.30. Glad to get here."

"September 17.—Boston.—I went to Phillips Brooks', and had a delightful welcome and capital breakfast in his pretty house. His library quaint, delightful, and full of lovely things. In the evening I heard Gough speak with great power.

"September 22. -New York. -Another man, pleasant faced, seemed to recognise me as a fellow-traveller in the *Sardinian*, and said he had won a copy of Longfellow in a raffle. Would I accept it? and would I go to his hotel that he might order it to be sent to me? I hardly know why, but he said he was a nephew of Sir Hugh Allan, and I went with him. He went into a little room in a by-street, where I now see was his confederate. This person, who had a disc with figures on it before him, announced that Mr. Allan had won 500 dols. as well as the book. Over-

joyed, he wanted me to have some. I declined. Then a lottery ticket was also left him, which he was advised to take up and see what he could win by it. He won 500 dols. more. Then he wanted me to try, and I began to see that it was all a clumsy device to induce me to gamble, and I walked off. The man actually came to the door to apologise for not going on with me."

The tour of 10,000 miles closed with sermons and speeches in New York, where he was much impressed by the eloquence and capacity of Bishop Potter. When he returned to England he wrote to his chaplain, Canon Jones: "My holiday was all hard work, blessed, novel, and delightful, but all very hard work." But these three visits to the United States had been of inestimable value; they had proved the interest which the heads of the Church in England took in the welfare of the sister Church of America; they had drawn closer the bonds of union between the two Churches; and the affection interchanged by the Churches was sure to bring the two peoples together and to diminish the danger of a fratricidal struggle.

Only once more, in 1887, did Bishop Thorold visit the United States and Canada; and this journey was a holiday trip spent chiefly in British Columbia and Alaska in company with the Whipples. Want of space unhappily excludes the descriptions which he gave then, and at other times, of the vigour of the Canadian Church.

CHAPTER XII

PERIOD OF ILL HEALTH AND DIMINISHED WORK

1885-89

Overwork—His Son becomes a Romanist—Serious Illness—The Rev. Brooke Lambert—Relations to Nonconformists—Correspondence with Mr. Spurgeon—Disestablishment Question—Professor Cheyne—Visit to Jamaica—Death of Evelyn Alexander—Deaconess House—Loss of Friends—Self-appreciation—Voyage to Italy—Men and Books—The Church in Australia—Diocesan Incidents.

THE life which Bishop Thorold had lived since his consecration would have strained the strength of the strongest man. For the last three years he had had no proper holiday. Only happiness and success could support health under such continuous exertions; but now a very severe domestic trial increased the strain beyond endurance. Always a devoted father, he was passionately fond of his only surviving son Algar. Special circumstances had intensified the anxiety which the training of a motherless and delicate boy must inevitably cause a father who has neither time to give to the task nor quite the right qualities. In the autumn of 1884 the Bishop, full of hope and characteristic schemes for the future, sent his boy up to Oxford. Before many weeks had passed, on November 26, 1884, he thus begins a new volume of his diary:

“This volume commences with what must change all the future of my life. Algar writes that he has been received into the Church of Rome. I am stunned.”

It is as needless as it would be painful to enlarge on what this must have entailed of grief and even of humiliation to so staunch an English Churchman as Bishop Thorold. His own public acts made the wound all the more galling, while the personal sense of loss was terribly painful. It is enough to say that this event left a deep mark on his inner life, and that it, and occurrences more or less connected with it which followed, weighed down the Bishop's buoyant spirit until sometimes it was almost broken. It was a matter on which he naturally remained most reticent even with his most intimate friends.

SELSDON PARK, *December 12, 1884.*

DEAR LEGGE,—I can't write ; but all my life is changed.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

To his diocese he said in his Charge of October 1885 :

"To some God has sent sorrows, so barbed that they will rankle till we die, so sacred that they never pass our lips, so luminous with revelations of the Divine Character that, when we feel God's face over us, the keenest anguish becomes 'a solemn scorn of ills.' Some have had disappointments, but have come, through them, to understand the tender wisdom of God."

For two months he exerted himself to work off the pain ; tried to get interested in his scheme for training deaconesses and planting them in his overcrowded parishes ; threw himself into plans for school and college missions ; laboured more assiduously than ever. But he was overtaxing his strength every day, and he had reached a time of life when very severe effort often proves dangerous. On February 5, 1885, the enemy which was to make the remainder of his life a constant struggle against ill-health had begun the attack.

"Dr. Carpenter came and pronounced my case to be asthma. He is afraid of its becoming permanent which, though not fatal, would greatly interfere with my work and be very distressing."

On the 10th he was overwhelmed with depression :

"May God direct! I wish with all child-like loving submission to yield to Him, but it is hard. My boy is gone, and it was my comfort that my work remained. That is gone now."

And on the 13th,

"I am feeling depressed and with almost a loathing for food. Thomas à Kempis seems to suit me."

SELSDON PARK, *February 11, 1885.*

DEAREST BOYD,—It is just like you to want me. But I need a softer, warmer air than your beautiful Links of St. Andrews can afford in February. I read your sermons on Sunday, and greatly enjoyed them. Especially "What set him right," and this very hour I am going to read some more. I want comforting.—Ever affectionately,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Just at this time a practical question arose which affected the relations of the Church with Nonconformity. It came about in this way. In February 1885 the Bishop received information that the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, proposed to preach in a Nonconformist Chapel (Dr. Clifford's), at Paddington. He immediately summoned him to Selston.

"Brooke Lambert came. He was nervous and unhappy. I was as kind as possible. I had got Browne by me for the 71st canon. He seems to have seen Jeune, and to doubt the force of it. I said I did not pretend to be a lawyer, but I was advised. I quite admitted that if his conscience compelled him to do it he must, but I declined to recede from my position, though I added it would not disturb our private friendship. I also said that I felt the oath of dutiful obedience must not be pressed to a blind subservience. Cases might arise in which it would not hold. Was this one? He was shaken when I denied that the best way of getting a law altered was breaking it. I also put it to him if the good he might get by preaching would counterbalance the harm it would do, and the loss of influence. I reminded him of what I had done just a year ago with Aston, and that I could not recede from that. I begged him to pray to be guided. He seemed to feel the difficulty of this from his

own will being so bound up with it ; consequently I felt it rather forcing things to offer to pray *with* him, but I knelt down when he was gone. He said his great difficulty was in my kindness to him. He went away, and I don't know what he will do."

Mr. Brooke Lambert left Selsdon troubled exceedingly ; he was not so much affected by the Bishop's argument that he was trying to get the law altered by breaking it, for he would rather have stated his position in another way "that attention must be called to injustice in laws by action which will bring on the actor the penalties of a broken law" ; but he was intensely sensitive to the Bishop's kindness ; and desirous, if he could conscientiously, to prove his loyalty to his diocesan. Any private feeling he would have sacrificed at once ; but he "thought that public rights were involved." He could not accept the Bishop's interpretation of the 71st canon and wished to obtain a legal decision on it, which only a prosecution could ensure. And he felt he would be breaking troth to the Nonconformists at a very important juncture. Dr. Clifford had recently expressed his sympathy for the widespread Church mission of 1885 by holding a special prayer meeting in his chapel. He had then called for a return of sympathy by inviting Mr. Lambert to preach for him ; and Mr. Lambert had accepted without expecting any publicity. Was he now to give way before the storm ? To a man of his character it was impossible.

On the whole he decided that the worst injury to the cause of Christian charity would come from submission, and he resolved not to submit. On February 9 the Bishop writes : "Brooke Lambert did preach after all on Sunday night." But the act of disobedience made no difference in his cordial affection to the Vicar of Greenwich, who was checked in the resignation of his diocesan offices by an emphatic "Again I say, don't do it" ; afterwards as before he was an acceptable guest at Selsdon.

It was no dislike of Dissenters which caused the Bishop's

opposition. With many of their leaders he was on very cordial terms. On August 28, 1885, Mr. Spurgeon was at Selsdon.

“He arrived a little after one, and stayed till half-past five. He was a little shy, but enjoyed himself. He spoke about beeches being the most intelligent of trees in the way they grew their branches; said that the dissenting ministers of garrison towns all testify to the mischief done by suspending the Contagious Diseases Acts; gave many anecdotes about money that had come to him in answer to prayer; spoke of Hooker and Andrewes as divines who delighted him. We had prayer together in the chapel.”

The great Nonconformist preacher had previously been in friendly correspondence with the Bishop.

NIGHTINGALE LANE, CLAPHAM,

July 11, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter is an illustration of how the members of the living body *know* each other by the instinct which is inseparable from life. I have been laid aside with rheumatic gout, and this has been attended with much depression of spirit; you therefore are set to cheer me. The gravamen of my self-charge has been *uselessness*, and you are bidden to meet that point. I adore the kindly wisdom of my Lord, and then thank you very heartily for your great kindness. I shall read your book with great interest, only regretting that it was not handy when I was chipping the rocks for Ps. xxiii. I have just completed vol. v., which comes to the close of Ps. cxviii. I was to have been among the Hebrides this week, but my arm is too painful for me to move. I hope to go on Monday. You will give me a great treat if I can see you when I return. It is a short drive from my house to Croydon. May our Lord richly reward you for your most kind and generous thought towards me.—Yours very respectfully and heartily, C. H. SPURGEON.

In 1881 Mr. Spurgeon invited the Bishop to take part in a meeting for his Orphanage at the Tabernacle. He replied :

SELSDON PARK, *May 19, 1881.*

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—I am touched by your letter, and I will not answer it with the dry matter of fact that on the day you name so kindly I am to be occupied with seeing my clergy about my Visitation Returns. May I, rather, explain to you with the frankness, which is as respectful to you as it is suitable for myself, where, as seems to me, the difficulty lies of my doing what my heart assents to with an instant yes, but from which my judgment shrinks? The question I ask myself is, How shall I best serve God and help on the Kingdom of His Son in the matter? Most things are a question of equipoise, and those who have to rule others must consider the value of influence, and weigh the risks of diminishing an indisputable source of power.

Were I to come to you, what would happen? Your own people would be pleased, your hands might be just a little strengthened; my own nature would be gratified. But it is due to my own people, that I should also think how they would look at it. A few would be glad, the great majority would feel it to be a mistake, and a large minority would bitterly resent it as a disloyalty to their Church, and an affront on themselves. The certain result would be, that for two or three years I should find my position (difficult enough already) made far more difficult with a large and influential section of Church people, both clerical and lay; and I could hardly console myself with the feeling that in return for a diminished influence, and an augmented coldness I had struck a blow for the Master, or honoured His faithful people, in a way that compensated for the risk. I don't feel guilty of cowardice in writing this; and I don't think you will attribute it to me. But prudence is still a Christian virtue; and my hands are not so strong that I can afford to weaken them. As it happens, I may say with perfect truthfulness that of all the Non-conformist ministers in my diocese, for none is there more cordial and sincere respect felt than for yourself. But why should I pretend to deny that the Disestablishment movement (which I know you support on conscientious grounds, quite intelligible to me, though I cannot sympathise with them) is a grave factor in the increasing difficulty of external unity? and though you may

and must regret it, you will hardly wonder at it. Pardon this lengthy epistle. I want you to know all my mind.—Yours, with sincere respect and regard.

A. W. ROFFEN.

Mr. Spurgeon answered :

WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL,
UPPER NORWOOD, *May 21, 1881.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Some persons refuse with greater grace than others manifest in consenting. I understand the situation, and I am grateful that the “spirit truly is willing.” Far be it from me to weaken your hands in the least degree ; my prayer is that for your difficult position you may be daily strengthened by the Mighty God of Jacob. Whatever may be the wars which rage over the Establishment question, I pray our great Lord to have you ever in His holy keeping, and when you are happily liberated by our exertions you will pardon us the benefit bestowed, and there will remain no such stumbling-block as that which now lies in the way of union.

I read to my College yesterday your admirable lecture upon “a sermon,” and I heartily thank you for it. I ought to apologise for causing you to write me so long a letter ; rather will I thank you for its kindly frankness, and for its generous spirit. I hardly expected more, but I had some hope that perhaps there might be some common ground in philanthropic effort for orphans ; as it is, there is room in Christ our Lord and in His blessed Gospel for a fellowship which it appears must be invisible till better days. If unseen, I believe it to be none the less true, and I most heartily renew the expression of it, regretting that there should be any cause for the restraint of its manifestation.—Yours for ever in the one body of Christ, with love and esteem,

C. H. SPURGEON.*

The next is from another preacher whose works Bishop Thorold greatly valued.

MANCHESTER, *December 26, 1882.*

MY LORD,—I have to thank your Lordship most heartily for sending me your volume,† and for the kind words of the inscrip-

* It will be remembered how Mr. Spurgeon's attitude towards the dis-establishment movement changed in later years.

† “The Gospel of Christ.”

tion contained in it. I have long desired an opportunity of expressing to you my sense of extreme obligation to your Lordship for some far too warmly eulogistic reference to me in a speech of yours here. You have now increased my debt, but at the same time given me the opportunity of acknowledging it; and I pray you to accept my very sincere thanks. God has called us to work in very different circumstances, and in widely separated communions, but I rejoice to recognise in your volume the words of one with whom I feel in closest accord, in all matters central to the life of one's own soul; and while I have followed you through your earnest and strong words, I have felt that the things which divide us are "seen and temporal," and those which unite are "unseen and eternal." With very cordial thanks and earnest wishes that your Lordship may have strength and grace for your office.—I am, my Lord, yours very faithfully,

ALEX. MACLAREN.

The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

A letter written by the Bishop at a later date puts his attitude towards Dissenters in the clearest light.

SELSDON PARK, *April 21*, 1888.

DEAR MR. CASSIN,—I have thought carefully over your letter. For Mr. Spurgeon personally I entertain feelings of regard, and on many grounds should be pleased to show it; but a bishop has others to consider besides himself, and is bound to consider how others may interpret his actions, and to act with prudence as well as friendliness. What could come in a practical shape from such a meeting as is proposed? No union of forces for Christian work in South London, that is certain. Long experience has shown that it is in the interest of charity as well as of usefulness, that Churchmen and Nonconformists should agree to work on their separate lines, parallel, if it pleases any one to call them so; but still distinct on both sides, and on one side as much as another. Honest and reasonable divergences soon arise, which the leaders can neither ignore nor resent. Then there is a parting of company, and perhaps a little heat, and some disappointment, and once more we wonder that it was not foreseen sooner. Resolutions at a public meeting, kind words and shakes of the hand

may please emotional people who do not think deeply. Practical men however (and I am sure you are among them) feel it better to do nothing to stir expectations, and then to create disappointment. I have tried to see to the end of all that you propose, and with my knowledge of the clergy and Churchmen of South London, am clear that no real good can come out of it; and it is better to say so frankly at once, before the proposal grows.—Ever yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

But we must go back to 1885. The months of inactivity proved very trying. "I am doing a little—the indispensable diocesan work which keeps me from fretting," he writes to Mr. Grundy from Torquay; and again:

TORQUAY, *March 9, 1885.*

DEAREST BOYD,—Your letters have all followed me here. I was "sliding" rather fast, and as I could neither walk, breathe, nor eat, I thought I had better "cut and run" out of the keen air of the Selsdon hills. So one day, when the wind was S.W., I was packed into the brougham with my doctor, and driven straight to Paddington Station, where Alexander met me, and accompanied me down here, and stayed with me at the Hotel. I have taken a house. The children, most delicious of tormentors, are here. Wiles is a wonderful nurse; and I am mending solidly though slowly. I can walk (perhaps I should say creep) for a quarter of an hour at a time; my breathing is much better, and though the wind is N.E., it is softer than at Selsdon, and we have a brilliant sunshine. No, dear fellow, I don't believe in spring on the N.E. coast of Scotland. Besides, the less I talk the better. You are coming to me for the methodist sermon and the apple blossoms.—Ever your truly affectionate

A. W. ROFFEN.

P.S.—I also send a *Diocesan Chronicle*. The grammar of Bishop's notes is now and then shaky, like his head.

On April 25 he was well enough to take part in the consecration of Bishops King and Bickersteth at St. Paul's.

"Liddon, who is much aged since I last saw him, preached for an hour and twenty minutes. 'Although ye have ten thousand

instructors,' &c. His voice is wonderful, and delivery electrical. The sermon, which had most striking passages, was unnecessarily controversial, and he gave the Public Worship Regulation Bill a kick."

Later in the year the question of Disestablishment came suddenly to the front at the General Election. The Liberation Society was active; candidates were eager to obtain the Dissenting vote, or found in the promise of Church plunder a ready bait to entice the more ignorant voters. Bishop Thorold, among others, thought the time had come to speak plainly, and published a letter to the lay members of his Diocesan Conference. He justified his action in confining his address to the laity in these pointed words:

"It is a layman's question. The most drastic proposal for disendowing the Church does not contemplate serious interference with vested interests. The clergy number at the utmost, licensed and beneficed together, twenty thousand. Lay Churchmen are to be counted by millions."

He continued:

"For the widow and the fatherless, who have no helper; the children, who never needed more than now the incessant care of a vigilant and resident clergy; the religious bodies outside us which sometimes recognise with generosity the value of a national Church with its activities, scholarship, and devotion; the artizan who welcomes a clergyman in his home though he may seldom follow him into his church; the peasant who would soon regret the friends he had lost when missing the refined and kindly inmates of the parsonage—the great question is now at stake, Is it or is it not for the welfare of the people at large that the National Church should be maintained?"

After an examination of the motives of the attacking party, among whom he pointed out the Secularists as the only gainers; he declared his opinion that after disestablishment "the Church organisation in many rural districts must disappear," and that "in the great centres of labour, such as Liverpool, Leeds, &c., the

Church's framework would be utterly submerged." In thirty-three rural parishes of his own diocese, he could "not see how the Church was to be maintained." In several town parishes outside South London, and in South London itself, he would tremble for the future.

Then came the passage most widely discussed in the newspapers :

"With Disestablishment 'Paganism' would soon recover its ancient and sinister significance ; the Church's work would have to be done from missionary centres of celibate clergy, who, if they could supply in some degree the public ministrations of the Church, could in no sense be the pastors of the people. The sick would be left to die without consolation, the poor and afflicted would no longer have the power of claiming or receiving the tender sympathy and personal instruction of their own authorised clergymen ; the best and cheapest kind of police for the masses would be suddenly dismissed about their business ; and it is no exaggeration to say that the entire country would suffer."

The Church schools would go, and probably be replaced by "secular Board schools." Therefore he exhorted the laity to active resistance, and ended thus :

"The one thing I feel really anxious about is the characteristic slowness of Englishmen ever to believe that there can be real danger. The only persons I dread are our own Epicureans."

The manifesto was much noticed. The *Liberator* twitted him with being the victim of a "base despair." Another writer accused him of "a libel on human nature." But it had its effect. With hundreds of other utterances, it roused Church people to resistance ; pledges were exacted from Liberal candidates ; and the danger for the time passed away as new questions of political importance came to the front. He just refers to the storm in his Charge later in the year :

"To words I have already addressed to the representative laity of the diocese I will not add more here, if for no better

reason than that there is a possible risk of talking ourselves into a panic, with an inevitable loss of dignity in yielding to it. The Church has never yet cared to stir herself, either to know or use her full strength, and her enemies guess still less of it. If we clergymen must grasp the sword as well as the trowel, be it so. Some of us are more in love with the trowel, and have had more experience in using it. But, come what may, the building of the walls of our Zion shall still go on—cheerily go on; and to use the trowel with unflagging diligence may prove the true secret of keeping the sword in its scabbard.”

Later on he turns to the clergy :

“Let no one say of you that your individuality is effaced, your doctrines diluted, your vitality decayed. Be yourselves, not only by self-assertion, which provokes controversy; nor by vaunting the past, which stirs contempt; but by filling with dignity, quietness, and devotion the place in the Church given you to fill, with sacrifices that others may imitate, and diligence which the world would miss.”

On December 10 he was summoned, with the Archbishop, Professor Jowett, Professor Ince, and the Provost of Oriel, to elect a successor to Dr. Wordsworth as Oriel Professor of Exegesis at Oxford.

“I proposed Cheyne, saying I thought that the exegesis of Old Testament Scripture would be most important. This seemed quite to take them by surprise.” It carried out the Bishop’s principle, “We must let the thinkers think and bid the scholars study.” Dr. Cheyne was elected; “I expect it is a capital appointment,” he commented. “I saw the Archbishop of York afterwards and he quite approved.”

Some years later he writes in the diary :

“Cheyne preached a remarkable sermon at the ordination, bristling with controverted points, boldly and almost pugnaciously put. I asked for it for the *Chronicle*, but some of the men were troubled by it.”

Being compelled to pass the spring of 1886 in a warmer climate, he decided on a voyage to Mexico, and to spend what time he could spare on his return in a visit to the English Church in the West Indies. During March he passed a few days with the black Bishop of Haiti; then some weeks in Jamaica, and a fortnight in Barbadoes. He was much impressed by the life and energy of the Church in both these plantations, while his hosts could not sufficiently express their gratitude for the cheering and spiritualising influence of the sermons and instructions which he delivered during his stay, regardless of his impaired health.

The year 1886 was a year of still reduced effort. It was saddened by the serious illness of his chaplain and friend, Evelyn Alexander, who had overdone himself in his patient devotion to the task of building up St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square. The Bishop was indefatigable in his efforts to relieve his friend of anxiety.

SELSDON PARK, *September 27, 1886.*

DEAR EVIE,—I went to St. Paul's yesterday, and notwithstanding a wet morning had a capital congregation; so many genuine poor. We got £9 7s. 0d.—not bad. I did not commit myself to any statement about the time of your coming back.

A month here will do you real good, and give time for thought and counsel together. You shall be dieted, petted, spoiled to your mother's heart's content, and we will have as much or as little of your dear company as you like to give us.—Your most affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

But the illness had gained too strong a hold. On February 24, 1887, he enters in his diary:

"Evie is dead. Almost his last words were 'Bishop—children—my love; my mother, be brave. I am so very happy. Safe with Jesus. Just as much your own darling there as here.' He was quite peaceful, just like falling into a calm sleep. What a loss to us all!"

The following Sunday he preached at Lorrimore Square.

"I got on fairly with my sermon, but now and then I had to stop to ensure self-control." At the funeral service "I gave the address from the steps, saying most of what I wanted, but the language was clumsy and required precision. The sorrowful people were an instructive and consoling sight. To be loved, what a reward. Bishop Alexander of Derry read the lesson, his voice at last rising into a magnificent song. Evie is constantly in my mind and heart."

SELSDON, *April 11*, 1887.

DEAREST PELHAM,—Come and have a good talk, and bring Mrs. Pelham with you from Thursday to Saturday. I shall only have Allen Edwards here, and my Chancellor and the girls. I have much to talk to you about, my heart turns to you like a flower to the sun, now that Evelyn Alexander is gone. I wish you would spare me a little finger, and that some genie would transform it into a domestic chaplain. I am sure you want rest, your letter is a little flurried; come here and get it. With heaps of tender love.—Ever affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

"Dear, dear fellow," he writes to his mother, Mrs. Alexander, "he comes back to me like a flower of exquisite fragrance and of simple beauty."

The affection on the Bishop's part had been requited by the love and admiration of the younger man.

"I have never," Alexander told his mother, in announcing his appointment as chaplain, "had or dreamed of having such an honour done me. Do you know what it involves? You can hardly realise what it must be to become the intimate friend and confidant of such a man as the Bishop. I feel quite beside myself at the idea of being thought worthy of such a post, and very fearful of not proving what he expects." And again when they were travelling together and Alexander was ill, he writes: "I can't describe to you the Bishop's tenderness to me, and his watchful and careful attention as a nurse."

No other friendship could ever replace this, and Bishop Thorold, with advancing years, found new intimacies more

and more difficult to develop. Alexander was to have been the guardian of his children; to the last, Alexander's picture stood conspicuous on his writing-table; and on the final All Saints' day of his life Evelyn Alexander's was one of the three names which the Bishop records as being engraved most deeply on his heart.

In 1887 he was again busily at work. On Sunday, March 27, there is a contrast between the interest of preaching to a fashionable and to a working-class congregation.

"I preached in the morning at the Chapel Royal, St. James'; the atmosphere was depressing and the people (some of them) would yawn. I did not enjoy it, the whole thing is so unreal."

In the evening, after confirming 145 candidates at St. Paul's, Deptford, he preached for his friend Mr. Pratt at Christ Church, Deptford.

"There was a good congregation. The people were evidently pleased to see me. Sunday evening sermons in these poor churches do a great deal of good."

On April 16, opening the Deaconess Home at Clapham Common:

"I had a few quiet words with Mrs. Gilmore (the Head Deaconess), in her own prettily furnished room, and prayed with her. I feel thankful that the Home has been opened at last—three years after the Conference first debated it. We are to begin with two probationers; not so bad. But shall we prosper or fail? If this is unbelief may I be forgiven. We will deserve to succeed.

"I must not conceal from you," he said at the opening, "that this is an experiment of faith. To some of us that may be only another feature of interest in it. Everything was new once, and the people to whom the Church and the world are most indebted are usually those who have the courage and the wisdom to start new things, seeing the result that will come from them. I hope and pray that this Home may have a threefold value; by being (1) the assertion of a great principle, the blessed self-consecration

of a woman's life to skilled activity ; (2) the link of all women's work in the diocese ; and (3) the deepening and training of gifts and life to the service of God. Nothing is so important as giving godly women an opportunity of devoting themselves to God. It is offered here."

In the next few months he was full of the success and usefulness of the venture, by which he hoped to supply leaders for the work among the women in some of the desolate parishes of South London ; he was very much impressed with the power shown and the interest aroused by the Head Deaconess ; and greatly annoyed when one of the neighbouring clergy "preached at her and the dress in a marked way."

Traversing the Atlantic for a much-needed rest in July 1887, he found opportunity to review the ten years of his episcopate, and on the 25th, the tenth anniversary of his consecration, he writes in his diary :

"I read several chapters of Dupanloup's *Life* which increasingly interests me. The incessant laudation is somewhat grandiose, and makes me think of what an ostrich's style would be if it took to literature. But the man himself shines out through his letters and memoranda. The last chapter of volume i. is an account of his being offered his episcopate, and his stoutly refusing it, and his being commanded to take it and then his long and devout preparations for it. It has all humbled me to the dust, on this the tenth anniversary of my own consecration, when I feel my own unworthiness and incapacity and poverty of soul and ignorance, in contrast with him. How much has happened since this day of 1877. Selsdon taken, Emmie dead, Evelyn Alexander come and gone, the children growing up, the diocese organized and being organized, the Ten Churches Fund completed, St. Saviour's obtained for the See, my trouble with the Ritualists over, Algar a Roman, a great illness, and the shadow of another upon me. Some of my chief omissions and shortcomings are very plain to me. I am not acceptable enough. Occasionally I am hasty and unjust. My study is nothing, my reading of Holy

Scripture scanty ; my preaching is, I think, though much altered from what it was at St. Pancras', as useful as ever. I never was a speaker, and never shall be one, but do I take pains enough with preparing ? I am only a bishop of the diocese, not of the Church. I contribute nothing to bishops' meetings or Convocation. The drudgery of incessant letters has increased and saps my vital strength. To-day I look forward to the beginning of my second decade with uncertainty, humility, a chastened hope, and definite wishes for improvement. If this tour does not deliver me from my present infirmity, I may have to resign my See, and certainly I cannot go on long unless the diocese is divided. Marriott's coming ought to set me free from letterwriting on trifles, and I should like to be able to do a little more than now on outside Church affairs. I have a plan for a South London Clergy House connected with the Wilberforce Mission. Next year is the Lambeth Conference, and perhaps a Rochester Church Congress. What I desire increasingly is to be more of a spiritual pastor and father to my clergy, to be more for God, and to walk more closely with Him."

On October 1 he is returning to England :

"Time will show if I am stronger"; and on the 8th, "I am feeling rather depressed to-night, and could not settle to anything. What will Carpenter say to-morrow ? 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

The next day Dr. Carpenter, on careful examination, gave him leave to work if he was very careful and took "Sunday rest."

"Many problems have to be settled, some chiefly by me. The new Dean ; the rectification of the diocese ; our future home ; the Congress of 1888 ; the Wilberforce Mission."

The new Dean, Canon Hole, proved to be

"a warm-hearted man of great preaching and speaking gifts, and a very decided High Churchman. There is plenty of work for him to do."

Almost immediately after his return he lost his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Greene, Vicar of Middle Claydon, quite suddenly.

“The loss is greater than I can say. Two of my dearest friends gone in one year. The funeral was at Whittington, so full of memories. The Dean of Ripon (Fremantle) and I went down to the church by ourselves, passing the open grave with my three crosses just in front, where sooner than I think I am to sleep. I looked at the place with a curious and not resentful feeling, and made up my mind how my cross was to be : lengthways and opposite, the whole length on the ground. That sweet, holy face I shall never see again, till the same message has come for me. I could talk to him about everything.”

There were very few living of whom that could be said now. But the burden of work under which he had quite broken down in the course of the year was lightened by the appointment of a new resident chaplain, the Rev. F. R. Marriott, since Rector of Warlingham ; and the Bishop was relieved from the labour of answering a considerable proportion of his letters.

In January 1888, the confirmations had begun again. After the confirmation at Lewisham, he writes :

“I went to confirm in her bed a young married woman dying of internal cancer. She seemed full of peace, and had greatly desired the ordinance. It was a joy to me to give it her. Her calm, serene brightness seemed such a blessed answer to the cavils of sceptics, and the doubts of agnosticism. A Living God sustained her with His presence.”

He still kept a strong guiding hand on the diocese. But in March the doctors ordered him to Italy. Going by sea he found opportunity for reading. John Morley was a very favourite author ; he is constantly quoted in the charges and the sermons ; his books fascinated Bishop Thorold's mind ; and he said to one of his clergy, “Morley is a man we shall

have to reckon with, he is so terribly in earnest." It would have been a special delight to him if he could have obtained the statesman's friendship. He was particularly pleased to talk of him with leading politicians, and to chronicle their high opinion of his character. Among the few treasured letters is one from Mr. Morley ; it refers to a later date, but may well be given here.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *April 2, 1893.*

MY DEAR BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,—It was very kind of you to think of sending me the volume.* It reached me this morning, and instead of going to church I read a couple of sermons, with much interest and satisfaction. Your words fortify and soothe, a double process that is not unneeded even in Ireland. I hope that you are now fairly at the end of the tiresome journey of convalescence, and that you may be speedily restored to the blessedness of good work.—Yours sincerely, JOHN MORLEY.

His appreciation of Mr. Morley proved the width of his sympathies, and the power of attraction which all good literary work and moral earnestness exercised upon his mind. Here are a few of his criticisms on books and men :

"To-day I finished the *Life of George Eliot*, which has deeply interested me. Certainly there is much to learn about the noble happiness that comes of intellectual fellowship and sympathy between married people ; and about the moral industry required for study—of which I have none."

"I have been reading the *Life of Carlyle* ; he was a prophet who clung to God more, I think, than he was aware of."

"The *Life of St. Philip Neri* I have found very edifying, elevating, and humbling. The Romans understand the discipline of the soul better than we do."

"At Naples I went to St. Philip Neri's Church. I knelt and thanked God for all He had taught me through reading the *Saint's Life*."

"What a man Gordon was, and how the truth of an indwelling

* "Questions of Faith and Duty."

God was the sheet-anchor of his soul, and the secret of his great history. Self-love was his chief dread, and he felt it his worst enemy. Would that others dreaded and resisted it as he did !”

Canon Mason’s “Faith of the Gospel” very much interested him at this time ;

“A careful, solid book, with some crudities and a courageousness, perhaps unconscious, in going very near to Roman doctrine, which the author always treats with a sort of deferential respect. He is very wise on the question of Retribution, and almost encourages prayer for the holy dead.”

Of Darwin’s Life he writes that

“it describes very much, from his own letters, one of the most truth-loving, conscientious, patient, laborious, and modest students that ever lived. His industry about details is incredible, and his honesty in seeking and declaring truth most exemplary for disciples in other schools. Little by little his faculty of apprehending the Invisible seems to have been lost just through its never being used. Physical science seems to have had a kind of ossifying effect on his spiritual perceptions. He died quite calmly, saying he did not fear death. I believe him. He seems to have been a most gentle, lovable man.”

“I also finished Moule’s little book, which is very helpful.”

Of another writer he says, with a sigh of jealousy,

“What strong health he must have had !”

The voyage and stay at Naples did him very little good. Evidently his diocese was too much for him. But he set to work vigorously when he returned.

On April 20th he was at a quiet day for bishops, held in Lambeth Palace :

“I have not brought away any deep impressions of blessing ; the addresses were hardly calculated to produce them, but it was good to be with God and one’s brethren, and I had much useful quiet talk with the Bishops of Brisbane, St. Asaph, and others.”

On the 24th he moved in Convocation for a joint committee to consider if any further organisation could be contrived to reach the classes outside religious influences.

"I spoke for about half an hour, and got on better than is usual in that bad air. I was listened to with great kindness, and the Bishop of Winchester said he thought it was the most interesting speech he had ever heard in Convocation."

Such a subject interested him. Too often he felt they "were languidly discussing trifles and diligently wasting time." But this was the pressing problem which weighed upon him night and day in South London. How was the Church to supplement the parochial system when the clergy were ill-suited to their work, perhaps even indifferent or incapable, yet committing no definite acts for which they could be deprived of their office? He began to express his opinion firmly that "the freehold character of our English benefices must in some way be modified."

As the winter approached the doctors again pronounced him unfit for work, and advised a long southern voyage. It was hard to part with his children, and there were difficulties in the household which made absence all the more uncomfortable, but he had to face it; and he left Tilbury on December 29, depressed by ill-health, but eager to be of use on the voyage, and in the Australian Church.

"May God bless the enterprise to me in body, soul, and spirit, and make me a blessing to others, in ways which He Himself will indicate, and I trust give me wisdom and zeal rightly to use."

In Australia he visited all the chief cities, preaching and teaching. He specially enjoyed his stay in Sydney with the metropolitan, Bishop Barry. The diary contains his impressions of the Australian Church.

"*February* 28, 1889.—We have now done with Australia. I am very glad to have seen it. This has been a wonderful voyage

round it; and with the exception of Brisbane, we have seen all the principal towns, while we have not visited any of the interior. There can be no doubt about the magnificence of the climate, notwithstanding the frequent and protracted droughts, the tremendous vicissitudes of temperature, and (in the northern parts) the great heat. The gold produce, especially in Brisbane (Croydon is a new goldfield), is practically illimitable. So are its pastoral capabilities. The manufacturing industries are not yet born, their infancy is to come. As for political government, it is essentially democratic; and public opinion, especially in Queensland and Victoria, and among the younger men, is far more pronounced for separation, and for an independent political existence, than is supposed at home. About *religion* I am not very happy. In two at least of the greater colonies the education is entirely secular. (Permission to teach the children after school hours is worthless.) The Romans are the wealthiest and the most audacious of the religious bodies, commanding the finest sites for their public buildings, and having, with much foresight in past times, judiciously invested in land, now often of fabulous value. The Presbyterians get the best men to come out, and pay them best. Anglicans are thought by Nonconformists to have a dominant future. I doubt it, unless some of our picked young men will come out for five or six years. Churchmen do not find it easy to learn or practise voluntaryism. The laity will not encourage their sons to take orders, and the young men will not themselves accept a position of dependence. There is little spiritual religion, and the majority of the clergy hardly compel either intellectual or social respect. Intemperance is the grievous bane of the continent, and especially among the young men and the latest arrivals. The Australians are great lovers of pleasure, especially horseracing and the drama. The country is interesting, but hardly impressive. Canada moves me more, and Sydney alone have I felt I really wish to see again."

The journey had wearied him greatly; there was not enough interest in the long days at sea to stir and stimulate his nervous energies. On April 8, 1889, he writes in his diary:

"I am feeling somewhat depressed at the great tasks in front

of me when I return, their variety and importance, and how far shall I have strength for them; also foolishly asking myself if this long voyage was wise. But the Lord will provide. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in God.'"

Before the close of the month he was at home and at work, but without his accustomed buoyancy. The diary is full of complaints; several of his relations had become a serious expense to him; Selsdon he felt was forming too heavy a burden on his resources. He was still reading diligently, now engrossed with the fear that

"*Lux Mundi*, if correct, destroys so much of the historical argument for Christianity"; now cheered by the study of "the Archbishop of Canterbury's charge, full of gems inside Brazil nuts."

The boundless confidence which the clergy of the diocese expressed in his administration, and their patient willingness to await his recovery through these four years of ill-health, proved the best tonic. He was still intent, as the next chapter will show, upon some large schemes; his ordinary work was done with a vigour which was astonishing in his weak condition. Incidents came to cheer and amuse him.

"Fancy my astonishment when some rough boys at a street corner the other day threw up their caps as I drove past, and cried 'Three cheers for the Bishop of Rochester.' We are beginning to appreciate Church work in South London."

"An old man, very deaf, was induced with great difficulty to come to the St. John's College Mission Room in Walworth to hear me preach. When it was over he was asked how he liked it. 'Oh it was grand.' Did you hear it well? 'I did not hear a word. But he was just like a judge with his cap and hood and robes.'"

At All Hallows', Southwark, "I found a good and devout congregation. There was a kindly and respectful crowd outside as I

went back to the carriage, the boys being very friendly. I never come to these places without wishing I could come oftener."

"One of my younger clergy came to bid me good-bye. He starts on Monday to Zanzibar for the Central African Mission. The story is a curious and romantic one. A friend of his engaged in the Mission has died of fever, and it came with irresistible force to his conscience that it was his duty to go and fill his place. His face was radiant with quiet happiness. We knelt in prayer in the chapel, and I gave him 'The Gospel of Christ.'"

CHAPTER XIII

SOME LARGE QUESTIONS IN LATER YEARS AT ROCHESTER,

1887-90

Comparative diminution of energy—Rectification of the Diocese—Appointment of a Suffragan—St. Saviour's, Southwark—Socialism—Paper at Wakefield Congress—Meeting in Camberwell Road—Sermon to the Guild of St. Matthew—Lambeth Conference of 1888—Bishop of Lincoln's Trial—Additional Curates—Benson Case—Charge of 1889—Interest in the Church of Scotland.

THE first seven years of Bishop Thorold's episcopate had been years of effort so continuous and so severe as to have tested the constitution of the strongest man; and Bishop Thorold, though possessed of extraordinary vital force, and having the power to recover with startling rapidity when some work in hand called forth his full interest, had always been delicate. In 1887 he had settled down to a condition of ill-health, and was oppressed with a constant sense of weariness. He was never for long out of the hands of a doctor at home; and on his voyages and his travels was constantly requiring medical advice and treatment. He worked, it is true, as hard as most men still; but weakness often compelled him to leave things undone which he had planned out for himself, and through many of his engagements he dragged his tired body with ever increasing difficulty. Happily the diocese was now organised. He knew the men on whom he could rely. He had supplied himself in almost all departments with skilful lieutenants who

were carrying out his plans. He had considerably curtailed his provinces of interest; the House of Lords no longer occupied a place even in his dreams of usefulness; with social and political questions he had resolved to meddle little; Convocation, bishops' meetings, congresses and conferences he attended as seldom as possible, and still less often did he take in them any prominent part. To his diocese, and to spiritual work in his diocese, he gave his whole attention, and it was for this that God had specially fitted him.

But though he now lived the life of a valetudinarian, this chapter will show that even in these last Rochester years of weak health he was actively at work, and fertile in many plans for the improvement and advance of Christian life in the district entrusted to his supervision.

The rectification of the diocesan boundary was a serious and pressing question. Many of the leading laymen in Surrey had long been demanding a Surrey See. It was only the hope of eventually securing such a bishopric that had soothed them into an unwilling acquiescence in the formation of the uncomfortable new diocese of Rochester. Years before, a fund had been formed to provide a suffragan bishop for South London, with a view to the ultimate endowment of a Surrey bishopric; and a considerable sum had been invested for this purpose, Mr. Cubitt and Sir Walter Farquhar acting as trustees.

Now that Bishop Thorold was convinced that no one bishop could discharge satisfactorily the episcopal duties in his present diocese, a division of the counties suggested itself to him as a very superior plan to the alternative of appointing a suffragan. He had already set the matter in motion:

“On October 14, 1886, I brought Erskine Clarke home with me, and had a talk with him about making Surrey into a separate diocese. The time seems opportune before Winchester and St. Albans are vacated. He will consult Mr. Cubitt about it. The Bishop of Winchester should be approached by the Surrey lay folk.” And on July 14, 1887, “I gave the rural deans my mind confidentially about the division of the diocese.”

“His mind” appears to be embodied in the letter following :

19 PORTLAND PLACE, W.,

February 16, 1887.

DEAR MR. CUBITT,—There is an ideal scheme, like most ideals, far up among the stars ; a diocese for Surrey proper and sole—with the great owners of Addington and Farnham expatriated within their several Kent and Hants dominions ; and a diocese for Rochester, to consist of the archdeaconries of Rochester and Maidstone—leaving the cathedral and archdeaconry of Canterbury to the Primate. This will not come just yet.

The practicable plan is to have an Act to sever at the next avoidance of Winchester the west division (as it used to be) of Surrey from Winchester, and to add it to Rochester, so that, Croydon excepted, there would be all one county with a fragment of Kent. This would lead the way to the ultimate foundation of a new Rochester diocese. If £500 a year were added to the income of the Rochester See, which Winchester, with its diminished burden, might afford, the Bishop of Rochester would be able to pay for a suffragan—and the scheme would be practicable.

I would leave Farnham as it is. Circumstances must soon be too strong for antiquarianism. But no time ought to be lost. I cannot move.—Ever yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

And the necessity for a change is set out forcibly a few weeks later to the same correspondent :

“During the thirteen months beginning May 1, 1886, and ending June 30, 1887, I held 120 confirmations, and confirmed over 20,000 candidates. This is enough to break Bishop Temple down.”

But a Surrey bishopric the Archbishop soon found would be impossible ; Croydon evidently would resist it to the uttermost “because of its long connection with his predecessors.” Nor did the Bishop of Winchester favour the proposal. Thereupon Bishop Thorold determined to have no more to do with the plan at present, and on April 25, 1888, he advised :

“The promoters should be let down easily, not driven to despair. The Archbishop might write a letter, expressing his sense of present difficulties, not diminished by the proposed County of London—in the meantime consenting to aid me in getting an Act to enable the Commissioners to accept a house of residence for a suffragan, to make Southwark the title of a suffragan, to repeal the clause of the Bishopric of St. Albans Act, stipulating that the Bishop of Rochester’s house should be in Surrey, and arranging for the small transfer of riparian territory, *i.e.*, of the West Dartford deanery from the Archbishop to the Bishop of Rochester. I suggested this not as the ideal plan, or the one I preferred, but as the most practical from the point of view of the other two Bishops, and most likely to give some satisfaction.”

Accordingly he moved the second reading of a Bill containing some of these provisions on June 4, 1888:

“I got on fairly, but it was like firing cold shot into a turf bank. No one seemed to be attending in the least. I spoke for about a quarter of an hour, and said most of what I wanted to say, and do not think I said anything I did not wish to say. I was very clear that a division of the diocese must take place hereafter, but not just now. Lord Midleton followed, and said some kind things of my work, and inveighed strongly against the present Rochester diocese. Lord Salisbury followed him, and in quite a short speech, which I only indistinctly heard (the peers were talking so loud), heartily approved of the Bill, which was at once read a second time, and is practically passed.”

It went safely through the Lords, but was smothered in the Commons. The suffragan difficulty however was soon surmounted. The small income of the See (less than £3000 a year) did not allow of a payment to a suffragan bishop. But the generosity of Mr. Alexander Macmillan (one of the two founders of the famous publishing house) provided a handsome residence at Tooting, which he not only vested in trustees but also put in thorough repair; and the leading laity of the diocese guaranteed subscriptions for three years, which, added

to the funds for the South London suffragan bishop, made up an income of £1000 a year. In September 1888, his friend Bishop Barry told him of his intention to resign the Bishopric of Sydney.

“Would it do for me to propose to him to be my assistant bishop? He would be a splendid man for the diocese, which ought to be the first consideration; but would he, when he came to try it, like to play second fiddle? and would it be a tolerable position for me to feel constantly overshadowed by one, whose gifts, attainments, and capacities are so immeasurably superior to my own? It is never safe to forget poor human nature.”

A few days later the offer was made and was accepted. Many can testify how smoothly the arrangement worked. The relief was complete, and the burden of the confirmations and other engagements ceased to be intolerable.

Often and often after his consecration Bishop Thorold speaks in his diary of the restoration of St. Saviour's Church in Southwark. This magnificent edifice had been partially destroyed by a barbarous rebuilding of the nave in 1838; it had scarcely been saved from a total destruction by the South-Eastern Railway through the efforts, among others, of Mr. Greene, Bishop Thorold's father-in-law, then Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons. But there were many lions in the path before it could be made a cathedral for the South of London. The first of these lions had been already bearded, beaten and tamed.

The parishioners, having purchased the Old Abbey Church from King Henry VIII., had kept the right of electing their clergymen by a general poll. The consequences of this strange system are set out in a letter from Bishop Thorold to Mr. Cubitt, dated March 1st, 1880:

“The first negotiation I should recommend is for the purchase of St. Saviour's, Southwark, from the parishioners. Nothing can be more objectionable than the way in which the chaplain is paid, viz., by a rate annually levied. The chaplain is elected by

the votes of the ratepayers. Everybody equally hates it, and it is full of mischief to the Church. If a sum of money were offered for the advowson, and the parishioners allowed to pay this back towards an endowment in lieu of the rate, Mr. Cross, I believe, would accept the arrangement; and the benefaction could be met by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Winchester Estate making a strong local claim.

“But there is no time to be lost. I am sure the Surrey members would help such a Bill through Parliament; and I should be able to appeal to the public with a much better face for help to restore the fabric when St. Saviour’s was in public patronage than now, when it will be dragged through all the public houses should old Mr. Benson die before anything is done.”

In 1883 the anticipated election had taken place. It was universally felt to be a most unsatisfactory and unseemly proceeding; and no great difficulty had been found in vesting the patronage of St. Saviour’s in the See of Rochester, the parishioners receiving a *quid pro quo* in their release from the chaplain’s rate. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who held much of the contiguous property, had furnished an endowment for the newly created rector and for two curates.

But it was not till July 1889 that Bishop Thorold decided that the suitable moment had come for a blast of his trumpet which should summon South London and the Church throughout England to the restoration of the historic church, in which Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, Gower, and other worthies lay buried. Everything was propitious. Mr. Field, the Warden of the Great Account at St. Saviour’s, delighted the Bishop with his energy; “he will be Stroke Oar.” The chiefs of the diocese welcomed the plan.

“When I announced to my rural deans my intention of undertaking the restoration of St. Saviour’s, it seemed to give universal satisfaction. All thought the time had come for it, and that we should get the money.”

Characteristically he began by “writing a prayer” for success

in the restoration; and on Sunday, November 3, he preached an inaugural sermon for the fund at the evening service in St. Saviour's.

"How beautiful the choir looked, and how distinctly I felt that the restoration is a duty. I spoke about the prayer which would be distributed. I believe in prayer." On November 12 the scheme was launched at a committee meeting in the St. Saviour's board room. "We passed a resolution, placing the restoration in Arthur Blomfield's hands. About £1000 was subscribed in the room, so that we start with nearly £14,000, a sum which will probably be reached by the end of the week. For this I humbly thank God; may He continue to bless us. We could not longer suffer it to remain as it was, and for a partial work, none but local funds would have been forthcoming. It may not stir the interest that our Ten Churches did. But Southwark and the clergy of the diocese are full of zeal."

The progress of the plan was rapid. On July 24, 1890, the foundation stone of the new nave was solemnly laid by the Prince of Wales.

"The choir sang effectively, and the grand hymn, 'O God our help in ages past,' was pathetic, and curiously suitable to the place. It is impossible not to feel that a great and imposing and useful work has been commenced to-day. Probably it will not be completed for two or three years. There is much to do, and the transepts will require almost rebuilding. 'One soweth, another reapeth.' It is something to be permitted to commence such an undertaking, whoever may live to see it worthily completed."

A few months later he was handing over the work to his successor.

"The restoration of St. Saviour's is, I regret, incomplete; and I am sorry to bequeath to my successor a responsibility which having begun I should have been glad also to have discharged. It is no mere fad or craze of antiquarianism that we have taken in hand, nor has it been a sudden impulse that has started the

undertaking. In my conscience I believe that it will ultimately prove a great spiritual blessing to the diocese, in the opportunities it will afford of common worship, exhortation, and counsel. Also that the very effort of raising and administering the funds will pull the diocese together, inspire both laity and clergy with an honourable and devout enthusiasm, necessitate sacrifice, and deepen the spirit of prayer. Funds for the completion of the nave may almost be said to have been collected now. It is impossible for those who have learned to trust God for much past aid and blessing, to doubt that it will presently and efficiently be finished. It is instructive and consoling to notice that in the year, when so much money has been obtained for this great object, the income of the Diocesan Society should have reached a larger total than ever before (£11,000)."

The new St. Saviour's, Southwark, stands as a conspicuous monument to the work of Bishop Thorold, and ought to recall for many generations the steady patience and hopeful daring of the man who may surely be described as the first Bishop of South London.

The arrival of Bishop Barry in 1889 had brought a powerful accession of strength, and afforded his diocesan the opportunity he had often desired, of proving to the socialist section of workmen the sympathy which the Church felt for their schemes. In the winter of 1889-90 Mr. Palmer, the Rector of Newington, arranged a course of lectures, which were given by the new assistant bishop at the Lambeth Baths. These were attended by throngs of working-men, and were much appreciated; an animated discussion usually followed.

Bishop Thorold had always felt that his own talents did not lie in this direction. Socialist schemes appeared to him, as a rule, to be so very far away from the scope of practical politics; and his mind, keen in the dissection and arrangement of any plan which was to be put into immediate execution, disliked the discussion of theoretical possibilities.

A concrete attempt to build in a particular street dwellings more sanitary and morally healthful for the working-classes, or a plan for pure drinking water, or a scheme to help local distress—any of these enlisted his active sympathies at once. Socialism as a universal panacea puzzled him. It was easy to say that everybody had a right to work; he had lived for years among working-people, and knew by his own experience that a certain proportion in this class, as in all others, did not wish to work, and would not work except under the lash of hunger. Nor did he believe that men's characters were altogether the result of circumstances; painful experience had shown him how bad moral conduct could be under the most favourable conditions, and the darkest streets of St. Giles' produced saints. Again, the confiscation of capital appeared an act of madness to the sharp-sighted traveller who had seen the East and the West; the East, where security of capital had once achieved so much, rendered now so miserable by a reign of injustice and violence; the West, where all classes pointed with pride to the magnificent enterprises carried through by the alliance of the engineer and the capitalist. He writes:

"The world needs tenderness I know, but the world also needs discipline. We are to be strong as well as kind, prudent as well as pitiful. Society at this moment, at least that part of it which has benevolent instincts (not indeed too large a part of it), seems to be in danger of a mawkish and caressing philanthropy, which is by no means the Divine way of stimulating mankind to rise on its feet and exert itself; from which sagacious persons, who can think as well as feel, portend real danger to our social system before another generation has passed."*

But Socialism was in the air; and about Socialism a Bishop of South London could hardly avoid speaking; while Bishop Thorold considered it a duty to study, and have opinions on all great and prominent questions, which touched his people.

* "The Tenderness of Christ," by Bishop Thorold, p. 51.

In 1887 he read a paper on the subject at the Wakefield Church Congress :

“In speaking of the masses we should indeed guard ourselves against either an unctuous compassion or an exaggerated despair. Things are far better than they used to be. Philanthropy, which once was despised as a pious fad, is now become a real force in modern politics, and the extended franchise has at least given the working-classes a chance of being heard, when they know what it is they want, and choose to ask for it.

“We have all of us learned, if we are men as well as Christians, that salvation is a word with many sides to it, and that to save not only as many as we can, but as much of each man as we can, is God’s purpose and the Church’s duty. We recognise, welcome, and proclaim a salvation for both worlds, and for body as well as spirit, and for time as well as eternity, and for weekday as well as Sunday—a salvation which shall diminish social burdens, make food cheap, literature clean, house room decent, schooling complete ; a salvation which shall open up to the artizan in the town, and to the labourer in the village, that door of hope for material progress which gives such a spring of action to us in our own rank, and which for them might vastly help to heal that brooding discontent against God and their neighbour which breeds atheists and nurses revolution ; a salvation which, giving justice, and sympathy, and simple kindness, and scrupulous care never to spill lightly upon the ground the tiniest ‘bowl of human happiness,’ whether in the soft palm of a child or the rough hand of a man, engenders a real brotherhood ; which, neither stooping to patronise nor presuming to flatter, shall nurse self-respect and win affection, and soon open the way into grateful hearts, over crumbling ruins of bitter prejudice, for the higher and fuller salvation of the redeeming and eternal Christ.

“The State, of course, has her share of this preliminary work, and indeed the Church is powerless, except with a handful of individuals, until the physical and social hindrances in the way of moral improvements are diminished. As it is, circumstances and the first start make an unspeakable difference. These masses, our brethren, are much like ourselves, nay, in one respect, set us

a beautiful example. They are generous in their impulses, quick in their instincts of justice, wonderfully bountiful in their kindness to each other, full of honest impulses for good. But there is no public opinion in a vast city to keep men straight; grinding want crushes all the finer instincts of the nature, and the moral sense rapidly deteriorates with the religious neglect of Sunday. There is no solitariness so desolate, so corroding, as the solitariness felt among a crowd of strangers. An old man once said to a little child, 'You have only to look round you in St. Giles' to be sure that there is no God.' But if they can be won, and of course they ought to be won, how shall we do it? Let us come back to that."

He then proceeded to consider various proposals for evangelising the masses, and pronounced for more definite Gospel teaching as still the most successful method.

"The latest innovation I have heard of is Smoking Concerts, under the superintendence of the clergy, not yet, indeed, open to women. They may have their useful side, though for my part I do not think that the masses will ever be won either by tobacco or tea."

On April 27, 1888, he was persuaded to preside over a conference at 207, Camberwell Road, where Bishop, clergy, workmen, and workwomen were to discuss the causes which kept "the masses from Church." At 207, Camberwell Road, Mr. W. Rossiter, an ardent reformer and educationalist, had organised a temporary Art Exhibition. The description is from the diary; it was written a few hours after the event.

"The place rather staggered me at first, being a long shallow room, looking on to the street. My chair was on the top of a little flight of stairs which sufficiently commanded the audience. Cheetham was there, and Escreet, and Mr. Ludlow. I did not begin or end with prayer, for I feared irreverence or an opposition identical with it. I began by explaining the object of the meeting, and the necessary limitations of the subject, which, with the five minutes' rule for each speaker, a little troubled

some of them. Of course, they did get outside the four corners of the subject, but I did not too much check them; and it may have been inevitable. The place was quite full, and may have held 200. The majority of speakers showed that they never went near a place of worship because they had no worship to offer; and that they were supremely ignorant of the clergy. There was shallow and clever talk, some smooth and almost insolent, a good deal violently atheistic, some almost revolutionary. It was plain that it was neither pews, nor ritual, nor inconvenient hours, nor even unsuitable preaching that hindered them, but an intense disbelief in God. The first speaker was a woman; and the last a flippant youth, who talked about bishops and £5000 a year. I am not sure that I did not interrupt the speakers too much. When they spoke of the clergy as being the enemies of popular education I felt it must be contradicted, but I never lost my temper. At the end I spoke for about ten minutes, and I hope the effect was good. To my mind the question is, if any useful result is likely to come from it in the shape of a new departure in my relations with working men. It must have done a little good to meet together, if only it dispels a little personal prejudice. As an illumination of the question at issue it was worthless, for I was familiar with all the arguments."

Public opinion, if we may judge from the comments of the newspapers, approved his visit, and thought it showed a real desire to reach the people. But he did not repeat the experiment, for he was convinced that he had no gifts for debate.

The next quotations have to do with a sermon on Socialism, preached on St. Matthew's Day, 1888, in St. John's, Waterloo Road. Perhaps the preface written on its publication is the most interesting part. In this preface he says:

"A Church with life in it may be expected as occasion requires to generate abnormal and even eccentric activities, which, occasionally set in motion by individuals working alone, sometimes by associated effort, discharge the indispensable function

which is known in a new country as 'exploiting.' They need not frighten, they ought not to embarrass us. For these friends of ours, as surely we may call them, are in one sense the crusaders, in another the pioneers of the Church. In the right meaning of the expression they are adventurers, at their own risk but maybe for our ultimate advantage making experiments, often important, sometimes indispensable, in philanthropies, economics, and organisation. They are not all of them young, nor all laymen; often of an advanced type in politics and theology; never deferential to authority, though very seldom offensive to it; bold, amusingly bold, even to audaciousness; and not at all careful how they agitate that large class of somewhat cautious Church folk, whose sense of comfort is disturbed by novelties which they do not quite understand; who rightly desire to walk in the old paths, but forget that the old is kept from decay only by contact with the new; and who would have smothered under a feather-bed of kindly remonstrances Xavier, and Francis d'Assisi, and John Wesley, and other apostles, whose mission it is to turn the world upside down when nothing else can save it. Enthusiasm is the only leverage of great spiritual movements, and it is a sorry employment for good men to be always throwing cold water on it.

* * * * *

"This Guild of St. Matthew is one of these new activities, and not the least ardent of them. When, within a month of the Conference, two of my own clergy, members of the Guild, invited me to preach their anniversary sermon, the question I had to put to myself, though only for a moment, was, How can I decline? Of course, it did not occur to me that I could make any contribution of value to the most intricate problem in all the social controversy, the relation of wages to capital. That is a question for the experts and the politicians, not for us divines. But I did welcome an opportunity for expressing sympathy with the difficulties of my struggling countrymen, and of speaking some frank, I hope sound, words on the hollowness of some of the demagogic fallacies which are as alien to good government as to the experience of every-day life.

"Whether the sermon, after all, was worth preaching is not for

me to say ; others must judge. This, however, I am quite sure of, that, if what was once said of ‘Ritualism’—that it made the Church of England interesting—had any truth in it, it is quite as true and even more to the purpose, that a kindly and intelligent and practical handling of these social and industrial questions is likely to make the Church attractive. To try to be popular is a detestable vanity, which usually defeats itself. To wish to win the respect and esteem of those to whom the Son of Man especially allied Himself, both in the circumstances of His outward lot and in the efforts of His personal ministry, is an ambition of which neither priest, nor bishop, nor statesman, nor king, need be ashamed. As William Law once said : ‘There is nothing noble in a clergyman but a burning zeal for the salvation of souls, nor anything poor in his profession but idleness and a worldly spirit.’ ”

Perhaps the following is the best passage in the sermon.

“In every great community there is a vast mass of hopeless and almost inevitable destitution, which no statesmanship can greatly mitigate, and which is not likely to disappear till fallen human nature is changed. There is also much dull and dumb misery, which, chiefly through the competition of wage-earning labour of the cheapest type, just contrives existence ; it can be hardly said to live, for it knows nothing, hardly hopes to know anything of recreation, or change, or society, or joy. It plods on wearily, cheerlessly ; the old domestic tie between employer and employed seems gone, and an organised machinery of human hands and feet grinds on in its place.

*‘The millions suffer still and grieve ;
And what can helpers heal,
With old world truths they half believe,
For woes they wholly feel ?
And yet they have such need of joy,
And joy whose grounds are true,
And joy which should each heart employ,
As when the past was new.’*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Out of this great abyss of struggling lives, sorrowful complaints, bitter imprecations, what the Psalmist in one place has pathetically called 'the deep sighing of the poor,' in another 'the cry of the poor destitute,' has in combination with other elements slowly shaped itself into a concrete expression or movement which the spirit of the time loosely describes as Socialism. This Socialism, which it is impossible to define, because every one has his own notion about it, is for some an aspiration, for others an organisation; in one aspect is a conspiracy of those who do not possess against those who do; in another aspect is a confederacy of those who feel that they ought to be better off than they are, and who reasonably mean to try and become so."

Such was the picture of the lives lived by great numbers in South London, drawn by the pen of the man whose work enabled him best to know their sorrows.

In trade disputes he steadily refused to interfere. On September 7, 1888,

"The *Church Times* is vexed with me for not offering my services as mediator in the strike. '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' I have never been asked." On September 23 he begs for the Archbishop's counsel on the matter, and they agree "that if we do not understand the subject, it is better not to offer advice." On December 7 "Scott and Hough* came, wishing me to offer to arbitrate in the dispute at the South London Gas Works. I instantly declined, and half persuaded them of the folly of attempting it."

Nor did the Lambeth Conference in July 1888 greatly stir his interest. He was present at the magnificent opening service in Westminster Abbey on July 2; the Archbishop's powerful sermon he "could not hear continuously."

But on the 6th he writes, after one of the meetings:

"The electrifying and overwhelming speech of the day, almost of the session, was the Bishop of Manchester's† on Socialism. It combined so much exhaustive study of the subject and of the

* Two South London clergymen.

† Dr. Moorhouse.

writers upon it, analysis of the good and bad in it differentiated as secular and Christian, trenchant assertion of the subject as the subject of the day; and it was practical as indicating that co-operation is the true solution of the difficulty. Perhaps Oldham was in his mind. It was eminently, reverently, even passionately Christian, delivered with tremendous emphasis and power, and seizing all of us, including Peterborough and Durham, with its verve and logic."

When the Conference closed on the 28th his comment is:

"Though I have steadily maintained 'a conspiracy of silence,' and never once opened my lips, for I am no debater, and hate getting up to make 'a few remarks,' I have not missed a single function from the Canterbury welcome to the service of to-day. I have been present at each of the sessions, and have worked hard at the Committees."

He had entertained many of the bishops at Selston, especially the American bishops. Among them, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota was his particular friend. "The dear Whipples are gone," he records in the diary on June 26; "my heart hungers after him." On August 27 they were staying with him again.

"Talking about the Lambeth Conference, Bishop Whipple said he was quite as thankful for what we left alone as for what we accomplished. He was very glad we did not attempt to arrange a Court of Appeal, and that we made no deliverance on controverted matter."

And he had turned the presence of so many noted missionary bishops to good account in his own diocese, by arranging a meeting on Missions in the Horns Hall, at Kennington, on July 23.

"It was one of the most magnificent missionary meetings I ever saw. The large room was packed with people from all parts of the diocese, in great proportion men; and also clergymen. I began with a few introductory words, then the Bishop of Huron,

oratorical, and on the usual lines of a platform speech, but in good form and manner, and making excellent points. At this time I heard of a crowd who could not get in, so I begged Richardson to arrange an overflow meeting, which he did, and Minnesota and Missouri went to speak to it. Missouri followed Huron in a thoroughly American characteristic and forcible speech. The people were greatly taken with him. It was like a lion opening his mouth and roaring. He said very little about the Mormons. Then Moosonee, full of pathos and simplicity, telling what was a sort of life-story of his missionary work. Their disappointment when the annual ship did not come in was so touchingly told that it brought tears to my eyes. Then Minnesota, wonderfully well received. His speech was full of solemn beauty, not perhaps so forcible or thrilling or overpowering as the great speech I had to follow at Winnipeg, but very telling, and deeply affecting the people. Then the doxology and blessing from his lips, and we came away, driving home under a lovely warm moonlight. I feel most thankful for having arranged the meeting. It must leave a great blessing behind it for many a year to come."

On February 13, 1889, he was brought into connection with one of the most important ecclesiastical events of modern times. He received in Sydney the information that he had been appointed by the Archbishop to act as one of his assessors at the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. "It will be a fatiguing and perplexing and responsible and momentous business; and whatever our judgment may be it will satisfy nobody," is his somewhat weary comment.

The records of discussion between the Archbishop and his assessors are obviously not for publication. But the diary contains a few notices which may be interesting.

"Apropos of the suggestion that the Archbishop should have sat with all the Bishops of the Province to try the Lincoln suit, he (the Archbishop) said to me that such a court was unknown to English law, and would never have been accepted."

As the trial proceeded, the Primate's decision, knowledge,

and wisdom impressed the Bishop of Rochester more and more. The diary is full of his admiration. On March 25, 1890 :

"The discussion on the judgment lasted from 10.30 A.M. to 3 P.M. The decision will throw a great deal of fresh light on many points, especially the Altar Lights. I begin to hope that the judgment will be large and brave and acceptable." On August 1 he adds : "the part about the Altar Lights seems to me eminently satisfactory." On October 22 came the final decision : "the judgment is very painstaking and careful, bristling with curious and even recondite learning, and very intelligible. Protestants ought to like it, for there is frequent use of the word. The emphatic statement that no sacrificial value is attached by theologians of repute to the eastward position will go far to take the sting out of the judgment's toleration of it. The Bishop wins and loses almost in equal proportions. I cannot help hoping it will do good."

He was present when judgment was pronounced, on November 21, at Lambeth.

"The library was packed. The Archbishop read clearly and with a good will. Now and then there was applause, which he almost sternly rebuked. . . . The concluding passage of the judgment was read with grave emphasis and listened to with great attention." Moderate men he found everywhere "quite satisfied with the judgment."

The prosecutors appealed to the Privy Council who, on August 22, 1892,

"confirmed the Archbishop's judgment in every particular. Lord Selborne agrees with me in the hope that advanced Churchmen will not seize the judgment as an occasion for further advances."

He had learnt many things during the long hours of discussion under the Archbishop's presidency ; and was never again likely to be very confident about his Ritual knowledge. Indeed, the trial transformed his whole attitude towards

Ritualists during his Winchester episcopate. But the Bishop speaks for himself in his Pastoral of 1892.

“On the Lambeth judgment, as well as on that of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which so remarkably confirmed it, you will naturally expect from me some guiding words.”

Then after some extracts from the judgment itself he propounds the following questions :

“(1.) Is it the case that in an inquiry like the present what a Court should diligently investigate is historical facts? Ought fresh facts, if possible, to be brought to bear upon it, and if the fresh facts are found to modify former conclusions, is that a sufficient reason for discarding them?

“[‘ You will never find extreme parties caring for history.’]

“(2.) Has the Church of England broken or not broken with the Primitive Church? Is it any sort of interest to us to know what Justin Martyr and Irenæus practised; and is it ‘ Roman ’ to wish to be in fellowship with them?

“(3.) When the use of the mixed chalice is permitted, but the public mixing of it disallowed, is it a likely method of conciliating the prejudices of Churchmen towards the re-introduction of a disused though lawful practice, to continue the mixing in public? [See Bishop of Salisbury’s ‘ The Holy Communion,’ pp. 85–88. Of course, it is open to any one to say that he understands the subject better than the bishop; but he must not expect to find many to agree with him.]

“(4.) Can any one enlighten the Church with a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the rubrical directions in relation to the minister’s position at the Holy Table? If not, may not a latitude of opinion and function be equitably claimed and given about it, with perhaps this proviso, that to read Holy Scripture (in the Epistle and Gospel) with face towards the people is the more edifying and acceptable practice?

“(5.) Can anything be more authoritative or distinct than the statement in the judgment as to the imputed sacrificial aspect of the eastward position (that it is new and forced, and can take no effect in making that position either desirable on the one side or

illegal on the other), and could other words have been found to declare it with more unmistakable emphasis?

“(6.) What, if any, is the difference in the value of a doctrine when sung in a hymn, from the same doctrine when embodied in prose? Was Richard Baxter a sound Protestant? Did the Nonconforming ministers at the Savoy Conference understand and value the Gospel of Christ?

“(7.) Does the judgment in the articles forbidding the making of the sign of the cross in giving the absolution and the final benediction draw a sufficiently clear and marked distinction between Anglican (pre-Reformation) and Roman ceremonies? If not, what would be better words?

“(8.) What is the suitable and dutiful way for all whom it concerns, of treating the authoritative declaration of a recognized tribunal, whether ecclesiastical or civil? When ecclesiastical and civil tribunals concur in their decisions, does the fact of such concurrence make the decision more or less binding? Is it logical, or is it a simple impertinence to pronounce a judgment statesmanlike, when we agree with it, and trimming, when we disagree with it? In case some of it commends itself to us, and some of it does not commend itself, can we rightly obey what we like, and disobey what we dislike; or is it incumbent on us as loyal citizens and Churchmen to obey it all?

“The conclusion of the matter is this. The judgment imposes no fresh burden, restricts no existing liberty, neither compels an iron uniformity, nor innovates on Anglican practice. It helps us to remember—some of us are in great need of being reminded of it—that the Church of England existed before the Reformation; and that customs and ceremonies, though disused for a time, are not by such disuse made superstitious or unscriptural; still less can rightly be said to have been borrowed from the use of the Roman Church. The result is without doubt that of an increased toleration.”

Then follow some kind words about the associates of his early days:

“Let me add, for I know it, that among those who have been responsible for these proceedings, which, personally, I have

deprecated and regretted as much as any of you, are men who love the truth of God as their own souls, who would make great sacrifices for it, who have not refused—though they could not have liked it—to incur keen reproach for duty's sake. Their tenacity of purpose simply means that they are Englishmen, who do not know when they are beaten. You will hardly blame them for that. Certainly, too, there was one redeeming feature in this painful conflict, I mean the unflinching courage with which, instead of attacking some obscure incumbent in a remote village, they went straight up to the one man in all the land, whose past career and lovable nature were certain to rally round him the passionate support of the young, and the devout sympathy of thousands everywhere, to send their spear ringing into the very centre of his shield, and to challenge him to defend his cause. You may dislike and deplore this if you please, but you cannot despise it. They have failed, as others have failed before them, and some of the circumstances may seem to aggravate their defeat, but failure does not always mean baseness."

But he continues :

"We should not think to do our duty by hindering other men from doing theirs. If we expect toleration for ourselves, we must give it to our neighbours, who do not deserve to be called Roman because they light candles, and mix the chalice, and turn to the East; nay, we must be prepared for being invited some day to give a good deal more. There have always been at least two currents of religious thought in the Church, and there always will continue to be; and to try to drive out of the Church brethren who alarm or distress us, but who have a distinct right to be there, may provoke dangerous reprisals, will but fatally retard the spiritual and vital duty, which is the only sure way of maintaining the pure truth of God."

Then he proceeds :

"We have in this day to reckon with what may not inexactly be described as the Church renaissance movement of the nineteenth century—a movement which, both in scientific research and biblical

criticism, and artistic culture and study of music, is beautifying life, deepening theology, widening sympathy, stirring missionary zeal, also is influencing profoundly and visibly, and much to their advantage, all schools in the Church in turn, the Evangelical, thank God, as much as the rest. We can no more prevent the subtle but growing influence of the artistic and the objective elements in the public worship of the present time by denouncing it as Popish, than we can keep Erie from going down Niagara Falls by shaking a walking stick at it. If we cannot and will not accept any of it for ourselves, let us not be so unwise or so unfair as to grudge it to our neighbours. Our grudging it, indeed, will make no difference in their taking what they please, and what the law of the Church gives them; but it puts us utterly in the wrong, and diminishes our influence for good.

“To me, indeed, it seems that there are far graver matters to think about than those portentous trifles on which so much needless acrimony and useful resources have been spent.”

In 1889 the constitution of the Diocesan Society underwent an important modification. Readers may recollect that its first purpose had been to break up the huge parishes of South London. In many cases this had been successfully accomplished. In other cases, as at St. Paul's, Walworth, and at St. George's, Camberwell, a new system had been introduced which grouped a number of large mission rooms round the parish church and worked them with semi-independent curates. This system had secured excellent results. And the Bishop was startled to find the Ecclesiastical Commissioners now limiting the endowment of his new parishes to £150 a year, a pittance which compelled the incumbents to be constantly begging for mere subsistence. Therefore he decided to place among the objects of his society the payment of stipends to curates in poor and ill-endowed parishes. His ever generous friend Mr. J. S. Morgan promptly offered to pay five curates, to be nominated by the Bishop, at the rate of £120 a year each.

In the appeal which he issued, Bishop Thorold states the

population of the diocese as little short of 2,000,000, and asks for the stipends of forty additional curates."

"Pastoral visitation, through lack of pastors, is a dream. The people see the churches, and have a vague notion of what they are meant for, but it never occurs to them that they are expected or invited to enter them. Who can wonder?

"What the Church needs for breaking up the fallow ground of indifferent, and even hostile ignorance, is more pioneers, ordained and lay; and I am now asking for pioneers in Holy Orders. At this moment 713 clergy, beneficed and licensed, are working among us, of whom 386 are curates; many of whom are doing steady, gallant, quiet, self-denying work, which God sees if man does not, and which some day He will own and bless. But 'what are they among so many?' Allowing for the large staff of curates attached to some mother parishes, and for the not inconsiderable number who are free only for Sunday duty, but few are left for the poor, out-of-the-way, ill-endowed, thickly peopled parishes, too self-respecting to pierce the air with hysterical appeals for aid, apt to be left out in the cold, as if not to shriek meant not to suffer, about whom, however, the Psalmist's sentences should touch us with a tender pathos: 'The poor, who have no helper;' 'No man careth for my soul.'"

A year earlier he had written to his diocese; the words had been suggested by a detailed report in the *Record* on the condition of South London:

"To you I bequeath (in my own heart it is hidden, heavy, sorrowful, abasing, stinging with its fire) one sentence of that report which we cannot forget, because it is so terrible, which we must not deny because it is so true:

"'Christianity is not in possession of South London.'

"On the whole I consider the picture is a true picture, that if it is steeped in deep indigo, it is because the indigo is there, that if the condition of South London as described in that history comes to many as a hideous and startling revelation it is at least no revelation at all to those of us who know it best, and he who writes these lines, who assuredly ought to know something about

it, sorrowfully but emphatically declares that in substance it is true."

After describing the past he goes on :

"There are of course causes remediable and causes irremediable. Curates cannot be paid by wishing for them. Long and monotonous and often unrequited labour turns the heart into stone and the tongue into lead. Deterioration of all sorts is the subtle peril of advancing years under crushing burdens. A clergyman as much as an artizan is soured and beaten by degrading poverty. To enumerate other causes would take more space than I possess ; to thinking and observant minds they will easily suggest themselves. *The deepest of them are spiritual.* Slackness of zeal, feebleness of faith, reluctance to sacrifice, lowering of motive and aim, come home to the consciences of us all ; to the best of us perhaps most."

Yet he is full of hope.

"For the first five years after I came we did not move at all. Now we are moving, everything is moving. To take a few instances. In 1878 we had 61 ordineeas, in 1888 we had 102 ; in 1878 we had 7,244 confirmees, and in 1888, 11,907. During the past ten years 53 new churches have been consecrated in different parts of our diocese. Our organisation is becoming more and more complete, and our seven School and College Missions represent an additional staff of a dozen clergymen and an expenditure of upwards of £3000 a year. We were forgotten indeed ten years ago ; we are not forgotten now.

"Most of all let us keep before our minds that we are in the honourable place of helping a forlorn hope for the Church and the Church's Lord. There is no romance about South London as there is about East London. Behind us is no great metropolis, thousands and tens of thousands of learned and earnest gentlefolk, great preferments, and stately St. Paul's.

"Every duty is possible ; but only for those who pray, try, believe, and begin. If we are to be beaten, it shall be in doing our duty, not in feebly whimpering about it."

With such feelings what wonder that the Bishop turned sternly, almost fiercely, on those clergy who neglected their parishes and did not provide a proper staff when they had the means.

SELSDON PARK, *February 1, 1888.*

DEAR MR. —,—The population of your parish demands, in my opinion, the services of a resident curate, and the income of your benefice is sufficient for the payment of one. It is my duty to bring this under your notice, and I trust you will find no difficulty in soon inviting me either to accept a candidate for Holy Orders at the ensuing ordination, or to license one already ordained.—Very truly yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Among the numerous questions of discipline which were always engaging the attention of the Bishop, one had grown to very serious dimensions, and had terminated by the Bishop's direction, in a lawsuit before the Arches Court. The point at issue was the right of the Vicar of Hoo to repel from Communion one of his parishioners for attending a Dissenting chapel. There was loud dissatisfaction among a section of Churchmen that the Bishop had not heard the case himself. He defends his decision in his Charge of 1889:

"It would have been, in my opinion, hazardous as well as inexpedient for me to have made a precedent for a practice which might gratuitously have created fresh embarrassment for a bishop, and have been found inefficient in ensuring sound law."

When the Court decided against the Vicar of Hoo, the Bishop himself took the service in Hoo Church, to secure the carrying out of his directions, on the second Sunday in Advent. He wrote to the Vicar:

SELSDON, *December 7, 1889.*

DEAR MR. BENSON,—I thank you and Mrs. Benson very much for your kind offer of hospitality, but I must return at once to Rochester to catch an afternoon train to take me to South London for a public institution. If the churchwarden wishes to see me on ordinary business, I will gladly see him; *but not*

on the subject of the recent controversy. You will see on reflection that that would be inexpedient. I come as your father in God, not as judge or arbiter. By taking all the duty myself I shall be giving you a little rest, and myself a great deal of satisfaction. I love to take the prayers and to read the Word of God.—Sincerely yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

To the REV. PERCY S. BENSON,
Hoo Vicarage, Rochester.

The Bishop records in his diary :

“I did not make the slightest allusion to the recent controversy. It seemed wiser and also more dignified. There were not many communicants. The Vicar communicated first by himself, then both the Swaynes.* This is a crucial day in my episcopate, like going to St. Paul’s, Walworth.”

The Charge of 1889, which proved to be the last of his episcopate, was couched in a less stirring key than its predecessors. He begins :

PROGRESS.

“Le secret des vies puissantes c’est de n’être pas partagées.”

BERSIER.

MY REVEREND BRETHREN,—Bishop Steere has observed that “the fault of our age is a too great longing for activity.” If some we know of will readily be acquitted of this rare variety of imprudence, it is still true that there are some phases of activity which are but little better than moods of fussy restlessness. To be in a fever for initiating new plans before there has been time to test or complete the old ones, will mar success, if it does not destroy it.

Since the last visitation this diocese has not been disturbed by any extravagance of organising zeal. With one or two minor exceptions, to be indicated presently, we have been quietly acting on the counsels of a great French bishop, not to be “unjust, nor exact more than what is possible of ourselves.” If it is a quiet tale I have now to tell you, it will hardly be the same four years hence, whoever may be spared to tell it.

* Mrs. Swayne was the plaintiff in the recent case.

The Teaching of Professor T. H. Green, whose writings he had been recently studying, and of Matthew Arnold was very appreciatively discussed.

Of Green he says :

“Let no one feel competent to judge him or his doctrines who has not carefully read his essay” [it was a sermon] “on ‘The Witness of God.’ His aim was to transmute Christianity into a philosophy.”

Matthew Arnold he describes as

“that gifted poet and essayist who has lately passed away, and whose sudden death brought the tender mist of a mournful regret into the hearts of hundreds of his friends. Yet who ever feared Matthew Arnold’s theology, or gave him credit for too much serious belief in it, or was at the pains gravely to answer it, as if it was possible for it to live? Perhaps he was not always sufficiently conscious of his limitations, and there were flippancies in some of his earlier works which he lived to regret, to confess, and to expunge. But his was a mind eminently typical of thousands of others now sadly craving after an objective faith, which, however, the modern spirit in him refused to find in a supernatural record. He had no intentional irreverence, though his whole nature quivered and sparkled in an atmosphere of delicious audacity. He has gone to the Master and Teacher whom he wished to find, and meant to serve, and thought to declare—the Master who knew and redeemed him, and whose right hand is full of righteousness. We cannot follow him into the dim spirit-land, but we can tenderly think of him, and of many others like him, of whom we may humbly hope that they are sitting, as they never sat before, at the feet of Jesus, hearing His word, and drinking in His love.

*“ Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
Clear prospect o’er our being’s whole ;
Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
Our true affinities of soul.*

*Then in the Eternal Father's smile,
Our soothed encouraged souls will dare
To seem as free from pride and guile,
As good and generous as they are."*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The pervading tone of the charge was a tone of encouragement.

"The very best the clergy can give of intellectual culture and mental freshness should be at the disposal of their flocks. People will always listen to sermons, if the sermons deserve it. It needs no theological training, simply a quick and penetrating intelligence, soon to discover if an educated and disciplined intellect is doing its utmost to plead for truth and godliness.

"The Church has much headway to make up in our populous suburbs, and I think she is recovering it; but I am sure it is our duty to help her, by solid and careful preaching, to recover it."

And his "general orders" to the diocese still reiterated the old instructions.

"Sin, ignorance, poverty—these make up what has been so pathetically called 'the pain of the world'; these are the chief evils which, directly or indirectly, we have to try to remedy. Never let us be tempted to forget that the Gospel, with all its ancillary and subsidiary activities, is the Divine method for healing this anguish; and that not how to escape circumstances, but how to endure and conquer them, is the true problem for man."

One more large question must find a place in this chapter. During many years Bishop Thorold had felt a strong affection for the Church of Scotland; he had paid several visits to Dr. Boyd at St. Andrews, and had lectured in Edinburgh. Two earlier letters to Dr. Boyd will illustrate his interest.

SELSDON PARK, February 14, 1884.

MY DEAREST BOYD,—I owe you for so many charming letters, and am perfectly ashamed of not having previously answered

them. But I *have* been so busy. Fancy the Bishop of St. Andrews* preaching in your parish church! I am delighted, and feel that it may lead the way to the consummation of one of the dreams of my life, the establishment of a concordat, if not a federal union, between the two established Churches of England and Scotland. The weather here is quite spring-like. Convocation is sitting; what it is hatching is quite another thing.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

JAMAICA, *March 16, 1886.*

DEAREST BOYD,—Now how glad I am that I came to St. Andrews last autumn, and saw Tulloch† in his own house. Robustness all round is the idea I have of him, yet evidently, in his magnificent-looking physique there was a flaw. How I feel for you all—it is really a great interest taken out of your life—a sort of luminary, with light of its own sort on many tangled problems. Yes, it is an immense loss to you. Never have you written anything more perfectly natural, and true to life, than in that sermon about him.

That dazed, stony, surface-hardened feeling I have felt again and again—wondered at it, hated myself for it. Now with a stroke of your pen you show how natural, how inevitable it is. The Church of Scotland will soon feel what she has lost, and her enemies will not be slow to use the occasion. I am not sure that we shall not go down before you. Dillwyn has got his axe-head well into the tree by his attack on the Welsh Church, and his tactics are clever enough. Good-bye, dear fellow. I hope to be back at Selsdon on April 19. Convocation meets the second week in May. By the middle we shall have the lilacs again waiting for you. —Ever your affectionate,

A. W. ROFFEN.

Dr. Boyd was Moderator of the Assembly in 1890, and in pursuance of a promise given long ago to his old friend, the Bishop travelled to Edinburgh to be present at the close of the Session. He describes his visit in the diary:

* Dr. Wordsworth.

† Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, had recently died.

"*May 31.*—I reached Edinburgh, where Bertie Boyd met me with an open carriage ; and conducted me to the Waterloo Hotel, where Boyd in full dress, lace and ruffles, came down the stairs and heartily welcomed me. I brought some flowers. Boyd seems to be getting on splendidly, and is in high spirits. I went to Holyrood to dinner. We met in a great drawing-room. Lord Tweeddale is a fine-looking man and very agreeable ; she is charming and handsome, with some delightful children. I took her into dinner, in the long picture gallery, and sat next to her. We had a good deal of talk together, even touching on Eternal Punishment, which I rather shrank from much discussing. The dinner, with the splendid plate, and then the pipers afterwards, was a fine sight. Captain Campbell, of Blytheswood, and a son of Lord Wemyss, and Professor Milligan, and Miss Beaumont, and Sir D. Maclagan, the Bishop's brother, dined with us."

"*June 1.*—In the evening I went with Boyd to St. Giles' Church, and sat in the vestry till service began. Milligan was there. I spoke to him about his projected book on the Ascension. The church was very full ; the Lord High Commissioner came in state, after the Moderator had passed up in procession. I had a stall just opposite. The singing was very good ; the lessons not particularly well read ; the people did not use the service books. The sermon was the loss of a great opportunity, carefully prepared, but bony, and with nothing in it to touch or move. It was a curious feeling to me being present at this Presbyterian service. It widens one's vista of worship and acceptableness to God, and makes one see how many good people are outside one's own communion. But I like ours best."

"*June 2.*—An interesting but fatiguing day. The Moderator's breakfast was the first thing. There were prayers in the drawing-room. I gave the benediction. The hand-shakings reminded me much of American functions. Then after writing letters I went to the last sitting of the General Assembly. Boyd admires the spire and building more than I do ; to me it seems a bastard and pretentious Gothic. Not many were present. The business was rather dull. I thought Boyd very much alive as a chairman, but a little too rapid for careful minuting. There was a discussion on the Temperance Report, which I wish I had stayed for,

and a kindly allusion was made to the fact of my having travelled eight hundred miles to give a temperance address to the students of the Edinburgh University. I lunched with Boyd's brother and sister. She is very nice, a daughter of Lord Ardmillan, a Scotch Judge, and a brilliant pianist. She played a good deal in the afternoon, and I enjoyed it vastly. There is a beautiful little girl, just six, whom they call 'Blossom.' In the evening we dined again at Holyrood, a small party of twenty-four. I took Lady Tweeddale into dinner, and had Miss Beaumont on my other side. After she was gone I had some talk with the Solicitor-General. He had not heard of the idea that Mr. Balfour should stand against Mr. Gladstone for Midlothian, and doubted its prudence, as Balfour is not a member of the Scotch Church. Sir George Warrender was there, and I introduced myself to him. He didn't in the least know who I was, and asked me. When I told him, he was as cordial as possible. I asked Lady Tweeddale's leave to send her a book, which shall be 'The Yoke of Christ.' Then we returned to the hotel for a minute or two, and went on with the Moderator to the Assembly Hall. I had a seat given me at the Table, where I was told no bishop had sat since 1620. There was some kind cheering as I entered, but I thought it would look fussy too much to notice it. Macgregor instantly came up, and warmly greeted me. It was interesting to watch the people coming in, and to see their faces. The Ex-Moderator opened with prayer. Then there was a little technical business. Then Boyd came in, and was greeted with much cheering. His nerves were wound up to the highest pitch; and he was vexed (reasonably) at having to wait ten minutes for the Lord High Commissioner, who had been told to come ten minutes later than had originally been arranged. Then the royal party came in; Lady Tweeddale flashing with diamonds. All stood up, and then Boyd began his address. It lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and was delivered with a loud voice which never failed, was listened to with unflagging attention, and occasionally brought down prolonged applause. I am not sure that it quite satisfied my expectations. The first part was a little too idyllic and emotional. But it was interesting. When he spoke of the Scotch Episcopalians, I felt he was harsh on the Bishop of

Edinburgh, and on the English Church ; a little too self-assertive to be either dignified or quite comfortable for me to listen to. In fact I stared into the ceiling, with a studiously inexpressive face, but listening hard. He brought down the house on the subject of Disestablishment, and was very plain indeed. How strongly the feelings of Scotch Churchmen are moved about it ! There were many and varied qualities of high intellectual order in the address, and it will be read and move many. But it won't help things in the direction of the two National Churches being united ; it may possibly retard it. It was over by twenty minutes to twelve. Then he adjourned the Assembly in the name of the Lord till next May, and the High Commissioner, after a short and very sensible speech, also adjourned it to the same day in the name of the Queen. We sang Ps. cxxii. 6, received the benediction, and got back to the hotel a little before one."

CHAPTER XIV

THE REMOVAL TO WINCHESTER

1890-92

Leaving Selston—Offer of Winchester—Letters on appointment—Farewell to Rochester Diocese—Bishop Davidson on Bishop Thorold—Death of Archbishop Thomson—Expectations of the fresh life—Enthronement and Work and Plans—Letters to Mr. Cubitt—Influenza—Six Months' Rest—Farnham Castle.

IN September, 1890, Bishop Thorold left Selston. Selston had been his home for "nearly thirteen years"; he had taken it just before Mrs. Thorold's death, and had planned with her the arrangements and manner of life. He had greatly enjoyed the spacious rooms and large garden; and many associations with his children, to whom "it had been everything," clung round the place. In 1879, his eldest daughter had passed through an illness of so serious a character that he had written in his diary, "It is dawning upon me that if this goes on I shall lose her, and how shall I bear it?" In January, 1884, he had nursed his younger daughter Sybil, week by week, with tender watchfulness, hurrying back from the House of Lords to amuse her, with the constant dread that her illness would prove fatal.

The house and garden he had endeavoured to use for the rest and refreshment of the diocese. The house, and especially the library and the drawing-room, were full of memories.

Conversations with fellow-workers, and councils with friends had stamped upon distinct spots sweet or bitter recollections for the Bishop's sensitively affectionate mind. Many of these friends and allies were dead, yet could not be forgotten; and more and more the Bishop lived in the past, and twined his affections round localities which were familiar. Most impressively of all, the chapel spoke of the hundreds of men prepared for ordination, to whom Selsdon "had been a blessed retreat," and who had gone forth as vigorous crusaders to carry out his plans for organisation and teaching in many dark corners of the diocese. In that same chapel numerous services had been held to inspire the societies which he was forming or directing; many a private hour of devotion passed with some clergyman starting on a difficult duty; many a prayer said with his own advisers at serious crises of his life.

The last days were spent in the wearisome and sad task of sorting and destroying letters, and in visiting every favourite corner of the house and garden,

"taking a lingering farewell of the place, which was looking its best. It has been expensive but not ruinous. I am nevertheless glad that I decided on terminating my tenancy. Things are changed; it is time to go and live elsewhere."

Bute House, on Campden Hill, was to be his new residence; it was outside the diocese, but being in a central position in London he considered it would be convenient for his clergy; and its healthy and quiet situation, and the large garden were very attractive.

And new interests were soon to obliterate all trouble for the loss of Selsdon; for he was now to possess the house of his own which he had so long desired. The quotations excerpted from the diary will long ago have shown how important a part of his thoughts were confided to it evening by evening. It had become the confidant of his hopes and his fears and his anxieties, he talked to it as to a most intimate companion; and while the years were stripping him of those old friends to

whom he could open his heart, its ample pages were always ready to welcome anything he wished to say in strictest confidence. Bishop Thorold's diary, if it should be preserved, will become a rich quarry for the historian in days far off, when his judgment of people, most often kindly, can be published without reserve, and our descendants are asking hundreds of curious questions about the nineteenth century.

Some time before, Bishop Harold Browne had announced his impending resignation; and the friends who regretted that London had not been offered to the Bishop of Rochester, had already, so the diary shows us, been busy with hopes that he would be asked to undertake the diocese of Winchester. Evidently he himself had begun to think a little about it, when he settled for a holiday at Torquay on September 12; and the story of the next few days will well illustrate the shape and character of the diary in these years.

"*Sept. 17.*—There is another crisis in my life, and it is curious that it should happen in the same place where a similar one occurred thirteen years ago. Last night a letter came, forwarded from Great George Street, to which at first I paid no attention, as it had been to several places; but it attracted the children's curiosity, who discovered that 'Salisbury' was in the corner, that it was sealed, and a coronet above the seal. Certainly it was Lord Salisbury's handwriting; but I would not admit to myself that it could be of any importance, and put the children off, not opening it last night. But I could not help thinking about it more or less; and when I opened it this morning (last of all my letters) I found that it was a proposal to succeed to the vacancy at Winchester, expressed in very handsome terms. But Lord Salisbury has not yet named me to the Queen. Of course it is a very important thing; and what is my duty? To ascertain this I have written to Dr. Carpenter, asking him for his medical opinion. I should like to feel I had ten years' work in me, to justify the expense and responsibility of the change; and I have written to the Bishop of Winchester for information and counsel. I have told Dorothy; she will put the others off. There are

many pros and cons ; I think I incline to accepting. South London needs a Titan's strength. But how about St. Saviour's, and Bute House, and Farnham ?

"*Sept. 18.*—I am thinking of course a great deal about Winchester, and wonder what Dr. Carpenter and the Bishop will say. Somehow, when a difficulty occurs to me about going, another instantly occurs on the side of not going. One thing is quite plain to me, it will be a totally different life, and in some respects not agreeable to me. There will be visiting at great houses, and preaching perhaps at Court, and farewells and welcomes. But what is my duty ?

"*Sept. 19.*—Had Emily been alive, this would have been our silver wedding. Two important letters. Dr. Carpenter is absolutely clear as to the abstract superiority of Winchester over Rochester. He thinks I may look forward to seven years of active work (I had said ten), and evidently feels the risk to be in moving from one diocese to another. If I get over this, he thinks the change will be beneficial.

"*Sept. 20.*—I have written to Lord Salisbury to say that, if the Queen approves my nomination, I will do my best, with God's help, to justify his choice. Of course some time must elapse before anything can be settled, as it is a long way from Dieppe to Balmoral, and the Queen may like to make inquiries. I feel gratified and encouraged, and my conscience is at peace as to the duty of going. Nor do I think that my people will grudge my going. But I also feel deeply humbled by the goodness of God, and His mercy in thus thinking of me. Useful ballast comes in the thought that I may not be there long. At sixty-five the vista of active years becomes misty. But seven years may be very useful, if my strength is husbanded ; and Edward* sees no unreasonableness that could be thought detrimental to the children in the heavy expense contingent on translation.

"*Sept. 23.*—A great budget of letters. Lord Salisbury will have got mine to-day, and perhaps have written to the Queen. This morning, before getting up, I had a great revulsion of feeling about the whole business ; feared that I had been precipitate in accepting, and that the responsibilities were too great to

* His brother.

have been so lightly and easily accepted. It is true that the mundane aspect has had its attraction for me, and that it will be quite a new thing with the laymen and big people; and I think I shall never remember the names and faces of all the rural deans. But I comforted myself with the delightfulness of the work, and seem to have decided that it will be wiser not to settle at Farnham just at first, and to travel over the diocese.

"*Sept.* 26.—In the afternoon we drove to Paignton; the sea rolled in on the sands. How much has happened since I was there one January afternoon, when I came with Hayford and Winifred from Livermead Cottage, where we had been staying. It must be over thirty years ago. 'Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou shown me, and yet Thou hast brought me from the deeps of the earth again.'

"*Sept.* 28.—By this time next week perhaps I shall know if I am to be moved to Winchester. My mind has been very quiet and happy about it to-day, feeling that either way my one desire is that God should be glorified; also thinking out innocently plans and duties, all of which I am not likely to accomplish, some of which I may. God will give strength for what He intends me to do."

On October 4 he went to visit Farnham:

"A pretty red-roofed town with a striking church. The Bishop and Mrs. Harold Browne were waiting for me in the carriage. We drove through the streets, and soon saw the Castle on an eminence looking down on the town. There is a very steep hill up to the house. The Bishop told me that it is rumoured in the town that I am to be bishop, and that the vicar had sent to invite me to preach. (If the Queen delays much more, it seems almost impossible to prevent its getting known. The chaplain had let out that I was coming to stay.) The entrance to the house faces a green, the town just below; it is quite an old tower, comfortless, but very ancient. The house impresses me with everything but liveableness. A greater contrast to Bute House or even Selsdon can hardly be imagined. The staircase

is in heavy black oak of the date of the Restoration, when the Castle was almost rebuilt after the Commonwealth siege. The great hall is vast and impressive, but has no sun. The library is a long narrow room. There is a small dining-room or breakfast-room looking south; then the Bishop's private library looking south, with a door close by leading into the garden. The drawing-room is a long lofty room looking east, with one large window. All the house and this room is heated with hot water. The chapel is in the same heavy oak, detestably lit with common gas lamps. What strikes me about the house is that nothing but electric lamps will ever make it bright. The heavy dark oak absorbs light so. The flower-gardens are prettily laid out. There is a huge ribbon border. The gas bill is not very high, as there is none in the bedrooms. The coal bill is heavy: £130. The park about pays itself. There are three public paths through it, but no road for carriages. To-morrow I shall see all again, and my impressions may be modified. At the present moment I have no sort of wish to live in the house for its own sake.

"October 5.—I had a great deal of talk with the Bishop on many subjects. He said the diocese would quite understand my not entertaining if I did come to live here at first, so long as the pension is deducted. He also said it might be worth considering that I should decline to live here. I said I should be very sorry to sever Farnham Castle from the See, but of course I might have to consider it when it was offered.

On October 6 he returned to Torquay.

"Dorothy said to me, on going upstairs, 'The letter has come; it came this morning.' I opened it, and Lord Salisbury writes that the Queen gives her consent to my nomination to Winchester. Again, very kindly, he wants to know when he may announce it, as he has not told anybody. I told Miss Ruoff and Sybil, who was greatly impressed. This is a wonderful thing. The fortnight's suspense is now ended. There were so many chances of its getting out, and the Queen might have preferred some one else. But God has ordered all. Now will he not command my strength, supply all my need, and help me to 'finish my course with joy?'"

The Prime Minister wrote :

October 4, 1890.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have now received Her Majesty's approval to the proposal that you should be nominated to the See of Winchester on the retirement of Bishop Harold Browne. I am very glad that you see your way to accepting the nomination ; and I feel sure it will be approved by the Church. I understand that the present Bishop does not propose actually to resign until Christmas.

Will you kindly let me know at Hatfield when I may publish the nomination ? As yet I have not mentioned it.—Yours very faithfully,

SALISBURY.

The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

He sent off a great packet of characteristic letters to his friends, announcing the appointment.

PEMBROKE, TORQUAY,

October 7, 1890.

MY DEAR BOYD,—Do not let Mrs. Boyd laugh at me ; but I feel rather like a young lady who is going to be married.

I am going to change my name, and A. W. Roffen will disappear from history. It is to be replaced by A. W. Winton.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

TORQUAY, *October 7, 1890.*

MY DEAR COLSON,—I have had a house offered me in Surrey. Unluckily for my dear Kent friends, it is in the diocese of Winchester, at a place called Farnham. Consequently I must cease to be Bishop of Rochester ; and a 99th will come. Will you give me your blessing ?—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

It is not to be announced till Thursday.

The tone of the letters shows how the Bishop delighted in his promotion ; no one more appreciated popular approval ; and the Premier's action proved that his work was recognised as valuable to the Church ; and that those who had a right to judge felt he had made for himself a marked position among

the bishops. He was glad to be rid of the appalling load of South London, and hoped that the zest of new work would renew his youth. Letters of congratulations poured in.

“Among them sad and tender ones from Burney, Hole, Yeatman and Toone. Most kind ones from the Bishops of Ripon, Gloucester, Oxford, London, and Peterborough; sensible and approving from Erskine Clarke, Legge, Cheetham, and the Dean of Winchester. Perhaps the Bishop of Guildford’s is the most delightful of all.”

He answered it at once:

BUTE HOUSE, *October 14, 1890.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Your letter deeply touched and gratified me. But are you aware what you have brought upon yourself? It emboldens me to propose—what indeed was deep in my mind when I accepted the vacancy—that you should do the diocese the great service, and me the delightful honour, of continuing to act as Bishop Suffragan of Guildford. It will give me breathing time, and the opportunity of constant and exact information on diocesan matters, and a certain leisure for looking round me and grasping things, and the ripening of a delightful friendship, and halve the work.

May I ask your counsel and information on another matter? Would it be possible for me (kindly treat this as a matter of strict confidence) to make myself comfortable at Wolvesley (*sic*) without any very great expense, and with sufficient room for a modest household? Winchester has had a bad name for insalubrity. That is quite reversed now, I am told. But what sort of a climate is it, and what is the aspect of the living rooms?

At first I hardly expect to be able to live at Farnham, so as to entertain; though I should keep the place up, and furnish a suite of rooms to occupy *en garçon* during the summer until the income is free. It has occurred to me that if I could spend, say, the winter at the Cathedral city and the summer at Farnham, Winton folk might like to have their Bishop, and still I should be spared the enormous mortification of severing Farnham from the great See. This is dreaming; for that reason I don’t want to

be made to feel foolish, were it all to come to nothing. Perhaps I might come quietly to the city some day, and you would take me over it.

Please give my very kindest regards to Mrs. Sumner.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

The Lord Bishop of GUILDFORD.

He notes in his diary :

“The newspapers are very friendly ; but the *Spectator* laments my want of spirituality. This should give and has given me searching of heart. I did not think that as far as my diocese is concerned my deficiency had been exactly here.”

From the mass of congratulatory letters we select the touching sentences of the aged Bishop Claughton, the bracing words of Mr. Phillips Brooks, who was always a hero to his friend, and the terse opinion of Lord Thring on work to be accomplished.

DANBURY PALACE,

November 8, 1890.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Well now, dear brother, I must take this opportunity of telling you how much I rejoice that you are to exchange dear old Rochester for Winchester ; first, for the sake of the diocese, which stands in need of your ready hand and tongue, and of the head that directs those instruments, and of the loving heart that governs all : then, next, for your own sake. I have much impaired the comfort of your *home* these twelve years. Now you will have a most beautiful home for the remainder of your days, and greater opportunities of doing good ; and we all know how you will use them. God bless and keep and guide you always, dear Roffensis.

And for one more reason, I rejoice in your appointment to that See. It is for the sake of the present holder thereof, a kindred spirit to your own. He is one of my oldest and dearest friends ; I have known him for more than fifty years. Your appointment will comfort him under the inevitable pain of resignation, of which I know something. I have great comfort in my successor.—Most affectionately yours,

T. L. CLAUGHTON.

BOSTON, *November 4, 1890.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—There is nobody in the wide world who more truly cares for what concerns you than this far away Boston friend, to whom you have so often been so good. And so you will let him tell you how much he rejoices in the new recognition of your life and work, and in the opening of what I doubt not is a broader field for the great service in which we are all in our degree engaged. I know that you will not count me an intruder if I say “Greeting to the Bishop of Winchester,” and so give myself the pleasure of feeling that I have some little part in the new life, as you have kindly allowed me to have in the old. It makes me think well of my world when I see how it knows a good and true and faithful man, and calls for him, and claims him for its work. It makes me a bit sad to think that I shall see you no more in the old places to which you have given me such cordial welcome. But I shall think of you in new and even more delightful homes; and sometimes, when you are not quite sure what it is that is happening, it will be a “God bless you” from this obscure corner of the universe that you dimly hear!

I was in England for a little this summer, but I did not see you or anybody. It was not quite like London; but I knew that the friendly hearts were not far away, and that I should get sight of them again some day. London was rich in delight and interest as ever. Will my little friends remember me? If they will, tell them I never forget to wish them all good and pleasant things. And for yourself, dear friend, take every best wish and heartiest congratulation, and most earnest prayer from yours, ever affectionately and faithfully,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ALDERHURST, ENGLEFIELD GREEN,

October 16, 1890.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I hope as a Surrey man I may venture to congratulate you on your translation to Winchester. I am sure that it is of the utmost importance in the present state of politics that the high places in the Church should be occupied by men of broad and liberal views, and I know no one who fulfils better the necessary conditions for a great episcopacy than yourself. I should think no English bishop has ever travelled so much as

you have done, or knows "so many cities and many men." Such knowledge seems to me to be the greatest public advantage in dealing with the difficult questions which arise, as I often think, merely from a want of knowledge and experience, the necessary defect of most clerical educations. I believe the English Church, if disestablished, which I much hope will not be the case, will be subverted from within, not pulled down from without; and I look upon you, and men such as you are, as the best guarantees against such a catastrophe.—Yours,
THRING.

But there was still some work to do in the Rochester diocese. He had the happiness of opening the Corpus Christi College (Cambridge) Mission, on October 25; it was in Canterbury Lane, out of the Old Kent Road. There was

"quite a crowd round the door; and within so many young clergymen towards whom I felt as a father; I had ordained most of them. Most of the congregation were people out of the district. We had some prayers from the Consecration Service and shortened evening prayer, and then I gave an address which I really enjoyed. The people were very attentive. For few things have I felt so thankful as for this service. It speaks wonders for Hough's work here."

"Oct. 27.—I went with Yeatman to St. Saviour's. We found the Committee on the site of the almost demolished nave; and had an interesting meeting. A vote of congratulation was passed to me on my translation. I read in reply a letter from Davidson (now announced as his successor) expressive of his great sympathy with the scheme and his readiness to do all he could in support of it. Rider's tender, being the lowest, was accepted. Nearly £30,000 has been subscribed."

It was over £31,000 before he left the diocese.

On November 9 he opened the Cheltenham Mission, just attracted to South London by Bishop Barry, and situated in Peckham Grove. There was "a very good attendance and many *men*." He was paying visits at this time to all the College and School Missions, the introduction of which he felt to have been one of the chief distinctions of his episco-

pate; to the Clare Mission in Rotherhithe, where "he prayed with the missionaries in their little mission chapel," and "then visited their humble and very untidy home; it is a self-denying life"; to the Charterhouse Mission in Tabard Street, where he "called upon the two young fellows Waggett and Vivyan. How I honour them; the noise in the street is what they complain of most." Nor did he forget a farewell expedition to Cambridge to thank the Colleges for the precious support he had received from them. Here, at all events, was solid work left behind him; and he could not quite stifle a feeling of elation as he prepared for his successor a description of the chief organisations which he would find in the diocese.

As for any schemes for the division of Kent and Surrey, he was convinced that they "were dead" and the whole diocese strongly welded into unity.

Many presents were made him, and a memorial to his work set on foot in his restored St. Saviour's. He was particularly pleased by a present from the clergymen's wives, a Garter jewel. He had done much for them, and was gratified to see how they had appreciated his help.

On February 7, 1891, came the final scene.

"After luncheon I went with Sybil in the brougham to St. Saviour's. It became pitch dark as we got into the Borough. I expected about twenty-five when I reached the church, for it was raining, and the weather was simply atrocious; but the Lady Chapel was as full as it could hold. Lord Darnley, Barry and a few others were in the vestry room, also Dibdin, just about to start for Durham to take the oath as Chancellor. The reporters were present in great force, and the *Guardian* carried off my address, listened to with grave attention and no applause. Lord Darnley rose to thank me. How he hated having to speak! but it was a great proof of regard. He got through his task like a man, and was very kind about it. Dear Burney seconded and I thanked them in a few closing words, which I think touched them. Many shook hands. Leveson Gower, Leycester Penrhyn so affectionate, etc. etc. Barry shook hands with me in the

vestry. He was touchingly kind. I think he has felt that I wished to aid and honour him."

So ended the greatest work of Bishop Thorold's life. Most capable judges will admit that in the oddly composed Diocese of Rochester was allotted to him the hardest diocesan task to be found in England. Experience, sagacious methods, an immovable will, and an indomitable energy, above all an impressive personality, had enabled him to bind together the jarring elements, and to bequeath to an appreciative successor an united and highly equipped diocese. But Bishop Davidson will speak for himself.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

February 3, 1896.

MY DEAR SIMPKINSON,—You ask me, as one who twice succeeded Bishop Thorold in positions of high responsibility, to set down on paper the impression given me as to the value and special character of his episcopal work. . . .

I have often wondered what information Mr. Disraeli possessed as to the character and capacities of the Vicar of St. Pancras when in 1877 he submitted his name to the Queen as the first Bishop of the strangely reconstructed See of Rochester. In any case the choice was a singularly happy one. The conditions were peculiar. A diocese of immense and rapidly increasing population, for the most part quite poor; a diocese of a shape -- to use Bishop Thorold's own expression—not irregular merely but "deformed"; without any natural bond of coherence, geographical, municipal, or ecclesiastical; a diocese with a very small episcopal income and no episcopal house. Such a diocese required no ordinary leader if it was to be welded into a coherent whole, and to possess all the needed organisations and agencies for active work. From the very first, so far as I can judge, Bishop Thorold gave proof of his qualifications for this arduous task. Apart from his deeper spiritual gifts, he had indomitable courage, quiet and persistent enthusiasm, ample private means, and a positive genius for methodical organisation. With steady self-reliance he matured his plans, formed his Committees and Councils, drafted their rules and assigned their tasks, retaining

always in his own hands the ultimate decision upon any point of difficulty. Not every diocese needed or would perhaps have welcomed such a bishop, but in the Rochester of 1877 he found and filled the very place that fitted him.

And who that was in contact with his work but felt perforce the impress of the man? We may find it hard to trace or explain his influence; but there it was. Its roots, I think, were deep. Not his hard work, or his self-confidence, or the pungent epigrammatic force of his spoken and written words "told" upon men so certainly as did his strictly spiritual force—the conviction he inspired of the deep well-spring of personal faith which underlay his life. Starting with the disadvantages of a supposed partisan, he seems early to have won the confidence and affection of the best men of every school. He had been known in London as a pronounced "Evangelical," and his appointment was hailed as full of significance and promise. At his consecration in Westminster Abbey I was in attendance as Archbishop's chaplain, and I remember, as we drove home, the Archbishop's kindly comments upon Sir Emilius Bayley's sermon: "They have done their best to appropriate him. It won't make his work the easier."* One very material help this "appropriation" gave him from the outset. It unloosed the purse-strings of several rich men whose sympathies were not co-extensive with the Church of England, but who gave ungrudgingly, for a time at least, to help the diocesan work, not of the "Bishop of Rochester," but of "Bishop Thorold."

Something you have perhaps recounted of the Church-partisan-ship struggles of his earlier episcopate. I knew them only by report. By the time I succeeded him the Diocesan Societies had been established on a basis ignorant of shibboleths, and had lost in the process some of the most munificent of their earlier supporters. An "Evangelical," even in the limited technical sense, he remained, I suppose, to the end; but partisan names assort ill with the deep Christian earnestness, the spiritual insight, the robust faith of such a man.

To my great loss, I was never present on one of the "quiet days" which formed so marked a feature in his episcopate. So

* See also Archbishop Tait's "Diary"; "Life," ii. 323.

far as I am aware, there is no difference of opinion about their value. To clergy, to the wives of clergy, to deaconesses, to lay workers, to ordination candidates, to communicants, he had, in turn and unfailingly, something clear and deep and strong and fresh to say. Those who know the distracting strain and hurry of a bishop's days in a diocese like Rochester, will appreciate the value of such a gift of effective utterance, and realise what it betokened in his inner life.

I attempt no general description of his diocesan work. Much was needed, and much was done, and done to an extraordinary degree, in *his* way and no other. On first coming to the diocese, and inquiring as to the rule or system for this or that, I was met, to my dismay, with the constant reply, "The Bishop used to arrange it all himself." The Diocesan Society in its present form was his creation. The Deaconess work, one of the best of all his monuments, owes to him its shape. None but he would have had the courage—the hardihood, as men said—to attempt in such a diocese the rebuilding of St. Saviour's, Southwark, at the cost of some £50,000. The story of his Ten Churches Fund is, of its kind, unique. It was in no formal sense that each of these things and many more were called "the Bishop's work."

Sometimes, of course, in accomplishing his purpose, he had to ride—I was about to say "roughshod"—over the opinions and plans of others. It would be more true to say that he evaded or leaped the obstacles with a skill peculiar to himself. I have sometimes in my own mind compared him with one of the most remarkable of his contemporaries, Lord Beaconsfield. No two men could at first sight seem to be further apart. In circumstances, in upbringing, in general aim, perhaps in fundamental principles, they differed as widely as in the scale and sphere of their life-work. But they had, as it seems to me, these characteristics at least in common—a quiet untiring courage, a fathomless fund of self-reliance, a peculiar way of meeting difficulties and sometimes even conquering opposition by an epigrammatic phrase or a skilful silence. Each, again, had a peculiar care for pomp and ceremonial, a liking for formal pageants, and a belief in their usefulness. And, what is more important though less remarkable, each had a power—totally unsuspected at first sight—

of winning the entire confidence and love of those with whom he was brought into closest contact.

To me his kindness during the eighteen years of our acquaintance was unbroken, and my affection for him constantly deepened. It was, however, from outside rather than from within his circle that I had means of judging of his work. That work, I am persuaded, was of such a quality as to stand the test of time; and the whole Church may thank God for what he was allowed to accomplish during fourteen busy years in the diocese with which his name will be mainly associated.

Of what he was able to accomplish in the diocese of Winchester I have not yet had means of forming an adequate opinion, but I have seen enough to assure me that he brought hither the same spirit which had effected so much under the very different conditions of his former See. Nor is it possible to date such a letter as this from Farnham Castle without a grateful recollection of the munificent care* which has materially lightened, for years to come, the anxieties of each temporary occupant or trustee of the oldest and most storied of English bishops' homes.—I am, yours very truly,

RANDALL WINTON.

On Christmas Day, 1890, Archbishop Thomson of York had died. He had been Bishop Thorold's intimate friend "for thirty-five years," and had exercised a predominant influence on his character and his career.

"So our great chief is in his rest; there was a massiveness about him which will always make him stand out in the memory as a pillar," he wrote to Mr. Pelham; and in his diary: "It is a great personality gone out of my life and out of the Church's history, and I do not envy the man who follows him."

On the Sunday evening after the funeral, he preached on his career, in York Minster, to

"an immense congregation in the nave. I shall never forget the exquisite sadness of the hymn before the sermon, 'Now the

* Bishop Thorold bequeathed to the See the furniture of Farnham, worth several thousand pounds.

labourer's task is o'er,' nor the grandeur of 'Abide with me,' sung by the force of the great multitude."

Winchester now absorbed all his thoughts. To some of his Rochester friends it was strange and rather disheartening that all his affection appeared to be transferred at once from the diocese which he had himself constructed. Yet the explanation is a simple one. Bishop Thorold was by nature quick and eager; he had trained himself to concentrate his interest on the practical duties of the moment. At the task he had in hand he worked with extraordinary diligence, and in consequence the present absorbed all his attention and left little time for regret or for sentiment.

As to himself, he was full of projects.

"A new future is opening before me," he soliloquises in the diary. "May I be found equal to it. A second is not always equal to a first, though it may usually be better. The new work will begin (how I shall delight in it!) and I shall be on my trial. Much railway travelling, and sleeping away from home, and long absences will be new features in my life. The lay folk of the diocese are as important as any in England, and the clergy of a very different stamp to those in South London and the suburbs. May I have bodily strength, and tact, and manfulness, and much of the Holy Ghost. May I learn the gift of edifying in families where I go to stay; may I avoid giving offence, and may I learn how to get hold of the young clergy."

Several points he had already decided.

BUTE HOUSE, *November 28, 1890.*

DEAR CANON WARBURTON,--There are some matters which will bear postponement until I am actually seated in my new chair, and others about which it seems best that I should at once proceed to make arrangements. One that presses refers to ordinations and examining chaplains. I am not quite sure if I am fair in inviting you to consider the possibility of continuing to act as one of the Bishop's examining chaplains. On Professors Hort and Kirkpatrick of course I have no sort of claim (I am not sure

if Professor Hort is now acting in that capacity); and I propose to bring some of my own Rochester friends to help me, though I must leave Archdeacon Cheetham for service to my successor. But I know how deeply valued your services have been in the past; and as you are a residentiary and live at Winchester, you may possibly be still willing to help me and the diocese in this way, and so to maintain a certain continuity between the outgoing and incoming systems. My present idea is to have two examining chaplains for each of the two ordinations, which would make four in all. This would diminish the laboriousness of the duty. I had hoped that you would take charge of the deacons, and so guard the door of entrance; and I had thought (but I have not yet mentioned it to him) of associating with you as examiner for the priests, Canon Yeatman, Vicar of Sydenham, devoted to Winchester and its traditions in every fibre of his nature, scholarly, devout, high-bred, and, I consider, just on your own theological lines. I hope you would select the ordination you might think most convenient, Trinity or Advent. For the other ordination, I think of inviting (but I have not yet named it to them) Mr. Prior, Fellow and Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge, a very distinguished man in the University, and particularly influential with young men; and Mr. Simpkinson, Vicar of St. Paul's, Walworth, an ordinee of my own, and a nephew of the Dean of Llandaff. Other details I should be glad to name to you, in case the preliminary condition is fulfilled, your finding it possible to continue the discharge of the office. I think I should feel it right to do as Bishop Harold Browne did, when he came to the See, bring my own systems and methods with me. Should there be occasion for it, Cheetham I am sure will give you all the information you need. My plan is to place the most entire confidence in the judgment and soundness of my chaplains, and to accept from them the results of the examination as decisive. Sometimes it happens that they submit papers to me for my opinion upon them, but this does not often occur. They prepare the questions, submitting them to me for final approval; and the only fault I have ever had to find with my valued and dear friends who have hitherto helped me is that they are apt to be too lenient. Our Rochester standard is high, and though

yours in Hebrew beats us, I doubt if it is harder. It ought to be hard. I ordain only graduates, making an exception in favour of King's College and St. John's, Highbury. Pray forgive this lengthy epistle.—Sincerely yours,

A. W. ROFFEN.

BUTE HOUSE, *January 1, 1891.*

DEAREST PELHAM,—Now that our great chief and master* is in his grave, I approach you, very diffidently, but still somewhat hopefully, with the request that you will honour me as well as gratify me by being one of my chaplains. I want a few of my dearest friends to be at my side, and in spirit with my duty, when I cross the boundary and change my name, not, I hope, my nature; and my heart turns quickly and instinctively to you.—Ever your truly affectionate friend,

A. W. ROFFEN.

On February 13 he was duly confirmed in Bow Church, and drove straight to Lambeth Palace “to pay my respects to the Archbishop. I asked him first thing to give me his blessing. He did so in such a charming way.” On March 3 he was enthroned at Winchester. The crowd was enormous, and the ceremony most impressive.

SIDMOUTH, *April 1, 1891.*

DEAREST BOYD,—I have been longing to write to you, but I have been in such a maelstrom of work. The enthronement was a very picturesque affair. I have never been so much stared at in all my life. Happily the day was splendid. I had to go to Windsor to do homage and be invested. You will like to see my blue Ribbon and the St. George on your friend's neck. We are here for a few quiet days, but go back into the whirlpool at the end of next week. I am grieved that I have neither Selsdon nor Farnham to ask you to this year. Are you likely to be in London? There is a prophet's chamber in Bute House, and you would be as quiet as in the middle of Salisbury Plain.—Ever affectionately,

A. WINTON.

He had been studying the lives of two of his predecessors, Bishop Sumner and Bishop Wilberforce.

* Archbishop Thomson.

SIDMOUTH, *March 30, 1891.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I read right through yesterday your great father's life. Thank you for writing it, as well as for giving it me. It fills me with affectionate respect, but also with a profound depression. I feel the difficulty of walking in his steps, more than in any one's. He combined so much. What a shabby, halting, poor creature I shall seem and feel to be, after a prince like him! It has been unlucky for me, having to plunge into confirmations immediately on entering the diocese. I seem to have no time for thinking out anything; there must be a sense of leisure, for secreting thought.—Truly and affectionately yours,

The Lord Bishop of GUILDFORD.

A. WINTON.

Of Bishop Wilberforce he writes :

"I do not see that he did so very much more than I do, except that his work was often crowded into small spaces of time, and that he visited and dined out a great deal, which I do not. The Dean of Lincoln (Dr. Butler) says that 'he always thought Bishop Wilberforce wrong in going to Winchester, but thinks me right.' "

With his eagle-eyed faculty of grasping the situation, two important matters now engrossed his mind. He was determined to unify the diocese, and he was anxious to ascertain for himself whether the poorer classes were thoroughly cared for in the great towns of South Hants. On March 11 he is staying with Canon Wilberforce at Southampton.

"We had full and interesting talk about all sorts of theological subjects, Wilberforce sometimes speaking with great power and faculty of illustration; we were talking for nearly an hour on the restitution of all things; I did not argue, but asked questions, and recommended him to read Church's sermon."

The position is characteristic, for the Bishop was not a great theologian, and troubled himself little with such matters. In conversation he was accustomed to turn off these subjects with an epigram or a pointed sentence of

advice. With the confirmation in the parish church he was greatly pleased, and with the Rural Dean's request that he would arrange a quiet day for the Clergy. The next day was occupied with an address to a great gathering of Church-workers, which "I much enjoyed."

On the 15th came a visit to Portsmouth and to Canon Jacob's "stately church," which was quite filled for the confirmation. The new Bishop was thoroughly satisfied, by his inspection of the work, that the Gospel was diligently preached and practised; but it troubled him that no one spoke to him about his address.

"I wonder if my Confirmation Addresses are liked in the diocese. I have my doubts. No one ever says a word to me about them. Perhaps they think it would be disrespectful to thank me."

There was a sense of coldness about his reception. It was very different from Rochester, where he was accustomed to the pleasant thanks of his friends, and to share their happiness over a piece of spiritual work to which he had put the finishing touches.

He adds:

"The Deaconess Home at Portsea profoundly interested me. All is on a great scale. It seems to me the best piece of work which Bishop Harold Browne has done in Winchester."

On the evening of March 16 an address to Church-workers was attended by 500. There was certainly no doubt about the vigour of Church life in Portsmouth.

On April 22 came a second journey to Portsmouth, this time to the only school mission in the diocese, supported by Winchester College and under the direction of the Rev. R. R. Dolling. This mission was destined to cause the Bishop grave anxiety. But its origin, the character of its chief, the daring and successful assault which the clergy and lay workers had made upon vice and sin in the wickedest quarter

of the great town called out all his impulsive enthusiasm. He might differ widely in opinion from many of its ritual practices, but how could he dare not to encourage a work done so zealously for Jesus Christ?

"Dolling was very nice in consulting me about his scarlet acolytes, with whom I dispensed. The confirmees were most attentive. This is a remarkable place." The next day "I had breakfast with Dolling and his curates and the miscellaneous residents, some of them just out of prison. In the chapel, over the lists of names of the departed, there is nothing said to imply prayer for their souls, but Dolling very straightforwardly told me it was his habit. I told him he should not do so—it was contrary to the practice of the English Church." A few weeks later Mr. Dolling was with him in London. "We had a good honest, friendly talk. He gives way about the word 'Mass.' I did not press anything else. We had prayer and I gave him my benediction."

The Bishop's Confirmation Circuit, which had included most of the principal parishes, proved to him the satisfactory condition of the diocese of Winchester. Of course, there were weak parishes; but there was none of that hopeless fight against immeasurable odds which had so distressed him in South London, and for which he had so diligently trained and marshalled reinforcements. Still, the great towns, Portsmouth especially, required support from outside, and he came to the conclusion that West Surrey ought to do more to help them. Many of the leading laity in West Surrey demurred to this, their affections being still turned to a Surrey diocese, and they felt far more interest in South London, with which they had once been so closely associated, than in the seaport towns. On May 6 "we had a largely attended meeting" at the Church House, of the Surrey Diocesan Society.

"Mr. Cubitt was there, and Archdeacon Sapte, and many others. We got through our business very pleasantly, but the income is wretched, only £500 a year."

Inspired by the muster of so many men of importance, and comfortably unconscious that they had "merely attended in force to welcome him at his first appearance at Surrey business," the Bishop resolved to remedy this state of things with his usual decision and promptitude. But he forgot, and it was to cost him dearly, that he had not yet won the confidence of the very conservative laity and clergy in his new diocese; indeed, he was often surprised to find so much opposition offered to his will. It was to Mr. Cubitt, who had helped him with the enfranchisement of St. Saviour's, that he turned.

BUTE HOUSE, *May 25, 1891.*

MY DEAR CUBITT,—I must say it seems to me too unfair that men like you and Sir W. Farquhar should be treated as the burden bearers of West Surrey. When I came among you all the other day, I instantly felt by what a delightful and strong body of Churchmen I was surrounded. I never felt happier in the chair in all my life: barring the consciousness of imminent influenza. But I also felt that to summon such a body of busy and able men to distribute £500 was a grievous loss of time and power, and that when we had paid our curates the year's income was spent. I don't think the Society can be galvanised into a larger life; the area is too small; and we have no rallying cry to stir enthusiasm or to provoke sympathy.—Most truly yours,

A. WINTON.

BRIGHTON, *May 28, 1891.*

MY DEAR CUBITT,—Nothing should I like better than to talk matters over with you. I must not conceal from you my feeling that a sort of atrophy is seriously affecting both our Diocesan Societies, and that we must face and debate the question whether the time is not come for fusing both into one large and vigorous life, and thereby unifying and consolidating and developing the whole. When all Surrey belonged to Winchester two Diocesan Societies were intelligible enough. Now there is only a fragment of Surrey left, lovely and desirable, but with no cry or special ground of appeal; and in my judgment not big enough to

live alone. The Hants Society is also feeble and languid ; and it is just a case where two halves do not make a whole. It seems impertinent in me to write to you as a man of business on business matters ; but it seems to me that the machinery of both Societies is obsolete and stale, and wants recreating. Our clerical secretaries with livings have not the time to work up and push the Society. We ought to have a paid secretary, and a paid organizing secretary, such as we had in Rochester. He made and planted our Society there. In three years' time, I believe, we should double our income. Details as to place of meetings are easily settled. Twice a year in London might be reasonable. As it is, my Committee work is simply doubled by having to attend both Societies, and my time is precious ; and yet I ought to have all the threads of the work in my hand. I am writing to you what I have not breathed to any single soul. It does not seem a matter yet for my action : except that I have thought it right and constitutional to bring the matter before the next Diocesan Conference, and to have it thoroughly thrashed out. I am bound to say as Bishop that I cannot hold myself responsible for the thorough efficiency of the diocesan organisation, if we are to have a dual and separated life. As to the notion that Surrey and Hampshire Churchmen, who sit side by side in the House of Commons, would not consent to sit and work together as Churchmen for the good of the common diocese, Kent and Surrey, experience has diminished all fear of that sort. Work and the love of God make true hearts one. You will forgive me for writing all this, even if you do not at first quite concur with it. I see no use in delaying things. The time is short, and the necessities urgent.—Ever yours,

A. WINTON.

But for the present all his plans were to be shattered. On April 29 he went to visit Archbishop Magee, who was in London very ill with influenza.

“ I saw him for a few minutes. He asked for the benediction, which I gave him. I did not feel any risk, but it was not prudent ; in Yorkshire it is an epidemic.

“ *May 5.*—A great shock and a terrible loss. When I reached

the Committee Room at Exeter Hall every one was talking about the Archbishop of York's death, which happened this morning a little before four. Yesterday afternoon Sir Andrew Clark assured them that he would get better, but he insisted that he was dying. It filled the great meeting with solemn awe. I fear he suffered a great deal."

He had always vastly admired Dr. Magee's splendid eloquence, though the difference of their characters prevented any real intimacy. He describes him in a letter as follows:

"The Bishop of Peterborough did not persuade, but he convinced, and men were in wholesome awe of him."

On the 9th he himself sickened. No doubt the disease had been caught in the discharge of his duty at the Archbishop's bedside, and he had never succeeded in shaking off a feeling of apprehension that he would be its next victim. For ten days his diary is a blank. Then he writes to Dr. Boyd.

"The influenza has torpedoed and huddled up all my engagements, and there is so much to be done in this first year."

It was impossible for him to be present at the Trinity ordination. For some weeks his duties could only be attempted fitfully, and without much force; and he was anxious about the future.

"What I have always dreaded, and Dr. Carpenter for me, is chronic spasmodic asthma. It would utterly ruin my work. Ruthven Thornton looked in for a few moments, and gave me a text, 'Tarry thou the Lord's leisure.' The tempter whispers, 'He does not want you, nor does He mean to use you.' The great thing is to cleave to God and to trust Him." And another day, "Let me learn a lesson from Archbishop Tait" (whose life he was reading) "of thankfulness and cheerful patience under sickness."

But the fatal influenza poison had got a firm hold upon his system, and on August 2, in lodgings at Folkestone,

he was struck down with a still more deadly attack. He could not resume the diary until August 31. Then it was only to record how he heard from Mrs. Gilmore, the head deaconess of the Rochester diocese, who had been summoned to nurse him, that he had been at death's door, and that the doctor insisted on three months' complete cessation of work.

"If I take his advice I may be as well as ever; and should all go well be ready for the Advent ordination." He began to feel "depressed and uneasy about the Winchester diocese. The *Pall Mall* may be right in saying I ought never to have taken it. But I am in for it now, and I must hold to it for the present, perhaps till I am seventy, if I am spared so long."

From this time the Bishop's loss of power became very evident; both in decision and penetration he was a different man. Very often, it is true, he could rouse himself for a supreme effort, and speak and teach and rule as in the great days of Rochester; but a long second step had been taken down hill, as in the fatal year 1885, and he was constantly unfit for continuous efforts, and unable to count upon himself even for necessary exertions.

He wrote sadly to his coadjutor.

BUTE HOUSE, September 30, 1891.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—You will like, in your kindness, to know that I faced the consecration of the bishops yesterday, and am not a bit the worse for it. In fact, I am recovering without the slightest drawback, and but for the almost inconsolable regret I feel for the disappointment, perhaps even the displeasure of the diocese, I should have no retarding hindrance. But that comes in gusts and waves; and perhaps because I feel it so reasonable, it is harder to bear. But God's Voice is behind it all. I feel at school with Him now.—Your affectionate and grateful,

The Lord Bishop of GUILDFORD.

A. WINTON.

Bute House was given up. The autumn was spent at

Torquay, where he was quiet and happy in the companionship of his daughter Dorothy. The few hours of comparative strength were devoted to the compilation of a new book of devotional readings, "Questions of Faith and Duty." It comforted him. He could do very little serious work, but found himself soothed and stirred to meditation by the hymns which his daughter sang to him. Now and then he was full of plans, but the furnishing of Farnham Castle was a subject more suited to his condition than any wide-reaching schemes for the development of the diocese. "I am Thine; save me," is the motto chosen for the volume of the diary which he commenced at this time.

He recovered sufficiently to struggle through the Advent ordination; and he was able to preach Lent sermons in the Cathedral, as well as to hold a limited number of confirmations and quiet days for the clergy; but he was constantly in dread of another breakdown.

TORQUAY, January 5, 1892.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Please don't encumber yourself with *gratuitous* engagements during Lent. This neuralgia indicates overtaxed powers. The spring is sure to be trying to your feeble brother. It will be a great relief to know that you are at hand in time of need—not fifty miles away to open a crèche or inspire a mothers' meeting.—Ever your affectionate,

The Lord Bishop of GUILDFORD.

A. WINTON.

On April 8, 1892, he at last took possession of Farnham Castle, which he had repaired, remodelled, and refurnished, at an expense which had seriously impoverished him.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

April 9, 1892.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—My second letter from this house must be written to you. Thank you for your greeting. We had a full church, and a body of working-men at the foot of Castle Street took the horses out of the carriage, and pulled us up the

steep hill to the Castle doors. I long to show you this house, yours as much as ever, dear friend. But it is not yet fit for the Bishop of Guildford's wife. I don't think you will feel that we have spoiled it.—Ever affectionately,

A. WINTON.

The Lord Bishop of GUILDFORD.

He was delighted to be settled there.

“When I walk round this place, or look out of the window, I am filled with wonder and thankfulness to God for having sent me here. I can never feel to deserve it, but I must try not to be unworthy of it.”

CHAPTER XV

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN THE DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER

1892-95

Future Prospects and Forecasts—Diocesan Conference and Routine Work—Life at Farnham—Institutions—Ember Days—Journeys in the Diocese—Diocesan Chronicle—The Pastoral—Education Question—Farnham Schools—Dangerous Illness—Depression—Final Opinion about the Religious Difficulty—Winchester Diocesan Society—Deaconess House—Ritual Difficulties—Oxford—Correspondence—Wolvesey—A Clergy School—"The Tenderness of Christ."

BISHOP THOROLD had now taken up in earnest the government of Winchester diocese.

"Few things are more exhilarating," he wrote at this time, "I might almost say inspiriting, than the sight of a man full of years, yet not suffering otiose habits to grow on him, never affecting the airs of youth, yet never exaggerating the infirmities of age; ever in affectionate sympathy with the young; entering with intelligent and sincere interest into the politics and literature, and social and religious movements of the day; not talking much of death, but quietly recognising that it may be imminent, living in the fear and presence of the Risen Saviour, knowing that to depart and be with Him is best of all." *

* "Questions of Faith and Duty," p. 18.

The picture is beautiful, and without doubt presents the ideal which the Bishop had sincerely set before himself, when he settled at Farnham. Yet either he had forgotten a piece of advice which he gives to others a few lines later, or he framed the next passage because he had become conscious of a want of judgment in accepting Winchester and the burden of Farnham Castle.

“For the sake of his own family, as well as of his own peace of mind, a man with not many years in front will pause before he builds a house, or enters on liabilities which he may not live to discharge, or commits himself to enterprises which may cripple or burden his children, or risks fatigue and exposure which unrelenting nature will most assuredly punish. It is not pleasant to go about with clipped wings; or in closed carriages to avoid night air; to be cautious, even fanciful about diet. But ‘How long have I to live?’ is a question which has its practical meaning for some of us. If we forget it we shall smart for our forgetting, and it will be of our own earning.”*

Combining the picture of uneasiness with the picture of content, we get the light and shadow of his life at Farnham; while the words from J. S. Mill which he chose as a motto for “Questions of Faith and Duty” give his own forecast of his diocesan career.

“The two constituents of a satisfied life are much tranquillity and some excitement.”

There would be excitement enough in the three years which he was to spend at Farnham Castle, excitement of great political problems, of grave questions of diocesan organisation, of personal difficulties and sorrows, of more than one unpleasant failure which rankled into bitterness, of constant struggles for life. But tranquillity he would never secure. His career was to end in the midst of battle. He had never enjoyed much peace. He was not to have it now. But he did not repine.

* “Questions of Faith and Duty,” p. 19.

"Let us be men and make the best of ourselves and live as long as we can and be young to the last."

In the spring of 1892 health seemed to be restored and success to wait upon his enterprise.

On April 27 the new Bishop met the Diocesan Conference for the first time. We quote a few impressions from the diary.

"*April 27.*—There was never any difficulty about standing orders, and the Conference was in good temper from first to last. Perhaps the decorousness was more remarkable than the liveliness.

"*April 28.*—Pereira spoke with a good deal of ability on recreations. Dolling spoke well, perhaps shocking a few by telling us of his dancing parties. Sharpe and Sole also spoke. I wound up the debate and amused the Conference by saying I had visited Dolling's gymnasium, but had never seen him dance."

The summer passed in the usual routine work and in visits about the diocese. He was often away from home for weeks together. The periods of absence were filled with a succession of varied duties; at home he was equally busy. Perhaps the story of a few days, taken almost at random from the diary, will give the clearest impression of his occupations in 1892.

"*June 29.*—A cold and dull day after the storm, which seems to have been terrible both at West Wickham and Winchester. I celebrated Holy Communion at 8 A.M. My letters were not many. At 12 we had our annual meeting of Rural Deans and Archdeacons, well attended, and went through the confirmations; about 140 were arranged. We sat down nearly forty to luncheon. Afterwards I named some matters to them, such as the Clergy School and Ruri-decanal alterations. Then we had tea, and they went into the grounds and park. Mrs. Sumner arrived in the afternoon; she and the Bishop are greatly delighted with all the changes. I took him to see the dormitories. In the evening Blunt, Eddy, and Maturin dined."

*“ July 2.—*At 10 I started for Liss, a beautiful drive over moor and forest, but a little long. It must be quite twelve miles. I robed at the Working Men’s Club; a great many clergy were assembled. The Chancellor was absent. The new church, one of Blomfield’s, is very good, and excellent for hearing. After the Consecration prayers came the Litany, then the Communion service. I preached from an old text, and said some of what I intended; but I am not sure on the whole that I liked it. There was a good collection; afterwards a public luncheon, at which I sat between Mrs. Nicholson and Lady Sophia Palmer, who were very pleasant. Lord Selborne spoke, so did I; neither of us were long. Then we went to tea at the rectory, and got home at 6.”

*“ July 4.—*In spite of being tired, a very good day’s work was done. How often this happens in the goodness of God! I offered Fremantle to Mr. Fair, of Ryde, and wrote a good many invitations for next week’s Committee. After ten I left for Ash, a drive of forty minutes, and went on to Dorking, where the Vicar met and took me to the church. The building looked stately in the fine sunshine. There was an excellent and attentive congregation of Sunday-school teachers; I preached for just half an hour, and afterwards presided over a Conference in the church-room on teaching teachers to teach, where I made an opening address. Mr. Du Sautoy and Mr. Knollys moved and seconded a vote of thanks. Altogether they seemed pleased and helped; and I am thankful, for it was an effort, but I think God meant me to go. I went in to have tea with them all afterwards. The vicarage is a congeries of rooms added by different vicars, with almost as many staircases as this house.”

Farnham Castle was an incessant interest to the Bishop. Alterations to beautify and to improve, new furniture, fresh arrangements were always in his mind. Hospitality he practised at Farnham on a magnificent scale, and the house-keeping bills absorbed some two-thirds of the income of the See. It was no uncommon thing to sit down thirty or forty to luncheon, and the Bishop regretted that the bedrooms were not numerous enough to allow him to invite such great

parties to stay the night. Many of the principal committees met at the Castle, while the house was always ready to receive the leading laity of the diocese, with whom the Bishop was desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted.

He enjoyed accepting their invitations in return, and visited most of the great houses in West Surrey and Hampshire, as well as in the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands; during these visits he showed a singular faculty for finding opportunities of spiritual work. He had his picture painted by Mr. Eddis in the Garter mantle, and hoped that the Duke of York's wedding would have given the opportunity for a "Garter Pageant." Display he had always enjoyed, knowing its effect on the imagination of the onlookers, and he thought it added to the dignity of his "great place" as Bishop of Winchester, of which he was sensitively proud. On any important occasion he liked processions and functions arranged with as much distinction and splendour as possible, and played his part consciously as the leading personage.

But if he claimed and enjoyed the position of a magnate, he did not forget that he was a magnate because he was a Chief of Christ's Church. Many gifts he sent publicly to the poor of Farnham, and many more he studiously concealed. And it is pleasant to recall that among his earliest guests at the Castle were the people of the neighbouring workhouse.

"*July 5, 1892.* —A little after four the inmates of the Farnham Union arrived, ninety in all. Some walked through the rain, some came in vans. We had tables laid in the hall, and perhaps it was as well on the whole that it was wet, for they were saved the task of walking through the gardens, and they liked being in the hall, which very few of them had seen before. There was plenty of room for them. They greatly enjoyed the tea. We had the small piano brought into the corridor and the music sounded very well down below. Hoste, the Rector of Farnham, made a little speech to them. One of themselves, of the name of Williams, acted with a doll as a ventriloquist, and I made a speech at the end. The women had some tea to take away and

the men some tobacco. Some of them were very old, and it was a pathetic sight. I am sure it has done them good to come, and it is a great happiness to have had them. The servants did famously."

A festivity in the Castle for the inmates of the Union became an annual fixture, and the children from the Union schools were asked each year. There were also local parties for the choirs of the two churches, for a Reading Society which the Bishop originated in the town, and for other bodies; while he was always delighted to have the Castle shown to any strangers who asked permission to visit it.

A feature in the Farnham life was the practice of solemnly instituting new incumbents and licensing curates with prayers and an address in the Castle chapel. Men who had just come from a sharp business interview with the Bishop were astonished and impressed when he entered the chapel, divested of every sign of that keen knowledge of the world, which was so characteristic of him in conversation, and poured out a flood of wise spiritual instruction, specially suitable to the character of each auditor and the wants of each parish.

"August 2, 1892.—The men came at twelve o'clock for institution and licensing, Topham and Dandridge whom I had ordained, and others; one almost stone deaf, of whose infirmity I had heard nothing, much to my sorrow and more to his, I sent away, *re infectâ*. How could he minister to the sick or be useful as a visitor? [He was gladly admitted on due inquiry later, but the Bishop was very particular about institution.] I gave each a separate word of monition and sympathy. Good N—— was much affected."

Others who were present were deeply impressed by the detailed knowledge of each locality shown by the Bishop. He preferred, however, when he could arrange it, to continue his system of public institution in the presence of the flock to whom the new incumbent was appointed to minister, a pro-

cedure which seldom failed to stir a strong interest among the parishioners.

The Ember Days at Farnham were very valuable. In most respects they were like those at Selsdon; but at Farnham the Bishop sat for his addresses "in Bishop Morley's chair before the Holy Table." Of one address he notes "it was too long, quite an hour, but I did not know how time went and the men listened with great attention." They were wonderful occasions. With closed eyes the Bishop would speak, as if he were gazing on some inward vision of the Love and Holiness and Knowledge of the Most High; then now and again he would straighten himself in his chair to proclaim some lofty ideal, or leaning forward would point sternly and swiftly some strong practical lesson. The counsels were not to be forgotten, nor was the man. The morning addresses were always given by the chaplains, the Bishop carefully selecting the speaker and the subject. His criticisms are very interesting to the writer, who was generally present, and now feels the incisive penetration of that practised judgment. On one, he says with some annoyance, "it was more of a bishop's than a chaplain's address;" another was "not very spiritual, but rather original and shrewd and very useful;" another was "wonderful, but I find it difficult to say what exactly it was about; the action was quite perfect, the voice exquisite, the language without a flaw;" of several he complains that they had "hardly any detail," of which he was himself so definite a master.

He had fitted up the Castle garrets with cubicles, in order that he might be able to receive under his own roof the whole of his candidates. The accommodation was a little rough, but he felt that it secured their complete seclusion; and the chapel was left open for private prayer, while the numerous apartments gave every opportunity for quiet reading.

In such a life there was no monotony, except that of incessant hard work; but though each day differed from its predecessor and its successor, they were all very exhausting; and the Bishop, vexed with himself for his breakdown in the

previous year, refused to spare his strength till he broke down again in 1893. The diary shows him to us in every part of the diocese, admiring the work of many of his clergy, sternly indignant at the neglect and indolence of a few incumbents, and the miserable condition of their churches and congregations; making up his mind to remove one man, if he got the opportunity, as ill-fitted to his duties, and to promote another to some larger sphere; noticing and recording all the salient features of each place and each person. A note remains of a humorous address at one of these visits.

“ I am going to make you a short and pithy speech, pithy for the simple reason that for once I have something new to tell you, and short because I have had time to think over what I am about to say. It is a certain sign that a bishop has had no time for preparation when he makes a long speech or a long sermon. But some one who is acquainted with my unfortunate habits may inquire, ‘ How did it happen that you had time ? ’ I will tell him. To my shame I confess it, I arrived on the platform just as the train with more than human glee was snorting out of the station. I am afraid I must have expressed my disappointment rather warmly to the officials, ‘ What am I to do, I should like to know ? ’ for a friendly porter came up and touched his cap and said to me, “ There is another train in five-and-thirty minutes and your lordship had best sit down and *think*. ” ”

A wide circle in his diocese Bishop Thorold reached through the *Diocesan Chronicle*, established in 1893. The *Chronicle* was one of the characteristic pieces of his organisation at Winchester, where it secured a popularity very superior to his *Chronicle* at Rochester. It was his peculiar creation, and the organ by which he sounded the opinions and inspired the enthusiasm of his people. He himself chose the mottoes placed at the head of each number. The curious attitude adopted in the Bishop's Column, in which he criticised his own proceedings and related his doings under shelter of the third person, amused many, and by some the spicy sentences were

expected each month as a dish of literary caviare; through the *Chronicle* he kept himself a conspicuous figure before the diocese, while the papers of counsel to the clergy and others on practical subjects, and the racy reviews of books of all sorts and conditions, stirred up many in dull and remote corners to some interest in the literature of the day. In his correspondence with the editor we follow him through all the varied moods of his complex character.

"In your kindness let all the fragment on holidays go in. I hate being bisected." . . . "Who reads sermons but he who is already convinced?" . . . "A porcupine is nothing to it [this is a remark on a communication to the *Chronicle*]. Don't insert it. When did I frown on the good man?" . . . "To admit letters would open the sluices for any amount of muddy correspondence."

Or he is more serious:

"I have an enthusiasm for the city of Canute, and Alfred, and Ken." . . . "I am tired but glad to be." . . . "I feel that a doctrinal composition ought to have a certain definiteness about it, limpness is worse than precision or even a certain amount of positiveness."

Or it is the deep personal piety of the man which breaks out.

"That first sight of the Lord. Oh what will it be?" . . . "God has been very good to me. My motto is, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death. Wilt not Thou keep my feet from falling that I may walk before God in the land of the living?'"

The *Chronicle* was a power in the diocese, and roused expectations everywhere of the capacity to interest which the Bishop would display when he appeared. It was little wonder that "Warren (the publisher) tells me his subscribers increase"; and "I hear that the editor has ventured to raise the price to twopence."

He was very careful to keep out controversial matter as far

as he could. The following letter refers to his published manifesto to the archdeacons about the Welsh Suspensory Bill, which on second thoughts he excluded from the *Chronicle*:

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, ILFRACOMBE,
March 20, 1893.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—You would get my telegram asking you to keep back from press my MS. for the *Chronicle*. I felt there was heaps of time, and (do not laugh at me) so many friends of the imprudent type wrote to thank me for my somewhat vehement epistle to the archdeacons, that I began to have a grave misgiving as to its wisdom and a still more acute fear that something in it might wound a dear friend on the other side, such as our dean, or possibly yourself. Strength of utterance is one thing; and it is a duty; but when one is at white heat, and I have been at white heat over the base Bill, an expression possibly slips out not parliamentary, not “sweetness and light.” So it is on my mind not to put it into the *Chronicle* at all, but to treat the Archbishop’s letter as the proper substitute for it; if only it would be clear that I am not running away from my guns, nor frightened at the noise of my own thunder. Your judgment will very much help me.—Ever affectionately, A. WINTON.

The Rev. Canon WARBURTON.

Here are three characteristic notes:

DEAR MR. —,—I send you to Jericho, not in the ordinary use of that polite expression, but because I rejoice at the opportunity for so well deserved and instructive a visit.

May the Lord be with you.—Ever yours, A. WINTON.

DEAR —,—I hope you will approve of my trying to live as long as I can and to do as much as I can.—Ever yours,

A. WINTON.

MY DEAR —,—It is very good of you, but I am a man not a sponge.—Your truly obliged, A. WINTON.

But if we see signs of a still vigorous vitality, it was

becoming evident to those who knew him that his strength was seriously reduced, and his powers threatened. The diary is full of notes of ill-health ; and during his summer holiday in 1892 at Robin Hood's Bay, it shows him depressed and ailing ; though enjoying the quiet for prayer and meditation.

"The Holy Communion becomes to me more and more a real receiving of the Lord ; it is an increasing privilege."

The holiday had been all too busily occupied in the preparation of a Pastoral to the diocese of Winchester. When he carried through the work of revising at home what he had written in the North, he felt doubtful about publishing much of it. "It reads well, but I am most dissatisfied with the second chapter on Farnham." Still, as he was advised that "people in general would be interested in this very chapter about Farnham and Wolvesey," he sent the whole to the printer. Eventually this part evoked much criticism.

Here is the description of Farnham :

"It is my hope and desire, so far as personal resources justify it, to make this fair and accessible home the pivot and focus of diocesan administration and life ; the warm and cheery hearth, where men of all schools and politics, and occupations and tastes, may meet to confer over the Church's needs, and to discuss her affairs and to ponder her difficulties, and to get heart for her battles ; as well as to unite in the worship of Almighty God.

"To saunter along the stately terrace walk, or under the odorous shadows of the cedars, when the setting sun is lighting up the red roofs of the houses just below, is to enjoy one of the prettiest sights in all the South of England. First the eye rests on a busy and prosperous town, very French in its wide and stately street, very quaint and happy on Fair days, when you might easily think yourself suddenly transported into the middle of Germany. At the end of Castle Street, at the foot of the hill, there once rode King Charles, after sleeping in West Street, on his way to the scaffold at Whitehall. The fair and dignified church tower is a constant monument to one of the most active

and beloved Archdeacons even Surrey ever owned, is the proud ornament of one of the best worked parishes in all the Winchester diocese. In the near distance is a rather ugly road, climbing a bare hill. We forgive it, for it was made one hard winter to find work for the poor. Far away in the distance is Hindhead, the highest ground in Surrey. No men in chains hang there now ; but in the ruddy evening light we can see the houses on the hillside, and count the windows, and wonder which is Tyndall's home. Then, when the sun drops, the lamps begin to twinkle, and the stars come out, and the quiet little town goes to its slumbers and forgets hops till morning.

"The place grows on me, until I begin to love the very stones of it. Do not accuse me of heroics if I add, that, had I refused to live in this house of so many generations and august memories I could hardly have looked you in the face."

The two extracts which follow, show (1) the Bishop's interest in the varied character of his diocese, and (2) his eager championship of Voluntary schools. They are immediately connected with the next event of importance in his life.

"In length the Winchester diocese extends from Thames Ditton and the London smoke to St. Heliers, in Jersey, within sight of the Normandy cliffs. In breadth it reaches from Egham to Cosham. It includes West Surrey, the county of Southampton, the beautiful Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands. The population at the census of 1891 was over 1,300,000. There are 552 parishes and 802 clergy. Among its greater towns it includes Portsmouth, Portsea, Southampton, Aldershot, St. Heliers, Winchester. Among its lesser towns are Basingstoke, Andover, Guildford, Dorking, Alverstoke, Ryde, Godalming, Epsom, Woking, Lymington, and Romsey. Among watering places it owns, is proud to own, Southsea and Bournemouth, Cowes and Bonchurch, Ventnor and Freshwater. Hindhead and the New Forest, each in their own way, are simply matchless for salubrity of air, grandeur of prospect, exquisite pastoral scenery. Spithead and the Solent represent to the bulk of Englishmen Britain's patrol of the sea. Bramshill and Strathfieldsaye, Moor

Park and the Vyne, Osborne and Claremont, instantly suggests the dignity, or the historic interest, or the personal associations of but a handful out of the many houses of beauty and splendour which the diocese contains. The much lamented Poet Laureate always lived with us. If Ken could come back, with Isaac Walton and Charles Kingsley at his side, he would still find in the Hampshire chalk streams the best trout-fishing in England. Bank of England notes have their birthplace by the silver Test. Who has not heard of Farnham hops?

“What, however, strikes me as quite a fresh experience, both unique and attractive, is what I may designate (I hope without disrespect) the village towns in the diocese, places such as Odiham and Bishop’s Waltham, Alresford and Whitchurch, Fareham and Hale, Shalford and Lyndhurst, places hardly populous enough to be ranked among towns proper, nor small enough to be placed among even large villages; yet big enough to absorb any man’s attention, interesting enough to stimulate and occupy the very utmost of his powers, limited enough to compel—whether for good or evil—the constant if insensible infiltration of personal moral influence into every household in the place, ample enough to suggest even to a very considerable amount of self-respect—the comforting assurance that it is a man’s own fault if he is hidden away in a corner. No benefices, as it seems to me, deserve more careful filling than these. Nowhere can the Church’s influence be more solidly or happily built up by the devout activity of a diligent clergyman. Here, if anywhere, the Church schools should be kept together with indefatigable and resolute effort. Here are opportunities for showing to all whom it concerns, the stuff of which ‘the parson’ is made.

“Of country villages in the diocese there are many. They, like other places, have their difficulties and their encouragements; their great and unique opportunities for the spiritual husbandry of single souls. Here, gentle scholars can accumulate knowledge and wisdom for the benefit of the world outside. Here, some of the very choicest clergy in the diocese, whose health or whose idiosyncrasy make larger parishes impossible or unsuitable for them, can give and are giving to diocesan work the great advantage of their leisure and their wisdom; and like John

Keble at Hursley, and Richard Chenevix Trench at Itchen Stoke, and Charles Kingsley at Eversley, and George Portal at Burghclere, make a little country village a centre of life and culture and goodness, not only for the immediate neighbourhood, but also for the Church and diocese at large."

* * * * *

"Elementary education in Church schools stands more to the front than any question of the hour, because it is the one which will least bear postponing. If not bravely and liberally dealt with in the next few months, it will pass out of our hands for ever. Yet we should distinguish between the existence of a crisis, and the reasonableness of a panic. Surely there is a sort of baseness in ringing the alarm bell every time there is a change of Government, as if one of the very best safeguards of Voluntary schools were not to be found in the economy they ensure for the National Exchequer, or as if there were no staunch and enlightened Churchmen on both sides of the Speaker's Chair. The chief danger I see ahead of Church schools is the apathy of some of the clergy. If they of all men do not care for their schools, the laity are not likely to care: and ten years hence the regret may be as acute as it will be helpless. The Education Department is no doubt making, and is bound to make, even rigorous claims for the enlargement or improvement of school premises, as well as of apparatus and teaching power. Here, it is true, an unfriendly hand may turn the screw quickly and sharply, and poor schools will succumb. It is also the case that a great deal will depend on the considerateness and wise equitableness with which Her Majesty's Inspectors discharge these responsibilities imposed on them, responsibilities which they are bound to discharge with scrupulous fidelity to the Office. But for the clergy, without a brave and manful and even protracted struggle, to let their schools go, and to see the full religious teaching of their children pass into other hands, is a sort of 'suicide.' It is loss of duty for them, a most unfair deprivation for their successors of a privilege, which all of the very pick of the clergy justly prize more than any they possess; it is the supreme forfeiture of a personal hold on the family life of the

working people, which nothing else gives in the same degree ; it is dropping the flag and running away.

“ No doubt there are cases where such an abandonment of the Church’s outposts is inevitable. Perhaps one in twenty-five. Each case must be judged on its own merits. Of this I am satisfied, that if only the nation at large observe in the clergy as a body a genuine love of education for its own sake, and not the mere desire to retain the management of the schools, to preserve their personal authority, then our Church schools are safe. But I have already been long enough in the diocese to have observed many instances where only a little enterprise, and taking of trouble, and venture of money, and spirit of sacrifice, would have easily kept schools, which it was shameful and disastrous to abandon. Gladly would Churchmen restore them now, but this task is often impossible. The wisdom is not to create the need.”

These strong words of exhortation and censure were circulated not only through the diocese, but throughout the country. So weighty were they felt to be, coming from a Bishop who was famous alike for his pastoral knowledge and for his achievements in the field of elementary education, that the Council of the National Society reprinted them as a leaflet, and dispersed them over the length and breadth of England to strengthen weak-kneed clergy and laity in the serious peril which, as must be now explained, was menacing the National schools. Everywhere people said the Bishop of Winchester is confident of ultimate victory : he himself is successfully defending the schools of his diocese. Let us hold the position at all hazards.

No friend of education could for a moment blame Mr. Acland, nominated by Mr. Gladstone in 1892 as Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, with a seat in the Cabinet, when he declared his intention to insist that all Elementary schools, Board and Voluntary, should be made thoroughly sanitary, or forfeit recognition and grants from the Government. It was troublesome, but it had to be done. Supporters of Church schools throughout

the country, whether paying School Board rates in addition to their voluntary subscriptions, or able to provide sufficient accommodation without a Board, grumbled bitterly, but supplied the necessary funds. In most places the storm passed over, threatening injury and even ruin, but it cleared away, leaving the Voluntary schools still stronger, because the generous self-denial of their supporters proved their staunch loyalty to the cause. Friend and foe alike had declared the voluntary system doomed, and had lauded or branded Mr. Acland as the destroyer. Now the system had risen from its momentary depression more buoyant than ever, and was asserting for itself new rights in the name of religious liberty.

Farnham itself, the Bishop's own town, was not well provided with schools. The accommodation had not kept pace with the large increase of the population, which now reached the figure of 12,000 persons; nor had most of the school buildings been improved to the standard of modern requirements; and in some cases they were in bad repair. The first intimation of peril in the diary occurs on December 9, 1892, after he had been some seven months at the Castle; when

“Canon Hoste, the Rector of Farnham, came to tea, and had a talk about additional school accommodation in Farnham, saying that Churchmen would expect the schools they had built to be saved and not handed over to a Board.”

The next few weeks were even busier than usual with the ordination and other engagements, and he did not realise how near was the impending danger. Suddenly the storm broke. On January 14, 1893, he writes:

“At a meeting yesterday it was determined to have a School Board in Farnham. This is a keen mortification. It is curious that I should have gone on Monday to Fareham for additional Church schools, and have never been apprised of this meeting.”

To lose the Farnham schools the Bishop realised at once must mean much more than a mere local misfortune. It

would dishearten the whole diocese. It would become a precedent certain to be quoted everywhere and likely to be widely followed. It would entail loss of prestige to himself, and that too, before the eyes of Churchmen in a new diocese upon whose confidence and affection he had, as yet, but a slight hold. He did not for a moment conceal from himself the gravity of the situation. He had been taken by surprise, but the error in foresight could still be redeemed by a determined resistance and a new disposition of the forces at his command.

Bishop Thorold had not been accustomed to defeat. He looked back over a long series of triumphs in which his prudence and sagacity and robust courage had often snatched what others felt to be an impossible victory. He summoned the Education Committee of the parish to meet him. He examined with them the difficulties which they had to overcome. Embarrassed though he was by his enormous expenditure upon the Castle, he held out hopes of substantial help. His persuasiveness, his ability, his commanding personality, swayed the Committee to his will, and they agreed—

“to apply to the Education Department for a year’s grace, and to call a meeting of ratepayers for February 2.”

“*February 2, 1893.* —I spent a quiet afternoon, with much thinking, not without anxiety, about my speech and the meeting. A little before 7 P.M. I went down in the brougham. The hall was empty, but by seven it had filled, and was crowded at the end. I was at once voted into the chair, and spoke for three-quarters of an hour, and was very well received. Then Mr. Potter moved, and Mr. J. Knight seconded, the resolution that I had drafted. The Congregationalist minister approved, and a member of the Education Committee (a Dissenter) supported it, while demurring to some of the National Society’s statistics which I had quoted. The resolution was carried with only one dissentient voice. Then a vote of thanks was passed to me, with no dissentient voice, and by acclamation. All was over in an hour and a quarter. The tone of the meeting was admirable,

and it must have done good. Thank God for giving us His benediction and presence."

The resolution asked for an authoritative statement from the Education Office of the new accommodation which they required in Farnham, and invited the Committee to submit a statement of cost to a future meeting of ratepayers.

The Bishop's speech may be summarised as follows from his own notes; it is typical of the speeches he was making all over the diocese on the same subject:

"I like to be welcomed among you and to feel that I can be of some use. Former Bishops of Winchester have been munificent founders of colleges. To-day I feel proud to take perhaps a humbler but not less important place in supporting the elementary education of the working-classes; for forty-four years I have had more or less share in it, and I am not tired of it yet.

"Now, fresh accommodation has to be provided here and various improvements have to be made, which the Education Office rightly demands. All over England the same thing has to be done, *e.g.*, in this diocese at Bournemouth, Fareham, Alverstoke, and Godalming. In our object to-night we are, I am sure, all at one. We wish, we mean these children to receive as complete and thorough an education as possible, and at the same time to waste no money in doing so. The secular teaching ought to be as good as it can be. The religious teaching shall be complete and free. You can't teach morality apart from religion.

"First, we must ascertain what the Education Office will ask us to do. Then we can make up our minds whether we can do it, and also how much it may be necessary for individuals to contribute.

"And now I should like to say a few words to you about Board schools impartially, equitably, and with personal experience: (1) If a Board is once formed it is permanent, and no regrets will get rid of it. (2) The expense is inevitably greater; that is proved by facts and can be reasoned by human nature; both in building and in maintenance the cost is higher. (3) As to religious teaching, there need not be any at all; if there is any

it must be undenominational, and what does that mean? If our Voluntary schools fall, probably satisfactory religious teaching will fall with them, and at best we shall have to fight every three years to maintain it; nor can we have any guarantee that our teachers will be themselves of a religious character. 'No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he says the old is better.'"

The speech closed with an earnest appeal for full religious teaching. In a day or two the Education Department wrote to assure the Bishop that Farnham would not be unfairly pressed. He was now confident that he could avert the crisis; but he had hardly received this letter when he broke down with asthma; and on February 7, the doctor detected serious symptoms of blood-poisoning. The diary closes till March 1, but the Bishop describes his illness in two letters, one to his brother, one to Dean Kitchin.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

February 22, 1893.

DEAR EDWARD,—Thank you. It has been an awful time. That Tuesday morning I was resting quietly in bed, having had a slight asthmatic warning, always a danger signal, though nothing to do with this, and meaning to get up to go to Convocation for the week, and to stay with Lord Ashcombe. When the doctor saw my arm swelled to thrice its proper size, and a sickly white colour, he looked like a man who had had a tremendous blow in the face. My sentence of death was written there. It was a unique experience. The misfortune might have happened to anybody. Curiously enough, my not being strong has been in my favour. It is the strong young men who have never been ill that go down with a rush. He was very quiet, but told me that I was as ill as I had ever been in my life; but all depended on my resolution. If I could fight he thought he would pull me through. Of course, after the first bewilderment (it never occurred to me to feel fear) I went straight to God, and asked Him if I was to be given over to death or if I might fight. It never occurred to me to lay it at His door. He permitted it, and

made it work for my good, but it is one of the mysteries how and whence it came. A great flood of light came down upon me, and I felt exhilarated with a new courage, and the voice came: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." That was enough. Then the doctor came again. I said: "I will fight till the water comes up to my teeth." He said: "That will do."

Then I went into my tribulation. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday were days of darkness. On Thursday Dr. Butler came from Guildford. His face inspired me with instant confidence. He cut deep into an enormous swelling at the back of the elbow, which let out the poison. That night was the worst: temperature 104°; the pulse nominally 130, but the doctor could not find it for a long time. That was the crisis. Next morning quite early a change for the better took place. Quinine and brandy have been the chief remedies. The disease crossed over to the chest, but only to the surface. The microbes never got inside. There have been no complications. The doctor is amazed at my good constitution and wonderful rallying power. I am to start for the Riviera on Monday week, which seems impossible. This afternoon I go into "the Temple of Order," Dorothy's little room close by. It is all like a dream.—Your loving brother,

A.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

February 28, 1893.

MY VERY DEAR DEAN,—You are always very near my heart. I am coming up out of the wilderness, thankful, humbled, awed, somewhat scared and mortified, tempted to ask "why I am chastened every morning," often casting myself like a tired child into the everlasting arms, and resting on the unchangeable love, so pitiful, tender, inflexible, just. My great fear is that you will all be getting tired of me and my breakdowns. This last year's work, one of the best and most anxious I ever did in my life, took it out of me. Curiously enough, Dr. Powell told me last August, "In February you must go to the Riviera." I thought to be wiser, made a little Isle of Wight plan, filled it with work, which I do so love. Then a microbe came with a message, and I went to bed to fight, as David fought the Philis-

tine, for dear life. I am to go to the Riviera next week, and of course must be back for the Octingentenary, but my doctor shakes his head at the Diocesan Conference. Do you think the stars would fall from their courses if it were to be deferred till the autumn? Send me one line to tell me that you are not quite tired of all my evil ways, and that you will preach the sermon on the great day.—Most affectionately yours, A. WINTON.

There was still no thought of failure in the educational crisis; but a few days later came the Report of the Inspector on the condition of the Farnham Schools. The buildings had been long neglected; none of them satisfied modern requirements; one school was totally condemned. Large and expensive building operations would evidently be necessary. Some blamed the Bishop for inviting a special report. The estimate of £7000 or £8000 startled and alarmed the inhabitants. In vain the Bishop protested from distant Torquay, whither he had gone to recruit, offered to supply £1000, and warned the ratepayers of the heavy burden of debt which would else become a fixed charge upon their property. By his illness the Church people had lost their natural leader; and through no fault of his, or indeed of any other man's, the catastrophe had come. Had he remained well, he would assuredly have extricated himself.

It was one of the great misfortunes of his life. His wonderful gifts as a spiritual teacher and as an organiser were then beginning to gain for him the respect and almost the love of his clergy and leading laity; and only a knowledge of the diocese of Winchester can explain how this surrender of the Farnham schools checked the rising tide of admiration, which might soon have made Bishop Thorold as powerful a leader at Winchester as he had been at Rochester. People heard of the defeat with an incredulous surprise; they attributed it—wrongly as has been shown—to a want of liberality or of vigour on the part of the Bishop; for otherwise it seemed impossible that he could have been worsted under the walls of Farnham Castle; it was said that either

the magnificent expenditure on Farnham had crippled him, or age and illness were sapping his powers. He himself could hardly speak of the incident to his friends, and he was almost morbidly conscious of the change of feeling. He attributed to this an apparent want of cordiality shown to him at the opening of the Diocesan Conference in the autumn; and twice over he enters in his diary the pained and painful note, "When I rose no one welcomed me."

The disaster rendered him at times fretful and depressed, and he continued to speak about the Farnham *fiasco* with hardly suppressed scorn.

"Here and there individual schools fall out of the ranks and disappear; and if they are weak it is perhaps the best that can happen; but the whole body moves and grows unconscious of its losses. Farnham unfortunately dropped its flag without striking a blow, and it was one of the keenest mortifications of my life."

One more extract will complete the Bishop's policy in elementary education. Looking back over more than twenty years to the days of the first London School Board, of which he had been a member, the Bishop summed up his opinions on the religious question to his Conference in October, 1893:

"On two matters I confess myself to be persuaded. One is that the so-called Undenominational Teaching, which has now been tried for twenty-two years, and for the introduction of which in the first London School Board I accept my full share of responsibility, has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. While I feel sure we were right then in taking a step which probably helped to introduce Bible reading in many Board schools which otherwise would not have accepted it, we should be wrong now to continue as best a principle of teaching which satisfies only those who consider it the next best thing to none at all, and which tempts teachers either to be disloyal to the law or dishonest to the Bible. The other point I would press is the seriousness of taking religious teaching altogether out of the

teacher's hands, thereby robbing them of a privilege which religious men and women deeply value, divesting them of the one duty which consecrates and dignifies all the rest, and perilously severing religious teaching from secular teaching."

But, if he was worsted over the Farnham schools, in other affairs he still continued to govern successfully. In the summer of 1893 he completed at Farnham Castle the combination of the two County Church Societies into the new Winchester Diocesan Society. "The Surrey men, who behaved delightfully, took over the Hampshire liabilities with alacrity and like gentlemen." Financially the union was a success: in 1894 the income increased from £4116 to £4975.

"All the threads" of the diocese now lay in the Bishop's hand. He could guide everything at his will. He knew exactly what was being done by and for each parish. His capacity for detail in business enabled him to detect even small errors or irregularities, and to prove himself at each committee meeting the best informed among the members. To many the concentration appeared decidedly overdone: while to others the masterful character of the Bishop was the surest guarantee of success.

Mr. Wyndham Portal, the chairman of the L.S.W.R., who was constantly with him at this time, writes:

"He was a remarkable man, with much energy and zeal for his work. I think we all felt that his power of organisation was so good, that with health and strength he would keep the diocese in a high state of efficiency. He was an excellent chairman of all the many meetings over which he presided."

One great diocesan institution had been left to him incomplete, the Deaconess Home at Southsea, which Bishop Browne had founded. At a meeting of the committee, on March 23, 1892,

"I urged the completion of the building, and a resolution was

passed asking me to issue an appeal, and to mention it in my Conference Address."

"The Deaconess Home is a really fine building. I know of nothing in any diocese equal to it."

He rejoiced over it as an excellent organisation for carrying on the work nearest to his heart, the spread of the Gospel among the poor and ignorant; and its chief, "Sister Emma," he wrote, "has inspired me with a singular and affectionate regard." He was greatly vexed when difficulties were raised which appeared to hinder its full development. But on January 27, 1893, the estimates for the completion came definitely to

"only £2000. We shall get the money, please God, for the new building, if we all try."

The Bishop himself "tried" vigorously; he "wrote a number of letters" pressing the claims of the institution with his extraordinary skill in soliciting gifts, and other friends of the Home seconded him well, so that on July 12, 1893,

"there was a Council Meeting," at which it was announced that "the old debt is all paid"; and "we have £700 towards the completion of the building. Thank God for prospering it all."

On January 12, 1894, he was again at a Council Meeting in the Home, and

"a resolution was passed unanimously to authorise the Building Committee to invite a tender for the new building, and to accept it at their discretion. The Sisters themselves have guaranteed £700. So we may look to get it done this year. Thank God."

On July 9, 1894, he had the happiness of dedicating the completed Home to the service of Jesus Christ. In his Pastoral of 1892 he gives the reasons for his admiration of deaconesses.

"A trained gentlewoman who brings to sick and whole, young

and aged, skilled hands, gentle and holy words, the spirit and presence of the healing Saviour, the gifts and blessings of a very ancient, even apostolical Church order, is a blessing wherever she goes, does what no one else can do like her ; when she comes she makes folks wonder what they ever did without her ; when she goes it fills them for the moment with a sort of hopeless despair."

To the Sisters, devotedly attached to the memory of their saintly and courteous founder, Bishop Thorold's formal manner seemed at first to imply a coldness of interest in their work and vocation. And indeed, though he admired the devotion, he had little sympathy with the customs of sisterhoods, remaining a staunch Evangelical in outward matters till the end of his life. But they soon discovered his value as a spiritual teacher, and delighted in the addresses, practical and mystical, which he delivered in the chapel of the Home.

At Winchester Bishop Thorold did not allow himself to show a leaning towards any party in the Church. He had loyally accepted the Lincoln Judgment. When one of the Societies raised difficulties about grants to necessitous parishes on ritual grounds, he was seriously annoyed and spoke out his indignation with vehement candour. Personally he continued to officiate according to the traditions of his own generation ; but he was quite as much tried by the rigid ritual of "the straitest sect of the black gown Ritualists" as by Mr. Dolling's "scarlet acolytes." With the St. Agatha's Mission he continued to cultivate most friendly relations ; and indeed he had come to attach an almost dangerous importance to the one criterion of "faithful work" which, as the years advanced, appeared to him the supreme proof of love for Christ. This rendered him most desirous to discover a *modus vivendi* with the extreme section. He repeated over and over again that he would not "throw Dolling to the lions." But the means which he used to hold the Church together are best illustrated by the three letters following, two to Mr. Dolling and one to a pronounced Low Churchman :

June 4, 1891.

DEAR MR. DOLLING,—You are always honest with me; it is in your face as well as nature. But is it not a pity, almost a sin, to prejudice your influence, and to give gratuitous and just offence to loyal English Churchmen by flaunting in their faces a word which the English Church has deliberately repudiated, and which gives a sort of deliberate challenge to most cherished convictions?

It is my instruction to you as your bishop and father in God, not to use the word “Mass” again in the publication of your services.

I wish that the bell should not be rung at celebration. It cannot give more grace, and it is not recognised in the Prayer-book anywhere; it hurts people who wish you well, and it distresses me, who long to be your helper and friend.

When you commemorate the dead, it should be in the way of thanking God for their rest and peace, and praying that God will hasten His Kingdom, and accomplish the number of His elect. This is scriptural and beautiful and pathetic.

Now may it please God to give you a wise and dutiful and obedient heart, and help you to act as a son to me, who above all things desire to be your father in God.—Very truly yours,

A. WINTON.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

December 22, 1892.

DEAR MR. DOLLING,—It occurs to me to write that the extracts you are proposing to send me from great divines, will inevitably give you a great deal of trouble, but though interesting they will be of no practical use to me. I have reached an age when I am not likely to change my opinions. You told me with a frankness which I greatly appreciated what your doctrine of the Presence is; and I cannot distinguish it from the doctrine of Consubstantiation; others will hardly distinguish it from the Roman view. Your teaching, however, is not before me; but this particular book* is. I disapprove of it, and I tell you so. Your reasons for approving and using it are, I doubt not, sufficient for you, and until you are admonished on the subject justify you as

* “A Manual for Communicants.”

a conscientious man. But I have asked you presently to discontinue it, when you can do so, without violating your self-respect, and I have no doubt you will do so, if you value my support and friendship.

Ordaining the priests yesterday, I thought of you not unkindly. "Will you reverently obey your Ordinary, etc., following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments?" "I will do so, the Lord being my helper." From that solemn promise, no one has absolved you, and I do not suppose you wish to release yourself. This seems to me just a case in point, where you are asked to follow my admonition, and to submit yourself to my judgment, in the use of a book, which is not well-known or generally used, which gives reasonable uneasiness, and is not, in your bishop's opinion, a true expression of English doctrine.

Of course you find it difficult to see things, which you love and practise, with eyes other than your own. Out of the value I set on your work, and the honest, more than kindly, regard I have felt and I think shown to you, I have observed silence and reserve as to many of your ways at St. Agatha's. Your practice of habitual confession, prayers for the dead, vestments, are as alien as possible from my own ways and likings. But I pass this over as if they did not exist for your work's sake, and give you ampler toleration than any other clergyman in the diocese. It is only reasonable that you should meet me, and appreciate my support and regard, and make it less difficult for me to obliterate all my personal convictions. I want to go on helping you, and you ought to see things in their right proportions, and help me to do so. For I am helping you, and desire to help you, as no Bishop of Winchester has helped you yet.

Of course, if you intend to enter into a public controversy with me, and propose to justify the use of the book, and your intention to continue to use it, by a number of extracts, which may or may not establish your position, I have no power to prevent your doing so. If, however, you choose deliberately to run upon my spear, you must not complain if it hurts you. I perhaps have no right to complain if you repudiate my spiritual authority, and think lightly of my personal friendship; but your work may

suffer from it; and I, for one, shall be profoundly and honestly sorry.

May God give you in this, and in all other matters, a right judgment and a ready mind to see and do His holy will. With very kind and good wishes for this holy season, I am, very truly yours,

A. WINTON.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

January 31, 1893.

DEAR MR. —, —Your warm-hearted reply enables me to write to you with frankness, while also it reassures me with the conviction that neither you nor Mr. —, to whom I have always felt greatly drawn by his gentle and saintly nature, had any hand in framing the substance and language of a memorial to which I cannot but say I deeply regret you ever added your names. One holding my office must often, if he be a true man and not a time-server, do and say things which cause pain or misunderstanding to some one or various parts of the great circle of religious opinion in the centre of which he finds himself standing.

A bishop has no wish to rule over a company of slaves or a herd of flatterers; for me to expect agreement with all I do or say would be a preposterous folly, and would be denying to others the independence that I claim for myself. But think what would happen if every one who differed from his bishop thought it necessary or useful to write to tell him so: and where it happens, as it may happen, and ought to happen occasionally, that some of the bishop's older and more experienced clergy are troubled by his public utterances, surely the suitable way for them to approach him is to ask for an interview, and for that personal intercourse which neither corrodes the heart's fibres by harsh accusations of insincerity, nor leaves a sore behind it, one day to rub into a gangrene. Let me say that this is just what Canon Champneys, Emilius Bayley, and I myself did with Bishop Tait at the time of the agitation about "Essays and Reviews." He thanked us for coming, explained the motives for what he had done (acts cannot be fairly interpreted without a knowledge of the motives); and we parted, all of us, with much of our load removed, and with a compensation for what remained.

I cannot bring myself to believe that you either attentively read or quite appreciated the gravely disrespectful language of that memorial. I wonder if you kept a copy of it, and if you have ever looked at it since. For me to profess myself indifferent to such a document coming from beneficed and licensed clergy, over whom I am set in the Lord, whom I long to serve with the best I have, would be to justify the inference that your esteem and respect are but little to me.

Outsiders are at liberty to send me as many memorials as they please. I read them with attention, observe what seems good in them, and then suffer them to pass out of my mind. When my own clergy, who have taken a vow of dutiful obedience, which I suppose means something, go out of their way to inform me that they have lost faith in my sincerity, and that they doubt my allegiance to the faith of Christ, and tell me so in very rough and unusual language, and, sooner than I had thought of, verify for me the anticipation I had forecast in my late Pastoral, of course I feel it; and I should not be worthy to belong to you if I did not feel it: and until you think it suitable to inform me that you have withdrawn your names from the memorial, and had no real intention either of impugning my integrity or of assailing my honour, while I shall still keep you in my heart, and hope for better and kindlier treatment from you, you must not blame me if in mere self-respect I am unable to come and stand by your side.—Truly yours,

A. WINTON.

The Bishop of Winchester is Visitor *ex officio* of six Oxford Colleges. There was nothing which pleased Bishop Thorold better than to be invited to their great functions; and he constantly entertained at Farnham the Heads who had received him. But at Oxford he was hardly at his best. In argument and free discussion he never enjoyed taking part; the conversation of a high table or a Common Room where all met on an equality was hardly the sphere suited to a Bishop who thought slowly on unfamiliar subjects and did not easily appreciate fresh points of view.

Correspondence occupied a great part of his life at Farn-

ham, and he still wrote most of his letters himself. A few specimens will show his robust common-sense, his resolution of purpose, and his affectionate nature.

TORQUAY, *December 17, 1891.*

MY DEAR SIR,—The tone and substance of your letter of the 15th inst. put it out of my power to accept you at present as a candidate for Holy Orders. Of your rectitude and character I am well assured. But something more is required for a clergyman: spiritual fitness, humility, and much devotion for an office of tremendous responsibility—a responsibility which affects me as much as yourself, and of which I cannot divest myself. It was out of kindness to you, and from a fear of possibly doing you injustice, that I have hesitated about my answer.

Postponement of your ordination, though a disappointment now, may prove a great blessing to you hereafter. It is no stigma, but it suggests self-inquiry. My advice to you is to spend at least a year at a theological college. Wells is the best if there is room. Some day you may thank me, as others have done before now, for postponing what, once entered, is irrevocable.—Faithfully yours,

A. WINTON.

To ———, Esq.

FARNHAM CASTLE, 1894.

DEAREST BOYD,—After you were gone yesterday I went into the park and surveyed the kitchen-garden and strawberry-bed. There seemed to be a sufficiency of leaves. Words without ideas. The ———s came for two or three hours, and I told your story about dog and cat, which gave her much pleasure, evidently indicating that she took the side of the cat. She thought the chapel “nice.” I am not sure in my inmost heart if she approved of the drawing-room being so handsome. It gave her a little shock, I think. She confided to me that it was her birthday.

Now, dear fellow, that you are going back to the grind, do consider the wisdom of taking in sail. If you get on your back you may stop there for some time. I know you won’t listen to

me; and even more convinced that Mrs. Boyd won't. But I should like you to take a whole winter's rest, and spend it in Italy. The new world would create a new life.—Ever your truly affectionate

A. WINTON.

Private.

WINCHESTER, November 20, 1893.

DEAR MR. PORTAL (AND MY KIND, MUCH VALUED FRIEND),—You are a man, and I hope I am one; and I want you to let me write to you from the bottom of my heart, a good deal exercised just now about the church at Laverstoke, but more anxious than words can express to have a sound and wide judgment, filled with sympathy and guided by integrity of purpose.

No one has any notion that I am writing to you; it is between ourselves and our common Lord. The present condition of Free Folk Church is confessedly not what any one could wish it to be, nor what those who worship in it have a right to expect it to be. The opportunities during the coming winter for worshipping God there must be diminished for many by reasons of risk not only to comfort but to health. The schoolroom, even if it could suitably be licensed, is inadequate for the population, and I don't wish to have the question stirred; what is the need of using it at all? The parishioners, if I am correctly informed, have contributed £1000 towards the new church, and of course wait eagerly for the day when it will be available for their use. What I feel so very anxious about (apart from the discomfort and risk of using the old dilapidated building for another cold season) is that the delay in consecrating or licensing the beautiful new church will not be appreciated generally; and that you, one of the very foremost Churchmen in the South of England, a pillar of our own diocesan life, and one of our representatives in the House of Laymen, might be supposed to be needlessly blocking the use of the new church, and not thinking adequately of the glory of God and the good of souls; presumably acting for reasons which cannot be made known, or if made known, would not be felt to be sufficiently weighty.

For surely in such matters as these, the private feeling must give way to a sense of the corporate advantage; and the will,

though not without a struggle, laid at the feet of the Lord of Souls.

Your gallant son,* who is in every Englishman's heart just now, will be with you at Christmas. Make this an occasion, as a thankoffering to God for his preservation, for offering the church to Him and your neighbours. I have most days about then free for you. Under the circumstances of Laverstoke, I should not treat a debt with the same caution as in other churches it would be right to do. I will either license it or consecrate it, as you will. Only invite me to come and do what is really in consistency with your own strong and lofty and devout nature, and what will delight your fellow parishioners, and comfort the Church, and gladden the heart of your bold but true friend and bishop,

A. WINTON.

MELVILL PORTAL, Esq.

After Mr. Portal's reply, pointing out circumstances which in his judgment must cause delay, June 5, 1895, was fixed for the consecration of the new church.

Two or three more matters must be considered in order to complete the tale of episcopal work in Winchester. In 1894 the removal of Canon Basil Wilberforce to Westminster left vacant the rectory of St. Mary's, Southampton; it was by far the richest living in the Bishop's gift; its revenues amounted to between £3000 and £4000 a year. The Bishop seized the opportunity to increase the endowments of the new and populous parish of Eastleigh, and of several poor districts in Southampton. The scheme, finally completed in May, 1895, left to the Mother Church £1500 a year for the rector, and £450 a year for three curates. "A. thinks it one of the greatest things done for the Church in our time," is the rather exaggerated criticism of the diary.

Wolsey Palace, in Winchester, had long been a heavy burden to the See; but its history was too closely bound up with that of the Church of England to allow any bishop to contemplate its alienation with equanimity, unless it could

* Sir Gerald Portal.

be purchased by the ancient foundation of Winchester College, which had desired it at one time. When this arrangement fell through, Bishop Thorold's fertile mind produced a new scheme. In Winchester diocese he had been impressed by the intellectual loneliness of great numbers of the clergy. There was nothing in their lives to stir interest in new books and in new questions; and even the most heated controversies of the day did not set on fire the country congregations. It was impossible under such conditions to keep up a high level of preaching, unless the preachers were brought into contact with some of the leading thinkers of the day. And now, might not Wolvesey Palace be conveniently re-modelled as a Church House for the diocese, a centre of instruction for clergymen and for the laity, men and women, interested in ecclesiastical questions? The Bishop had been pondering over plans of this kind in his diary.

"I think of suggesting Divinity Lectures for the clergy, on the plan of the Oxford and Cambridge series, one week—as an experiment at Winchester, with some Cambridge man like Ryle or Welldon, and some Oxford man like Sanday or Driver. The thought may be worth an hour's talk with the greater Chapter."

The plan rapidly took shape. On August 27, 1894,

"a Committee of the Wolvesey Trust met at Farnham Castle. We resolved to ask the diocese for £1000. Mr. Wyndham Portal gives £100, conditionally on the rest being raised, and Mr. Nicholson £100 unconditionally."

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were willing to hand over the ancient Palace to the Trust. In a few months the required sum was collected; and on January 15, 1895, the trustees

"agreed to take the building on lease, and to appoint Sir A. Blomfield architect for the necessary alterations. We also resolved not to let any part of the estate out of our custody." On

March 9 "I was asked to sign the agreement in the name of the trustees. Blomfield's plans were excellent, and we adopted them."

Another important piece of work was finished; the See was relieved of a serious expense; the liberality of the laymen of the diocese had provided a suitable centre of organisation. Thence clerical studies could be stimulated, and the clergy better trained, and the lay workers somewhat prepared to cope with the large critical questions which were everywhere being discussed, and which were sure to result either in the increase of infidelity or in the establishment of a more reasoned faith.

To the end of his life the Bishop continued his interest in the controversies of faith and was reading the more popular writers on the origin of the Bible. In March, 1895, he has Farrar's "Daniel" in hand.

"Farrar appears to doubt about Daniel's having been a real historical personage, but still appreciates the canonical value of the book. He writes very combatively, and seems to be constantly parrying imaginary opponents. Certainly he has made very short work of Daniel. It will be difficult to preach from it, much more to treat it (supposing him to be right), as in any adequate sense the inspired Word of God." In April he read "Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' It is a very remarkable book, and must do good. Balfour has a mind which is essentially, in a right sense, sceptical, which may make the book all the more valuable." He also "studied Robertson Smith on the Old Testament with real interest. He is so reasonable and persuasive, and goes down to the bottom of things. . . . I observe that his view of the Prophecy of Daniel is much the same as Farrar's."

The Church House at Wolvesey, with its lectures and its library,* would do much to help the clergy and laity to a liberal understanding of the questions debated in these books

* The Bishop left all his theological books by will to the Trust.

and in society at large. But many of the younger men were entering upon Orders, so the Bishop considered, without sufficient preparation. He proposed, therefore, to supplement the system of Theological Colleges by a system of training closely approximated to the plan followed by Dean Vaughan, and to collect in Farnham a number of young men who should learn parochial methods and form habits of theological study. On April 15, 1895, he writes :

“ I broached my plan to Simpkinson about the Clergy School here. I have told him I think he ought to be Warden.” In the conversation he said, “ Wykeham began the nave of Winchester after he was seventy ; I shall be seventy this year, and I don’t mean to give up new plans yet.”

The men were to live in lodgings in the town of Farnham, and the Bishop intended to be head of the new school in a very real sense. Neither his education nor his temperament fitted him to enter the lists of “ the higher criticism.” Such matters he rarely touched in preaching ; he avoided them in conversation. His own part in the new school would have been experimental religion. Of this he was among the greatest masters in England ; for he had studied all his life with ever-growing sagacity and increasing spiritual knowledge the troubles, the sorrows, the doubts, and the sins of the human heart ; he had analysed hope worldly and hope eternal ; and he had been allowed to deal with men and women of every character and of all conditions. As for the problems of criticism and philosophy, he was assured that the truth would conquer ; and he could face them calmly with a serene faith, and with a generous reverence for the capacity of scholars. Candidates for Orders he advised to study these questions respectfully ; but he assured them, with a blunt and sagacious candour, that the opinions of very young men on such subjects could not be of real importance. Let them avoid such matters in their sermons for the present, and read, and think, and wait.

In the beginning of 1894 he published another remarkable book of a devotional character, "The Tenderness of Christ." It struck his friends, he tells us, as "so very sad"; and, indeed, its many autobiographical passages echo that morbid tone which his defeats and sorrows in 1893, the year in which it was composed, had for the time rendered predominant.

CHAPTER XVI

POLITICAL QUESTIONS

1893-95

*Historical Associations of Farnham—Home Rule Debate—
Local Government Act—Benefit Societies—Socialism—
Welsh Church Disestablishment—Affection for the Channel
Islands—Last Visit to Jersey.*

GRAVE political questions were agitating England during Bishop Thorold's episcopate at Winchester. One of them affected him and his work in the most practical fashion. We have seen how he dealt with it. In the others he would have taken but scanty interest if he had remained Bishop of Rochester. But the Bishop of Winchester has very different surroundings; and no one was more susceptible than Bishop Thorold to the influence of his environment. His quick readiness of intellect, his capacity for being absorbed in each matter which concerned him at the moment, his sympathy, his appreciation of his "great place," all these combined to bring about a very serious attention to the political problems of the hour.

But above all the associations of the Castle moved him. He says in the Pastoral of 1892:

"Bishop Wilberforce has observed that each Bishop of Winchester holds this place only on trust for the Church and for the service of the diocese.

"I also wish you to understand—some of you may feel a diffi-

culty in understanding it, loyal Churchmen though you be—why it is that it seems even a duty to live here.

“This house is the shrine of holy memories, the home of great statesmen, the laboratory of scholars, the resting-place of kings. It has seen Saxon and Norman, and Plantagenet and Tudor, and Stuart and Roundhead and Guelph in turn, and has survived them all. It is as indissolubly a part of the See of Winchester as Lambeth is of Canterbury ; indeed, it has belonged to it centuries longer. If I could not have lived in modest dignity at Farnham, I might have shrunk from coming to you at all.”

A comparison between this extract and his earlier opinions about Farnham Castle* will show the change which had passed over Bishop Thorold's mind with regard to the lessons of Church History. “Circumstances,” he had once written about Farnham, “must soon be too strong for antiquarianism.” In South London it had appeared obvious that everything must give way to the exigencies of the religious battle. The City of Winchester and the Castle of Farnham had now modified his attitude of mind. He had decorated the great Hall of Farnham with a window commemorative of the nine chancellors who had held the See. He had been collecting portraits of the famous statesmen who had possessed the Castle. Stories were constantly on his lips, how William of Wykeham had ruled in Parliaments ; how Gardiner had helped to free the English Church from Rome, till the extreme character of the Reformation had frightened him back to the Papacy, unwillingly enough, in his closing years ; how Lancelot Andrewes had been one of a group of Churchmen who had hoped to blend the three kingdoms and the various nationalities of the British Isles into one strong nation by the instrumentality of the Church ; how George Morley had taken his part among the statesmen, ecclesiastical and lay, who had rebuilt the ancient Church after the ravages of Puritanism, and had at the same time restored and championed the liberties of the English Parliament, trampled under foot by Oliver Cromwell and

* See p. 278.

the Army of the Independents. And thus the associations of the Castle had impressed upon his mind very definite ideas of the importance of the English Church in the State polity, and had made him survey the past from a new standpoint. He was particularly attracted by Bishop Gardiner's moderation of view, and in the last weeks of his life pressed the writer urgently to set to work upon the biography of "that much misrepresented man."

This fresh interest in Church history made him a firm opponent of the Home Rule Bill, since he considered it likely to break up the great empire which the English Church had done more than any other force to consolidate. He determined to oppose it in his place in Parliament, and at such a crisis sorrowfully regretted the eloquence of Bishop Magee. His diary describes the historic scene in the House of Lords.

"Sept. 7, 1893.—Lord Selborne opened the debate in a speech of an hour and a half, delivered with much animation; full of power, sincerity, and legal acumen. Lord Rosebery spoke when the House was at the fullest, and the foot of the throne crowded. He rather spoilt the effect of his speech, at least the dignity of it, with jokes; but he was very effective, and candidly expressed his reluctance to accept the Bill; and ended with a peroration of biting power.

"Sept. 8.—I went to the House about four; the Peers were already assembling. When Lord Cranbrook opened the debate, the House was quite full. His speech was pugnacious, well delivered, animated, and very effective. Then the Chancellor, very able and ready, evidently not much in love with the Bill. When he sat down, the House went to dinner. Lord Halsbury began with great coolness and skill to pull his speech to pieces. Then the Bishop of Ripon got up (I had pressed him to speak, but implored him not to apologise for speaking at all. He took my advice). It was a beautiful bit of oratory; lambent with wit and anecdote, and constantly making good points. It was 'the sweetness and light' of the debate. Lord Salisbury was very cruel on Lord Ribblesdale, and alluded to Lord Rosebery's silence

about the Bill in a way which Lord Rosebery could not have much liked. On the whole, I thought his speech a little dull, and not as combative or sardonic as I expected. Lord Kimberley wound up the debate: very self-possessed, good-tempered, hitting straight and hard; knowing that he was beaten, and not caring. Then the division. It was a wonderful moment. The galleries, strangers' galleries, House of Commons' seats, and the Bar, all crowded. They say that there were never so many peers by a hundred in the House before. Going out to vote, I had to pass the Cabinet and front Government Bench; Lord Carrington shook hands, and Lord Kimberley. Lord Carrington said, 'Bishop, you might have voted with us!' Lord Rosebery looked the other way. One peer thanked me for Ripon's speech, which I was sorry not to be able to accept. The result of the division for second reading, 41 against 419. Beaten by 10—1. It was an occasion and sight never to be forgotten."

The other large piece of legislation before Parliament in 1893 was the Local Government Bill. In this Bishop Thorold took a very keen and enlightened interest; for years he had been chairman of a great London vestry, and on the whole he welcomed the proposed reforms of those important bodies as likely to produce a more energetic administration in closer sympathy with the wants of the working-people. As to the provisions which concerned the country villages, he was quite clear that they were the natural outcome of democratic advance; and he felt none of that dread of the democracy which inspired many country clergymen with a dislike to alteration. He had remarked in South London how the Church had become more and more democratic and had gained elasticity, robustness, vigour, and popularity by the change of tone. He looked for similar advantages in the country. Addressing the Winchester Diocesan Conference in October, 1893, before the opening of that famous Autumn Session at which the Local Government Bill was passed, he had declared his sympathy with the measure:

"The country peasant needs to have his sense of self-respect

deepened, his life of monotonous toil lightened and illuminated, his hours of rest and recreation made sociable and attractive. It is a little too late to feel alarm at developing his capacity or educating his personal faculty, when he has been given the power to read and write, with a Press at once cheap and free, and the elective franchise. Instead of being in a panic and trying to put the brakes on, we must honestly endeavour to give him more and more fitness for worthily discharging the duties of an English citizen. The policy of mistrust earns the Nemesis of alienation."

But Bishop Thorold did not put himself forward as an advocate of the measure in the House of Lords; for such a *rôle* he had no qualifications; nor did he consider it the duty of any bishop, in the entire absence of serious opposition. A passage from his diocesan letters will show that he entirely failed to appreciate, and certainly did not share, the disappointment felt by so many ardent Churchmen when the episcopal bench was content to leave to lay peers the defence of the new parish councils and democratic vestries. Liberal Churchmen urged that the bishops ought always to put themselves forward as champions of popular rights. He disliked clerical politicians. But he indignantly resented the criticism of those newspapers which misrepresented the action of himself and his colleagues and tried to persuade their readers that the bishops had opposed a Bill which they had in fact supported.

In 1894 he writes :

"An invitation has reached me to counsel my brethren on the wisest and also the manfullest way of turning to account this recently passed Act of Parliament, an Act which in rural parishes at least, if promptly and sagaciously handled, may enable the Church to do her duty and hold her ground better than ever, but which if simply regarded with a sinister and hostile distrust may be turned into a weapon of offence. Of course I do so, and none the less readily from the fact that I feel no sort of hesitation as

to the advice I shall offer, nor as to the reasonableness, certain things excepted, of the legislation itself.

“On the outset of what I propose to write, may I interpose a sentence or two, in which neither resentment nor sensitiveness has even the faintest share, on the recent criticism on the policy of the bishops speaking and voting on the Bill in their place in Parliament. Three courses were clearly open to them. They might altogether have absented themselves, which would of course have meant deliberate and even ludicrous self-effacement ; and while it would have admirably served the purpose of the Church’s enemies, would also have precipitated, by a well-merited scorn of their pusillanimity, their ultimate removal from a great and honourable responsibility, which they did not deserve to retain. Or they might have attended and listened, but not voted, lest perchance they might displease some one by their vote. This would have been baser still, because so unintelligent and cowardly. Or again, as actually happened, they might have attended in their places, and voted according to their light. This last course, like all independent action, is no doubt accompanied by the not uncommon nor too appalling risk of displeasing some one on the opposite side. One fiery orator at a public meeting, if correctly reported, went so far as to say, amid loud cheers, that we deserved to be turned out of the House for our conduct, and this somewhat frothy invective was perhaps as reasonable and serious as the applause which it appears to have stirred. What it set one instantly thinking about is, what can be the meaning and duty of toleration in the minds of those who think thus ; if a body of men, not perhaps the least instructed and even meritorious, are to be punished for the conscientious discharge of their duty by being deprived of the opportunity of discharging it, merely because they had the temerity to differ from a few of their neighbours, who would loudly and instantly and justifiably resent the slightest interference with liberty of opinion of their own. If this is not persecution (though of a petty kind) what is ?

“The bishops are trustees. If we had not done our best to see that charitable doles were to be impartially distributed, and that schoolrooms were to be reserved for school purposes, and that Church rooms built within a certain limit of time should be kept

in Church hands, there would indeed have been, from Land's End to the Border, a deeply bitter resentment at our feeble prudence. We should have been told that we had betrayed our trust, that we had forfeited the confidence of Churchmen, that we had suffered ourselves to be cajoled by polite sophistries, that we had neither manhood for battle nor wits for debate."

He went on to advise his clergy to stand for the parish councils. And though it was thoroughly contrary to the natural bent of his genius, and though his usual comment is, "Spoke ill as usual," he was doing all he could to bring himself into useful contact with the more intelligent workmen by frequent attendance at the dinners of the great benefit societies.

"I must not detain you," he said to the Odd Fellows at Basingstoke on November 10, 1894, "with many tedious sentences to-night but I wish to express with great emphasis and sincerity how much I feel that organisations of this kind tend to the stability, the prosperity, the very safety of England. You will not think I am guilty of mere compliment: men of sense do not want to be treated with compliments, like children with sugar-plums. But when I think of this great body of a million men, a million who represent the pick of the industrial classes in England, I cannot help feeling that these organisations will become the foundation of English society even as they never have been yet."

To the Hampshire Friendly Society, on November 5, 1894, he said:

"Some figures have been placed in my hands which enable me to say with perfect accuracy that this appears to me the most remarkable society of its kind in the kingdom. I have a bond of personal interest in it: we were born in the same year; therefore when you speak of the extreme antiquity of the Society, please recollect my feelings. Sixty-nine years is a very respectable period of life, and in these happy days we do not call ourselves old at sixty-nine; we consider we are elderly; we are

approaching a period of maturity." He went on to describe the self-respect which such a society naturally produced, and to congratulate them on the £142,000 of capital which they possessed.

Such societies seemed to him to be training a set of men practised in administration, to whom the governing authority could be entrusted with safety and even with profit. Their vast accumulated funds rendered them the most solid defence against what was dangerous in the Socialism which he describes in the next extract:

"As to what is called Socialism, it is not to be pooh-poohed as if it had nothing to say for itself, or dismissed as but the 'heated imaginings of unbalanced brains.' For large masses of the population it has been acutely observed by one of the most impressive writers of our times: 'Alike in past stages of our history and in the midst of the highest civilisations of the present day, reason has been, and continues to be, unable to offer any sanction for the prevailing conditions of life. The conclusion which gradually forces itself upon the mind, and from which, startling as it may be, there seems no escape, is that the only social doctrines current in the advanced societies of to-day, which have the assent of reason for the masses, are the doctrines of Socialism. The interest of the individual and those of the social organism to which he belongs are not identical. They are actually antagonistic, they can never be reconciled, they are inherently and essentially irreconcilable.'

"What is to be done with this inherent and implacable conspiracy against property, and civilisation, and life? Brute force, as expressed in legislation, and all that goes with it, is one method. But it can hardly be called the highest way, and it may breed reaction, and a Nemesis goes with reaction, of a very awkward kind. Extension of education is powerless. When a man sets his own interests against those of society, a disciplined reason will only make his wits keener for mischief, and the study of history is hardly likely to make him indulgent towards the past or hopeful for the future. No, the only organisation in the world that can meet this gloomy and aggres-

sive phenomenon is the Church, penetrated with the mind of Christ, fortified by His grace, and absolutely confident in the hope of triumph in the end. To suffer patiently, to wait hopefully, to love unboundedly, to labour diligently, to trust implicitly, not only helps the individual to bear the burden which no one else can bear for him, it makes him content to bear other men's burdens also, and so to fulfil the law of Christ. This is, thank God, what is happening, what the Church is helping to happen, and what God means to happen; what His Son, ever since He went back, has been gradually bringing about among men. If any one doubts that Christ is ruling the world, he has only to look back and to look round, to observe the mighty changes, social and moral, religious and political and intellectual, which have been going on for the last hundred years, to be thankfully and hopefully satisfied of it, and to be able to hope for yet better things to come. In my own mind—do not smile too much at what I say, I am not at all ashamed of it—the march of the age is forwards and upwards to freedom and virtue, to knowledge and comfort—may I say to religion and faith? When I see those who hold in their own hands all the things that constitute power, vie with each other in deliberately surrendering them for the benefit of those who would be but as a flock of impotent sheep against the organised combination of hard selfishness; when I see, whichever way I look, temptation diminished, class brought nearer to class, women and children thought worth caring for, the liquor traffic vigilantly watched, legislation so thoughtful and benignant that it becomes even laughed at, and war hated as well as feared; the only reasonable explanation is, I trust, that there is a higher and divine and redeeming power behind and above us, of which the many who are influenced by it know nothing; the explanation that at once solves the difficulty and justifies a magnificent hope is, that it is the coming of the Kingdom of the Son of Man.”

But of the political questions of the day none stirred Bishop Thorold so deeply as the attack upon the Welsh Church. To the end of his life among the most impulsive of men, he discharged from his sick room at Farnham, in 1893, a fierce

letter to his archdeacons, against the Suspensory Bill, which shall not be reproduced, since, in a calmer hour, he doubted his sagacity in publishing it.

"There are moments," he writes, commenting on this letter, "when feeling must colour thinking, and when indignant emotion inevitably passes from the heart into the pen. While we must all strenuously try never to be unjust, nor vindictive, nor to refuse to weigh things simply because we dislike the look of them, a certain warmth is often indispensable to sincerity."

"The Primate's letter, however, not only supplements my own, but it usefully supersedes it."

"The question about which this great conflict is gathering is not one of secular politics. It is a question that concerns all Churchmen of whatever school of politics or theology. It is absolutely essential that we keep clear of party politics in our combined action, and that we make others understand that we intend this."

He took his place in the great demonstration of May, 1893, at St. Paul's and at the Albert Hall.

"With the exception of perhaps two speakers, of whom the Duke of Argyll was one, none of the speakers carried spears. The great Scotch orator, however, did a little prodding, and did it with joy. The Archbishop's address, wisely read from notes, was full of points, which, while they did not sting, adhered. Perhaps the one that drew most applause was his question, 'Will it help the Church to do her work better?' When he sat down the entire meeting were in a storm of excitement and delight, and cheered him till it was exhausted."

His last words on the subject were written to his diocese in 1895:

"The temper in which we should handle the controversy, which, it may be observed, is one of life and death; one, moreover, which is but admitted to be an initial instalment, not a single and final measure, must to a great extent be settled by each one for himself. A hot man will not try to be tepid. A

quiet man, if he tries to stir himself into a passion, may expect to have his indignation criticised as more dramatic than real. Perhaps those of us who have had our explosions already, and have discovered that they don't get much by them, will be disposed to try reasoning as the more excellent way. What I should like to urge is, the great importance of being punctiliously exact as to facts, and the much greater havoc that results from an unsound argument, than the advantage that accrues from a substantial one (one weak argument has the effect of a torpedo on the entire case); also that there should be no use of exaggerated expressions, no imputation of personal motives, no assuming that any one who wishes to see the Church in Wales deprived of her privileges and revenues is, in consequence, neither a Christian nor a patriot; no asserting, without scrupulous care to verify the assertion, that all secularisation of Church revenues is sacrilege. Bishop Thirlwall, in his famous speech in the House of Lords, on the second reading of the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, made the following remarks: 'Such expressions as "sacrilege" and "robbery of God," applied to this subject, are as irrelevant and misapplied as they are irritating and offensive. There may be an error of judgment in the estimate of the circumstances, in the calculation of results, in the comparison of advantages, but there is no fair room for the imputation of a sin or a crime.'

"We will not scream, we will not lose our heads; we will husband passion and a just anger until we can use them as militant forces; most of all, we will remember that God is the Judge, and that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, and that His kingdom is not in meat or drink, but in something deeper and higher. . . . The Church in Wales is an integral and organic part of the Church in England; to consent to despoil the one is by implication to consent to attack the other."

Evidently he regretted his own hard words of two years before, thrown so impetuously at the authors of the Bill, though he had not stirred one hair's breadth from his first position, that Disestablishment must be resisted by all consti-

tutional means as injurious to the best interests of the nation and of religion.

While the question was being fought out in the constituencies the Bishop lay dying; and the news of the first elections was the last political intelligence to which he listened. They told him of the love which England still felt for her National Church; and brightened the strong, hopeful man, who had laboured so courageously to the end, with the cheering comfort that he left to his successors an inheritance of power and of affection which had not been dulled nor dimmed during his trust.

"Yes, we will hope," he had recently said, "and deserve to hope. 'Hope is a real act and striving of the will and the moral nature.' If hope is a duty, it is also a magnificent power."

One piece of practical politics had fallen to his share, wherein he had an opportunity to do good service to the cause of British unity. Once during the episcopate of his predecessor a suggestion had been made to sever the Channel Islands from the bishopric of Winchester, and to make them the seat of a new bishop who should control the scattered Anglican congregations of Northern Europe. To Bishop Thorold these islands were an essential part of the jewels in his pastoral staff, to be most jealously guarded. One of his first acts was to visit Guernsey. One of his last was to go to every parish in Jersey.

He dwelt lovingly on the islands in the Pastoral of 1892.

"The Channel Islands claim from me a few passing words. They are among the most interesting and important features of the diocese, and to one who is undismayed by the sea, quite accessible. Already I have spent three weeks among them, and it is my hope to spend a fortnight there every year. Nowhere is the Bishop of Winchester entertained with more graciousness, or welcomed with more respect, or listened to with more attention, or invited to come again with more genuine sincerity. The islands for many years after their union with the Crown of

England remained under the episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances. It was in King James the First's reign, when Lancelot Andrewes was Bishop, that they came under the Winton jurisdiction, where they have ever since remained. In these islands, as is well known, a most complete system of self-government is in force, combined with what may be accurately called a passionate loyalty to the Throne. The incumbents of the original parishes have their official seats in the civil courts; and the Deans of Guernsey and Jersey, acting as the Bishop's Commissioners, exercise very extensive ecclesiastical powers. The benefices, chiefly in the gift of the Crown, are but sparsely endowed; and, as on the mainland, the incomes, from a variety of causes, are seriously shrinking. There is, however, this compensation, of which we know nothing here, that both churches and glebe houses, and all expenses of public worship, are paid out of the parish rates. English is sufficiently understood in all the islands to prevent any necessity for the Bishop's exposing his ignorance of Norman French. Two characteristic features of these lovely islands abide with me when I think of them, and I often think of them. Theirs is an astonishing prosperity, and theirs a justifiable self-respect."

The affection was reciprocated. Dean Bell, of Guernsey, writes :

"One feature of the Bishop's character was his wish to know and to reach everybody. Whether among clergy or laity, he took interest in all he met. His sympathy was readily given to suffering, trouble, or difficulty. On one occasion as he was leaving, he told me that he would come the year following as the people seemed to like to see him. And that was true. The Bishop was fast becoming domiciled in the affection and interest of the island.

"He paid five visits, one each year during his episcopate, to this island."

Dean Balleine, of Jersey, writes :

"In 1895 I attended him daily in his drives through the island to every church and school.

“As the days passed on, it became evident that he had undertaken a task beyond his physical powers. His voice was occasionally husky, and his addresses cost him an effort, but he insisted on fulfilling his engagements to the last. The examination of children in the schools was especially fatiguing, but the Bishop appeared to love his work; and in school after school he took the children through their Bible history and Catechism, always concluding, with a kindly smile, ‘Now, I wonder whether Jersey children are like those in England? In England they have a weakness. They like holidays. Do you like holidays? Those who don’t like holidays will hold up their hands.’ Sometimes a forest of little hands would rise from the ranks of children who had only half understood his question, but had caught at the magic word ‘holidays.’ The mistake was soon rectified when the Bishop called for a second show of hands, and he would add, ‘Now, if there are any who still persist in preferring work to holidays, they can ask their parents to set them to work this afternoon at planting potatoes; and the rest, if their teachers will allow, can go and play; and then,’ he added quietly, ‘I dare say you will be glad to see the Bishop again.’

“The peculiar construction of our island churches with their rectangular plan, broken by lines of heavy granite pillars, and with the pulpit generally just opposite to a gigantic pillar or pier, struck the Bishop especially. ‘At least,’ he said, after preaching in one such church, ‘there is one advantage in preaching to a pillar; a pillar doesn’t yawn, doesn’t look at its watch, and, above all, doesn’t fan itself.’

“On his last afternoon with us he visited Victoria College, and in response to an ode of welcome in Latin Alcaics read by the senior boy, he spoke for over half an hour to the boys in earnest tones on the brightness and seriousness of boyhood, and on the value of character. Not only the boys, but others who were present, felt strangely moved by the appeals he made not to let life flit by idly, but to form and keep a serious aim and purpose.

“At the July Prize-giving Day, a solemn hush came over masters, boys, and visitors alike, as the Bailiff of the island reminded them how the parting words of the wise and good Bishop,

who is gone, were addressed to schoolboys, and told us how, in spite of weakness and ill-health, he courageously insisted on finishing the work he had set himself to do, and so had given us all a noble example of devotion to duty.

“He has left behind in this remote corner of the diocese of Winchester the memory of one whom all felt that they were beginning to know and to love, one whose stimulating and inspiring visits have, we trust, done something to reinvigorate the spirit of Christian devotion and of Church order amongst us.”

If Bishop Thorold had accomplished nothing else in Winchester diocese, this at least was a valuable achievement.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST MONTHS OF WORK AND LIFE

1894-95

*Choice of Burial-place—A Condemned Man—Ill health—
A Bishop's Life—Pastoral Diligence—Last Ordination—
Retrospect of 1894—Visit to London—Bishop Browne and
Dean Church—Struggle against weakness—Last Confirma-
tion—Illness—Last Letters—Death—Funeral.*

DURING the winter of 1893-4, which he spent in his Cathedral City, Bishop Thorold became possessed with the wish to be buried under the shadow of the cathedral. He had enjoyed Winchester very much. He had been delighted with the historical associations of the See. The wonder of the vast church, and the magical transformation from ponderous Norman to the delicate lightness of Perpendicular, which the genius of William of Wykeham had planned and executed in his old age, had fascinated his imaginative nature. He found a quiet nook at the south-eastern angle, suitable, as he felt, for bishops' tombs. There, after consultation with the Chapter, he resolved his body should be laid, and obtained the necessary order from the Crown, which was published in the *Gazette* of May 23, 1894.

An incident at the close of 1893 may have turned his thoughts to this preparation for death:

“November 26.—The Deanery, Winchester.—Coming in I found Mr. Baker, who is acting as chaplain to the jail. He is ministering

to the poor soldier under sentence of death, for the murder of his comrade, whose previous history, showing all the chances against him with an infidel father, is most painfully interesting. The good man quite feels that it is suitable to give him baptism, and I have given him leave. There are signs of genuine repentance.

“Two not unimportant signs of the genuineness of this repentance may be usefully inserted here. On receiving sentence of death from Mr. Justice Hawkins, while still in the dock, he cursed the judge. It seemed to me that if this was the case, it was his duty to ask the judge’s forgiveness, even though he could not live to hear that forgiveness had been given. He wrote with a pencil on a piece of paper a very sincere request for pardon of the offence, which I at once forwarded to the learned judge, who was not a little touched by it. He also sent a message to myself through Mr. Baker, which I give in his own words: ‘He wishes me to thank you for coming to see a murderer, and he hopes you will use his experience of life as you please to assist others to the right road. He has been an atheist, a burglar, and a druggier, but now by the help of God he is penitent, and believes in the Lord Jesus.’

“*December 2.*—Having received an encouraging letter from Mr. Baker, I went robed to the chapel, and confirmed the poor prisoner. It was a very affecting sight. There was a little group all round of people belonging to the prison. I gave him a short address. What a contrast with the confirmation held half an hour before in the chapel of Winchester College.

“*December 3.*—Immediately after breakfast I drove robed to the prison, arriving at ten. A letter had come from the Home Office to say that the law must take its course. I went into the chapel where I found the convict, with his warders; and Captain Hill joined us, kneeling by the side of the convict, and communicating with him. I took all the service, and celebrated, and gave the poor man his first Communion, Mr. Baker also communicating. There was such a reality in the service, especially in the sentences of consolation. The poor man was very reverent. He was hurried away before I could speak to him.

“*December 6.*—A solemn and impressive day. I was called before six, when it was quite dark; dressed rapidly; in the hall

had a cup of coffee, which Dorothy had thoughtfully ordered ; then, just as day was breaking, went to the prison, which I reached a little before seven. I spent a moment in the vestry to arrange for my speaking to the condemned man before he was led away, and then went into the chapel, where he was already ; the two warders sitting in their chairs and behaving as reverently as they could, the schoolmaster, and Captain Hill in his seat. I read the Communion Service, omitting Collect, Epistle and Gospel to give him more time. We said the Nicene Creed, and I administered in both kinds. Captain Hill communicated, kneeling as before at the condemned man's side. Poor fellow, he put out his hand so eagerly for the elements. When the service was over he came and knelt before me, and I whispered into his ear some words of kindly farewell, assuring him that he was going back like the prodigal to his father's house, and that soon he would see more than we saw, and know more than we know. Then I gave him the benediction in Numbers, and he quietly went away. Mr. Baker followed to see the last of him. I and the other chaplain remained on our knees in intercession. It was an awful waiting, especially when the bell began to toll, and we heard the prison clock strike eight. Suddenly Mr. Baker came in (as he had agreed to do) and said 'He is at rest.' I could not help saying, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' The poor fellow died instantly, and was calmer than any one.

"As I drove down the hill into the city, the rising sun just tinged the horizon with gold. Another promise came into my heart—it is illustrative of one who, we humbly hope, had just passed from darkness into light ; it is unspeakably encouraging for all who believe in the possibility of repentance, and in the reality of pardon, 'Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.'"

More than once in the winter the Bishop's health had broken down. He could take hardly any share in the devotions of the Ember Days ; and even on the Riviera, where he spent February and part of March, the terrible asthma did not altogether quit its hold, rendering the nights a period of

severe suffering, and incapacitating him for the earlier part of the day. On his return to England and to work, it soon attacked him fiercely.

"This heavy work has been got through," he writes on March 24, 1894, Easter Eve, "and I thank God for it, but I feel like a ship come out of a great storm, and more tired than I ever remember to have been in my life. Dr. Tanner saw me and said I was only tired."

A letter to Bishop Montgomery of Tasmania, in the course of the winter, shows at once the weariness of this last year, and the wonderful elasticity of his buoyant nature.

THE ATHENÆUM, *February 11, 1894,*

DEAR BISHOP,—I am in London for a sermon at the Chapel Royal, and seize the afternoon for answering your letter, doubly welcome, for it seemed so long in coming; your last was written when you were just starting for the islands.

1. A bishop's loneliness is an inevitable feature of the grandeur of his position. He is a king, and all kings must live alone. He cannot encourage the expression of too much sympathy, for it might easily slip into advice unasked or censure; and then, he must not let himself be regarded as a sort of jelly-fish. To be a man, to retain one's manhood unimpaired, is the first and last secret of being respected. But there are times when one feels it very sorely; and I am not sure that having a wife makes it less. One cannot be always sighing into the tenderest ears, and there is a sort of selfishness in too easily transferring one's burdens to another. Christ enters into it all. His disciples seldom understood Him; when He agonised they slept.

2. The constant rush of work again is with us all, and tends seriously to impair the vividness of the spiritual life. "Fag" does unnerve one for prayers and conscious fellowship with the Unseen. When the head is weary one can but pillow it on One who knows that we love Him, and that we would pray if we could. This diocese is so big, so percolated with all sorts of delightful interests, so varied, so much in front, yet in isolated cases so far behind, that I never feel I can do enough; yet I shall soon be in my seventieth year, and now and then I have symptoms of

growing old. My wings are clipped now, and I have not had a voyage for five years, but how my heart leaps, my very dear brother, to come out and see you. Will it ever be done? I doubt it.

3. Then again I can quite enter into your feeling about sowing and not reaping what you sow. That is the lot of us all, and was the lot of our Lord. I suspect that, more than we think of, we reap what others have sown, and sow for others to reap. Only now and then we reap from our own seed. But what does it matter if only we are doing what our Lord gives us to do? That is the thing to be anxious about. My heart of hearts is with you.

—Ever affectionately,

A. WINTON.

The Lord Bishop of TASMANIA.

As he felt the shadows closing round him, he was more eager than ever to discharge every duty; and in the summer and autumn of 1894 he was intent on a personal visitation of every parish in his diocese. The educational catastrophe at Farnham in 1893 should not, he was determined, be repeated elsewhere. School after school he inspected personally, catechising the children, and examining the edifice, praising, blaming, warning. Every detail of the parish organisation and of church work he inquired into, and noted down for future use. He was determined to show the diocese that their Bishop was as vigorous and resolute as ever. "They don't quite understand that what I say I mean, but they will feel it soon," was a sentiment he frequently expressed to his intimates. Probably in no years of his life did he accomplish a larger amount of distinctively pastoral work than in 1894 and 1895. But he grievously overtaxed his strength; and though he would not admit that his powers were failing, he had become forgetful; he often repeated himself in speaking; strange misstatements of fact appear now in his diary; he misjudged character far more frequently, and made mistakes in organisation and blunders in appointments which sometimes cost him dear.

September 1894 he spent in Italy; some days of it with his son Algar, now married, and settled near Siena.

December 1894 was a month of illness; and he was much harassed about the appointment of a suffragan. Funds were low, and the suitable man was difficult to find. Being confined to the house at the time of the examination for Orders, he devoted himself to reading the papers of the candidates. It recalled the happy days of York, and satisfied him that his required standard for admission was properly maintained.

On December 18 the men arrived for the Ember days. Their presence fired him; in personal interview, in conversation about the duties of the clerical life, above all, in his addresses each evening, he was at his best. One of his chaplains gave "an address on textual criticism, very well expressed, and extremely interesting"; another "a really brilliant address on the study of Church History." These were subjects which the Bishop felt himself not qualified to teach; and he was generous in his praise of other men whose training enabled them to help the candidates to their necessary equipment for the difficult warfare of parochial life. But in the most important business of the Ember days he realised his own supreme mastery. Never was his spiritual teaching more vivid or more heart-searching. He had recast his addresses for this occasion, and spoke on the clergyman as a teacher, the clergyman as a pastor, and the clergyman as a saint. About the first he said:

"A clergyman is a steward of the mystery of God which is Christ, and he is to minister this mystery by teaching. Diffidence and a sense of unworthiness may suitably rise in your hearts as you think of this, and also the awful grandeur of your responsibility, and the duty of equipping yourselves for it, and the righteousness and sufficiency of God. Preach the Word. The substance of our preaching is to be Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God. Christ is the Gospel. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'

"The object of our preaching is fourfold: to convert, to instruct, to console, to edify. The conditions of our preaching are a knowledge of the Bible, a personal experience of the blessedness and

reality of the message, zeal, painstaking, and the joy of the Holy Ghost.

“Eschew controversy. Leave difficult subjects to older men. Do not be frightened by inevitable disappointment. Remember your promised reward, ‘My Word shall not return unto me void.’”

The address was delivered by the Bishop sitting in his chair within the rails; generally his eyes were closed; often he leaned to one side as if he were wearily pondering, or looked upwards like one who saw the vision of God. At the close he sat erect, and intent to emphasise his final point: “Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.”

In his second address he said:

“You are shepherds as well as stewards. You cannot be useful teachers if you are not diligent pastors. The very idea and essence of an English clergyman’s duty is, that in a defined area a definite charge is entrusted to him, and that he must visit the people and know them, be at their beck and call, go in and out among them, pray for them, help them when they are sick and afflicted, take them by the hand to the brink of the river of death.” He pressed upon his listeners “the duty of house-to-house visiting, of diligent teaching in the schools, and of family worship.”

The third and most personal address dealt with sanctity.

“‘The foundations must be strongly laid.’ ‘The understanding must be illuminated,’ ‘understanding what the will of the Lord is’; ‘this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.’ ‘The conscience must be purified.’ ‘The will must be surrendered.’ ‘The heart must be occupied.’”

Each of these points and many others were taken up one by one, inspected, hammered into sharpness, polished and fitted with that extraordinary wealth of illustration and that microscopic dissection of character which made the Bishop so pre-eminent as a spiritual teacher.

Then he closed with wise words of caution :

“Remember, the longing after holiness will have its ebbs and its flows. There will be stages in your advance to sanctity. But fear not. Only pass onward. Christ is unchangeable. Your ministry, if it be diligent, will, by its very responsibility, keep and increase your holiness. Then comes the end, when you will stand before your Judge and your Saviour, and see as you are seen, and know as you are known. How blessed that moment will be if you are found faithful.”

As was his wont, he reviewed his temporal and spiritual affairs on December 31 :

“I have spent £1400 upon the castle, and have grudged nothing in the way of hospitality, and have given away £1000 ; all out of the year’s income. The year ending to-night has been prosperous and happy. We have had two delightful holidays on the Riviera and in Italy. We have had numerous guests of all sorts and conditions. I have written a new book, which is selling fairly. But I doubt its being as good as its predecessors. But I feel to be growing older. There is a want of energy and initiation. Some things press on me ; the starting and arranging of Wolvesey for instance. Dean Kitchin’s leaving is a real loss and trouble to me. Furnishing is over ; now prudence must begin. My servants are very good. Dr. Tanner tells me I am very well, but that I do too much, and this produces nervous exhaustion. I ought to be very thankful and devoted and trustful and humble before God.”

On the first day of 1895 he went to Communion in the parish church, and “sat in our seat, where I sat with the Harold Brownes in 1890.” In the afternoon he visited “the workhouse, and gave away the tea and tobacco ; the people were greatly pleased.” To himself he seemed full of energy again, and often he was as bright and vigorous as at any time of his life ; but to friends who watched him narrowly the serious signs of failure were increasing. None the less he threw himself into the full tide of work. A quiet day for the

deaconesses, a Church workers' service at Winchester, interviews, an enormous correspondence (rendered more heavy now because his chaplain was no longer resident), visits to preach and to speak in all quarters of the diocese, incessantly occupied him; and he was a little worried about the Diocesan Society when Surrey and Hants were "inclined to spar," and about the Diocesan Education Board, which he felt was disposed to show a lack of courage. But here also there was more to cheer than to dispirit. "I am eager for your statistics for 1894," he writes to the secretary, and a few days later, "the increase of income is indeed satisfactory."

For the cold weather he took a house in Chester Square.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

January 3, 1895.

DEAREST BOYD,—All good wishes to you and yours. There is a curious feeling of satisfaction on climbing into a new year which defies analysis. But it is not satisfaction unmixed. We go to London for six weeks in the middle of the month. Sybil (a real distinction to be accepted as a pupil) is going to study at the Slade School of Art; and Dorothy is to have six months' training at the Children's Hospital in Shadwell. (It is with the view of being able to nurse me when I enter my second childhood.)—
Most affectionately, A. WINTON.

While he was in London he was able to visit the restored St. Saviour's, Southwark. "The nave, with its groined roof, is very fine. The west window strikes me as being small and insignificant. Mr. Wigan's window I like." His daughter Sybil was with him in Chester Square; to his elder daughter, Dorothy, absent at the Children's Hospital, he was writing a letter every day. He took his place in Convocation, and entered keenly into the debate about the consecration of Bishop Cabrera, as Bishop of the Reformed Spanish Church, by Archbishop Plunket, of Dublin. "I am full of sympathy with the Spanish Protestants," he wrote; and he warmly defended the Archbishop of Dublin's action, and was quite

unable to understand "the tenderness which some men show to Rome."

This winter he read with the greatest interest Dean Kitchin's Life of his predecessor, Bishop Harold Browne. "I feel rather depressed by the book," he writes in his diary. "Warburton has written a charming review of it which makes me honestly feel unworthy to be his successor. Yet not a word is written that is beyond the actual truth." In a letter written to Dean Kitchin the subject is treated more fully.

48 CHESTER SQUARE, S.W.,

February 7, 1895.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I have just finished reading your Memoir of Bishop Harold Browne, which the publisher has kindly sent me.

It is a most attractive biography of a very rare and gifted nature, and I confess to a very abashed sense of unworthiness to succeed him that depresses my mind as I lay the book down. You have made the most of the incidents of a somewhat uneventful career, you have also made them impressive by the way in which you narrate them, as well as doubly interesting, by the delicate skill with which you work into a beautiful mosaic your own comments and convictions in relation to them. You speak to us through him, and that is what your friends will be so glad of.

If I might hazard a criticism, it is that you hardly make enough of what was really a statesmanlike and far-seeing act, the division of the populous part of Surrey, and its absorption into Rochester. Bishop Wilberforce would never have consented to this. Though the arrangement was not altogether what the Bishop himself preferred, his parting with Winchester House, and alienating £500 a year of the income, was an action of extreme importance, and presently gave a kind of resurrection to the paralysed extremities of South London. A very picturesque and striking chapter might have been written on this; but the book hardly does more than allude to almost the most important of what may be called the political successes of his episcopate. Thank you for the kind references to myself.—Ever affectionately yours,

A. WINTON.

The next letter deals with another important book, the Memoir of Dean Church.

GUERNSEY, *March 29, 1895.*

DEAR BOYD,—I came here yesterday, and expect to be back at the Castle on Tuesday. A feverish cold, with perhaps a drop of influenza poison in it, detained me in Jersey; and I stay here merely for a couple of confirmations, and defer my visitation until another year. Thank you for the April *Longman*, which followed me here, and which I have just read. I had been wondering if you had got it ready for press before your illness fell on you. Your analysis of Church is very exact, and also generous. But there was one defect of his qualities which would have been fatal in Laud's chair; he had no gift of prompt decision. Administrative courage is a gift partly I think born, but also very much improved and developed by training and duty. Whately gave him none of the experience essential to an Archbishop's office, and I suspect no one felt it more keenly than Church himself. I am not sure how much you have read of Church's literary productions. It is hard to over-estimate them. I have heard it said of him by a man competent to form an opinion on the subject, that he came next to Lord Acton for the encyclopædic character of his knowledge. Outside science he was a speaking and living library. Do tell me, dear fellow, of your plans. Do your doctors mean to send you South for a prolonged rest? that seems to me quite indispensable. This is a watershed in your life; and the break in duty which I have so often pressed on you as important and protective, is now facing you by the will of God. When you are quite up to it, I shall so value half a dozen lines in the well-known hand. You will take great care to write your best, and I daresay it will be difficult to detect any weakening of the skilful fingers, which so long have been the organ of your resolute mind.—Ever affectionately yours, A. WINTON.

The letter is dated from Guernsey; he had just finished the episcopal visit to Jersey, described in the last chapter; and at Guernsey he broke down, and was driven home to Farnham for rest. On April 3 influenza again attacked him, and he

was obliged to depend upon his old friend Bishop Barry for many of the confirmations.

He consoled himself with his garden.

"*April 9.*—A lovely spring day, went out into the garden. The wallflowers killed. The apricots beginning to blossom, and the peaches turning pink. The figs look much worse for the frost. The houses brilliant with flowers. The peaches in the orchard-house set and quite large ; the figs looked very promising, and there will be strawberries ready for Easter Sunday. The tuber roses have suffered, and had to be cut down, but we might have suffered a great deal more."

On his return from a few days rest at Torquay, he resumed his confirmations. People reported that he looked more dead than alive. But the fear of failure was now strong upon him. He was resolved to assert his capacity for work and for leadership. Each evening he returned to pant exhausted up the Castle staircase, and to repeat the determined struggle on the morrow. His successor spoke truly of "his heroic struggle against ill-health." He knew he was utterly unfit ; but he knew that his indomitable will could still compel mind and voice and body to do his bidding. If he failed to go, the clergy would be inconvenienced and the candidates disappointed. He was expected. And in the last illness it was his constant comfort that all the confirmations had been somehow taken by himself, or by the generous assistance of the Bishop of Guildford. Gratitude to God for the work accomplished became a fixed idea on his mind, and he spoke of it with nervous insistence. To those who talked with him he seemed like a veteran soldier determined to die on a field of battle.

But even in May he was still full of plans and hopes for future usefulness.

FARNHAM CASTLE,

May 10, 1895.

MY DEAR HILL,—You are an awful plague ; but there, that is your business. For the last ten days I have been all over the

place, and have had no time for anything except to feel wofully tired. June 14 and 18 both engaged. I can give you June 26 and July 26. Write at once if these dates will do. June is nearly quite full now.—Ever yours,

A. WINTON.

“If Awdry comes to help me” (as suffragan), he writes, “and I can get my duty shared all the year through, perhaps there may yet be work in store for me, for which I have been spared.”

On May 12 he preached before the University of Cambridge. It was a disappointment that so many seats were empty. “The undergraduates’ gallery was fairly filled ; there was plenty of room for more masters.” His connection with Cambridge lacked now the living bond of the College Missions in South London, which had made him so interesting a figure to the younger members of the University while he was Bishop of Rochester. It proved to be his last sermon. The night of that Sunday at Cambridge

“was miserable. I had hardly any sleep with my bad breathing, and I felt like the man in the psalm who watched for the morning, which never seemed to come.”

The writing in his diary, usually so neat and exact, now becomes crooked and often illegible, and is the writing of an old and trembling hand. But still, on the 19th, he managed to struggle through a confirmation at Alton.

“It was a long way for my voice to carry, and the delivery of the address was a great effort, occasionally even distressing. But, thank God, I got through it. There were nearly 140 candidates.”

Those who saw him spoke of him as having the appearance of a moving and speaking corpse.

On the 20th he writes : “The doctor does not think the next week’s work will hurt me, and he does not forbid it ; but

it will retard my recovery." He was warned of the great risk which he ran in going out at all, but a little additional suffering he would willingly face for the convenience of the diocese. He took two confirmations on the 21st, two on the 22nd, on the 23rd only one but a large one of 160, and one again on the 24th, at Windlesham, the last public appearance of his life. It was a striking coincidence that he should speak his final words in the Confirmation Service, through which he had been able to exercise so remarkable an influence for eighteen years.

"On his arrival," writes the rector, the Rev. J. M. Freshfield, "I suppose that I must have appeared anxious about him, for when I asked what I could do to help him, he said, 'Oh, don't be afraid about me; I shall be all right. You will see, I shall get through with God's help.' And it was wonderful how at the service he pulled himself together. In spite of the asthma, which made speaking and even breathing a difficulty, his address was given with vigour; there was nothing feeble about it; it held the attention of all and impressed all, every word was clear and audible throughout the church; and in the laying on of hands he never spared himself, but everything was done with the utmost dignity and solemnity. . . . There were sixty-three persons to be confirmed. . . . Sitting in his chair at the chancel steps, which commanded a full view of the candidates, he dwelt in his address chiefly on the Fatherhood of God, salvation through Jesus Christ, and the work and ministry of the Holy Spirit. 'What I want you to remember especially about this day is that it is a day on which you are brought very near to God. And this remembrance should be a great help and comfort in the years which lie before you.

"'Never let any arguments, any so-called reasoning, shake your faith in unseen things. It is the cruellest wrong one soul can do to another to rob it of its faith. And remember, no doubts, no unbelief, can alter the eternal fact of God's existence. You cannot reason away God. Don't try it. . . . Never read a book which you know to be bad. The harm done by a bad book is incalculable. You cannot forget it. It eats into your

memory. . . . You have not got far in the spiritual life if you have not already learnt that you must often say No to yourself and to others. Be careful about your companions.'

"He went on to speak earnestly about the value of prayer and about the Holy Communion, and concluded :

" ' For most of you there are probably many years of life, much good work to do, much pleasant companionship, many tender joys, a great deal of healthy, innocent enjoyment, until you go quietly down the hill with the glow of the western sun upon your face, and hear beneath you the rushing of that dark stream through which we must all pass. Even then you need have no fear if you have kept the gift bestowed upon you to-day.' "

On May 27 the doctor

"was evidently uneasy, and does not like my taking the two Thursday confirmations. Having to write to the Bishop of Rochester, I threw out a hint how glad I should be of help."

The next day the symptoms were much aggravated, and he had to keep his bed with an illness so severe that it was impossible for him to write his diary. A month later he sent a letter to Canon Warburton :

FARNHAM CASTLE,

June 25, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been so pleased to see your handwriting. It is a little bit of the man.

I have sent a fragment for the Bishop's Column, as much as I can manage.

If you want to know my ways, I have a nurse who keeps me in dreadful order, and makes me eat in the night when I want to sleep. The faithful George* is my friend by day, such a good nurse. I get up at four in the afternoon, have a little drive, come back into the drawing-room for tea, and have my supper, but all by myself, to prevent talking. About nine I go to bed. I am carried about everywhere in a chair, and my doctor visits me twice a day. But I am really mending.

* George Clark, his valet.

I hope you approve of Awdry's* appointment.—Ever affectionate,
A. WINTON.

Send me, if it is to go into the *Chronicle* for July, a revise of my Letter to the younger clergy on Education.

On July 1 the diary was resumed, and he took up his correspondence and began to arrange interviews and other plans. He had been too ill to read anything but the very lightest literature, and was a little troubled that "it is not devotional enough." He told the writer that though he wished to live and work, he was never conscious of having set his wish in opposition to the will of God. He was quite satisfied to rest in His hands. A few days later he became absorbed in the study of Bishop Creighton's "'Papacy,' a most interesting book, and apparently the result of immense learning"; and managed a few interviews. To one clergyman who came to see him, he said: "Bitter party spirit is the bane of Portsmouth Christianity," "Make for peace with your neighbours, live in charity, and leave other people alone." The 12th of July is the last page of his diary.

"Wrote to Warburton to arrange for Mr. Limerick's reception into the Church here next week. Finished vol. iii. of Creighton's 'Papacy'; it is interesting because it contains the commencement of Alexander Borgia's Papal career, and the death of Savonarola. . . . The first elections declared, chiefly uncontested. The Archbishop's address at his Diocesan Conference is excellent."

By that day he had revived wonderfully, and was able to compose a number of letters, which prove the return of mental vigour and even restlessness for work. The most interesting of this last day's letters concerns the solemn reception into the English Church of a very distinguished Dominican, who had determined to abjure Roman errors. After his own great

* Canon Awdry, Vicar of Amport, had accepted the office of Bishop Suffragan of Southampton.

trial arising out of the Roman propaganda in England, it was natural that this should evoke all his sympathies.

FARNHAM, *July 12, 1895.*

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I have not forgotten Mr. Limerick, and now that I am slowly returning to business, and to an Olympus of arrears, I wish to consult you about the most appropriate way of receiving him back into full communion, and also authorising him for duty in the diocese. This plan has occurred to me : You should bring him, please, here ; and I will receive him formally in the Castle chapel. He shall take the oaths and make the declarations usual for those who are to be licensed to a curacy, which will really cover the whole ground ; and then I will hand him an informal licence. I think, however, that it might be well for him to read in our presence that admirable statement of doctrine on the controversy between Rome and England which he drew up at my request ; then I should say a few words to him, and end with prayer.—Ever affectionate,

A. W.

The Rev. Canon WARBURTON.

A chill caught on this very day brought on new and very threatening symptoms. The agony was often acute ; and his doctors and nurses could not but admire the serene courage of their patient. Nor even now did he lose that resolution of recovery which had so often before conquered weakness. He was confident that he should get well, and expected to resume the work which he loved, though he told us that he would be glad to depart and to be at rest. Day by day he set an example of Christian fortitude ; but gradually he sank into unconsciousness except during short intervals. Both his daughters were with him ; and his son Algar hurried over from Italy just in time to see him before the end. In a passing moment when he knew his friends, one of his chaplains asked him if he desired to receive Holy Communion. He whispered “yes” to his daughter Dorothy, who was sitting by him, and who he could not bear should quit him for a moment.

After he had received the Holy Sacrament, weakness overpowered him. In a few hours all was over. Just before the dawn of July 25, the eighteenth anniversary of his consecration, as one of his chaplains repeated the Prayer for the Dying by his bedside, he passed quietly away. So often had he recovered from deadly illness that he had not expected death, nor had any of us quite expected it for him. And this deprived him of all opportunity for the many messages which he would have liked to send to his friends and fellow-workers, and for the quiet testimony of Eternal Hope which he would have desired to witness for the Christian Church.

On Monday, July 29, his body was conveyed to Winchester, and received with impressive ceremony at the Cathedral. There was an immense congregation within and without the building. The Archbishop and the Bishop of Rochester took a principal part in the service, and Archbishop Maclagan of York and several other bishops were in the procession. Deputations from most of the municipal bodies in the diocese, and from many of the regiments at Aldershot and elsewhere, came to do him honour; while the clergy of Rochester almost outnumbered the clergy of Winchester in that last sad testimony of respect to their mighty chief. And this was well, for it was in founding the new diocese of Rochester that he did a work for the Church which marks him out conspicuously among the great ecclesiastics of the day; and it was his heroic struggle for the souls of men in the dreary streets of South London, which exhibited his fertility in expedients, his eloquence of passionate, persuasive pleading, his patient persistency, and his resolute will; and proved that Bishop Anthony Thorold did not lose the abiding presence and guidance of Jesus Christ.

Once more, and for the last time, he shall pass judgment on himself and his work. When his examining chaplain, the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, was consecrated Bishop of Tasmania:

"Give me," said the new Bishop to his former diocesan, "one main piece of advice, the outcome of all your experience, as the most important for me to remember."

Bishop Thorold answered after a pause :

"This is what I should like to say. All depends upon the personal life and character of the bishop. That is the foundation upon which will rest all which you will be able to do. It is a great but humbling office."

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